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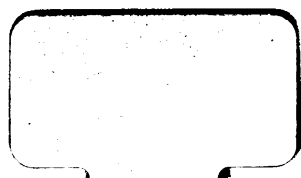
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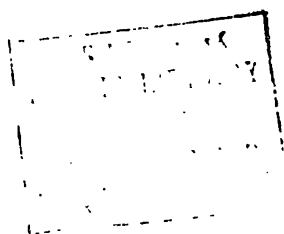
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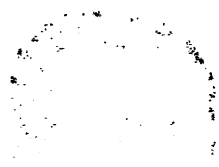
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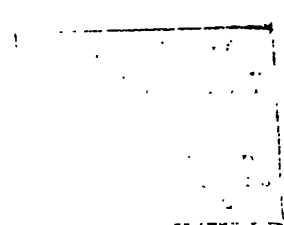


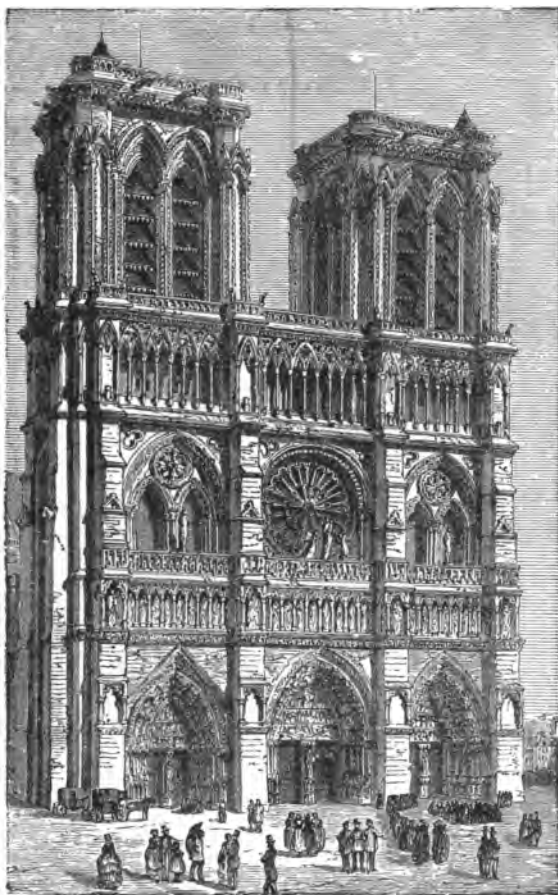




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CHURCH OF THE NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

A TRIP ABROAD.

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SKETCHES

OF

MEN AND MANNERS,

PEOPLE AND PLACES,

IN

EUROPE.

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BY

JOHN E. RAY.

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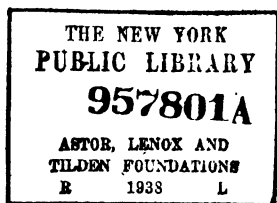
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## PREFACE.

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I make no apology for the second appearance of the material composing this little volume, save that hundreds of requests, from friends and strangers in this and adjoining States, have urged me to its reproduction. And just here let me state that it is not intended for the *critic's* perusal, but simply for the friendly eye, who, though finding many imperfections, throws the mantle of charity over them all, and receives it, as it is intended by the author, to gratify his many friends, and, may be, to do some good. May God add His blessing to this and the

AUTHOR.

# A TRIP ABROAD.

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## CHAPTER I.

A strong desire for a long time to see the Old World, together with a sense of my need of recreation after a year of hard work, decided me to take a trip to Europe, during my summer vacation in 1880. This desire was enhanced by the large gathering of distinguished Sunday-school workers from all parts of the world at the Sunday-school Centenary, which assembled in London. Accordingly, I started for New York, June 15th, to obtain passage for England. There was so much travel that I found no little difficulty in securing a berth on any of the steamship lines, all of which were crowded. There was, however, one vacancy on the steamer of the Inman line, "City of Montreal," which sailed Thursday, June 17th.

It is a matter of no small interest to notice the number of States and countries represented among the passengers on board a steamship. Besides those from America, including some from North Carolina, New York, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, New Jersey, Texas, Canada, and perhaps some other States, there are some from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Australia, and some other nationalities which do not now occur to me. This variety soon becomes quite monotonous, however, and there is very great need of something to stir us up. But there is one couple on board who affords amusement for all. Everybody else soon becomes acquainted, and it is not long ere we are like one great family.

These two individuals do not know anybody, nor does anybody know them. Judging from appearances, I should

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say they are newly married, for they seem to live entirely for themselves, to themselves, and by themselves. But how they ever came to get married is still a mystery to me, except that I remember that there is a law of nature that "*opposites attract*." In appearance, they are as opposite as the poles. He looks to be about fifty, is quite tall and stout and awkward, and—(I don't mean to be personal in my remarks, but)—upon the whole, he reminds me of a Shanghai chicken with the gout. She is very low, pale, thin and slender, and reminds me more of a "*bantam*" in her movements than anything else. And taking them both together, I cannot help thinking of an old hen with one chicken. This, too, soon becomes monotonous, and there is need to look out for something else of interest.

The next thing in order is sea-sickness; for scarcely have we gotten out of sight of land when it becomes my pleasant (?) duty, among many others to "*feed the fish*," or, in other words, to "*pay tribute to Neptune*." I need not remind you that this very quickly becomes monotonous, for it is not long before I am called on for "*tribute*" when the treasury is quite empty. But others do so, and I suppose I must, too. We have splendid weather nearly all the way, it raining only one or two days, and there is but one really foggy day. The moon is approaching the full, and some of the loveliest nights I ever witnessed are given us. It seems a pity to sleep them away.

On the fourth day, the attention of all is directed to an object in the northeast, which we find to be a huge iceberg. The vessel has gone considerably out of its course south to avoid the ice, but this one has strayed off to this great distance. Its beauties in the dazzling sunlight are difficult to portray. With snow-white base and pearly spires, it raises its pinnacles high in the air like angel fingers pointing upward to the throne of Him who is the source of all purity, as if to say;—"The sea is His, and He made it."

Another interesting feature is the vast schools of porpoises

which so often environ the boat in companies of thousands and hundreds of thousands, so that the whole ocean is alive with them for miles and miles,—pitching, jumping, plunging, gliding as if in a rage of fury. Nor can I fail to mention the swarms of stormy petrels, or “Mother Carey’s chickens,” which are to be seen every day while crossing. With untiring wings they flit hither and thither over the waves, like bees among the blossoms of spring, yet never stopping to rest, though from 1,000 to 1,500 miles from land. Numbers of gulls are to be seen, too, out in mid-ocean, but they are quite small, and, when tired, perch upon the waves and float gracefully amidst their foaming caps until rested.

After eleven long days, we see coming to meet us a large gull. This indicates the near approach to land. Nor are we sorry, for one soon becomes satisfied with sea-life. Only a few hours later and the air is full of these beautiful birds, which follow us until we reach Liverpool, picking up the particles of food dropped from the vessel. They are about twice the size of pigeons, and the color of the back varies from that of a light slate or pale brown, to a cream color, very delicate; and the breast is almost snow-white, while the wings are fringed with a velvet-like brown.

At last the welcome sound of “Land! land!” is heard, and we strain our eyes to see the joyous sight, when the rock-bound shores of “Auld Ireland” comes to view, and we coast along its verdant hills to Queenstown, where the mail is left, and we then go round through the channel to Liverpool, which we reach about five o’clock the next afternoon.

On shipboard I have the good fortune to meet a gentleman, the Rev. W. B. Palmore, of Jefferson City, Mo., a Methodist minister, who, I find, wants to take pretty much the same trip that I do. So we enter into an agreement, map out our route and go together nearly the whole time of my stay.

At Liverpool we have some time to walk around before dark, for, though it is now nine o’clock P. M., one can see very well to read a newspaper without the aid of gas light!

We stroll into the "Walker Art Gallery," where we find a good many paintings of elegance and beauty. The specimens of statuary, too, are very fine, especially a bust of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The gong soon sounds, apprising us of the fact that the hour for closing the doors has arrived. We next make our way along one of the principal streets, and seeing an unusually agitated crowd we make our way thither just in time to see the closing scene of a wonderful drama,—two women fighting. Don't know that we ought to feel specially surprised at this, for from the ruddy appearance of every one we meet, we are forced to the conclusion that these are *high-blooded* people.

At 7:20 the next morning, we take the cars for London. What cars!! They are divided into from four to five compartments, each compartment to hold eight or ten persons, one half facing each way, and each compartment separated from the others by a partition reaching to the top of the car. The doors are at the sides of the cars and at the ends of each compartment. We get in, the conductor (or guard, as they call him,) shuts the door, locks us in and takes his departure. We want some water, but there is none to be had, for the cars have none of the conveniences attached to American cars. So we must sit on and tough it out until we reach our destination.

Everything is green! The crops of grain are not yet ripe, and the clover fields are blossoming in their beauty. Even the railroad embankments are terraced, and not a foot of the soil can be seen for the luxuriant growth of grass. The farm-houses are all of brick, the land cultivated to the very topmost pitch of possibility, every available foot being under cultivation. Canals and railroads form a complete net-work in some sections through which we pass, and for the first time in our lives we see a little canal-boat drawn by a horse with a woman as driver. The air is black with the smoke which rises from the almost innumerable manufacturing towns which lie along our way.

The country roads are not allowed to cross the railroads upon the same level, but must either go under or build a bridge over them. This is a good idea, as it prevents accidents which so frequently occur along our lines of railroad. Another excellent thing is, that the roads are worked by taxation and are almost as smooth and level as a floor.

The farmers have the most elegant way of preserving their hay, vast quantities of which are raised, I have yet



ENGLISH FARM SCENE.

seen. They put it up in huge stacks, shaped just like a house, and thatch the top of it exactly as they do the roofs of houses which I afterwards see on the Continent. They have scarcely any fences, except those made of hedges, vast numbers of which are to be seen in every field. The sheep, which are raised in great numbers, have the names or initials of their owners marked on their backs in large red letters. They seem to be less tenderly cared for than those

noticed later in some of the other countries visited. Here we are at

LONDON,

the great metropolis of the world. The vast extent of territory covered by this great *sea of houses* is almost beyond our power of comprehension. I am told that one may take Oxford, one of the principal streets, and drive twenty-six miles virtually in the same direction! When we say that there are four millions inhabitants within the corporation, we get a poor conception of the size of London, for there are two millions more who live in the suburbs! Truly, London is a world within itself!

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CENTENARY.

I must confess myself a little disappointed in the general appearance of the Convention already in session. It is not nearly so intelligent a looking body as was gathered at Atlanta, Ga., two years ago at the International Sunday-school Convention. Nor is it as large by far. And yet there is a great deal of zeal manifested, and deep interest pervades all the exercises. Fourteen nationalities are represented, in several of which the Sunday-school work is in its infancy. Indeed Europe is from twenty-five to fifty years behind America in this respect. They are but just learning the alphabet, so to speak. I am one day and a half late in my arrival, and consequently miss a part of the exercises, which is a source of regret. The exercises consist of the usual discussions and debates upon the position, prospects, work, object, etc., of the Sunday-school. Reports are made from

France, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, the United States, Canada, England, Scotland and Nova Scotia. The statements show very great advancement made and are calculated to encourage those engaged in the work. The speaker from Denmark tells us that the Baptists were the first to meet with any success in the Sunday-school work in that country, in 1845. Now they have 100 schools in little Denmark and 2,000 attendants. Belgium is so strongly Roman Catholic that they make but very slow progress. Holland has 100,000 scholars, while Germany comes up with her 2,000 schools and 200,000 pupils; and the speaker tells us that the Princes and Princesses teach in the Sunday-school. Those from the United States who take the most active part, are Dr. John Hall, of New York, Dr. J. H. Vincent, New York, and John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia.

I need not say that one of the features of the meeting which I do not enjoy is the "*United Communion Service*." Quite a number of us American Baptists are here, and we attend this novel meeting, but have back-bone enough not to take any part in the exercises. This is the only thing I see in Mr. Spurgeon to criticise. He begins his address with a defence of his course, which I must say is a very puny effort. The address is excellent and characteristic of its author. The theme: "Jesus and Jesus Only," is made the teacher's watchword. I cannot do the speaker justice, for his burning words of eloquence are so full of zeal and earnestness, that to try to give a conception of their force is but to fail. He speaks of Jesus as of a familiar friend and an elder brother. I hope to speak more fully of Mr. Spurgeon's manner hereafter. The unveiling of the statue of Robert Raikes is another item of interest. This is done by the Right Honorable the Earl of Shaftesbury, who takes a very active part in all benevolent enterprises with which he comes in contact, aiding very liberally with his own means. But the most im-

pressive exercise to me is the Grand Fete and Demonstration at

#### CRYSTAL PALACE.

There are five thousand or more who participate in the singing, which surpasses anything I have ever heard. The deep, almost thunder tones of the tremendous organ are drowned completely as this immense throng rises as if by clock-work and pours forth thrilling, soul-stirring music. They say there are sixty or seventy thousand persons present and for an hour or more they are held "spell-bound." I shall never forget this sea of eager, upturned faces, as they drink in the melodious notes as they roll through the balmy air.

Crystal Palace is a magnificent building—the first glass house ever erected. It was first built in Hyde Park, ten miles from its present location, for the purposes of the World's Fair in 1851. After this it was sold and removed to its present site. Its magnitude and splendid proportions are such as to call forth the wonder and admiration of every visitor. It covers several acres, having long projecting wings at the ends, each crowned with a circular tower, (all of glass,) apparently 150 or 200 feet high, perhaps more. The main building is three or four stories high, with an elegant oval roof, extending from end to end, while a huge cross-section in the center, with its end fronting the park and being the principal entrance, comes in to beautify the whole. Within are bazaars, for the sale of every conceivable kind of toys and fancy work, specimens of art, statuary, paintings, articles of merchandise of every variety, as well as curiosities from every nation under heaven. I am as much amused at a Japanese display of comic wax work, as anything I see. The figures are a little less than life size, and represent family quarrels, fights between husbands and wives, the jealousies of human nature and their consequences, the most hideous faces, hair-pullings, teasings, ticklings, disputings, etc., etc. Nature has done much to beautify the lovely grounds, and

besides this, art has lent her lavish hand and has doubly enhanced the beauty of all. There are rich, verdant tropical plants, fine specimens of rare evergreens, lovely foliage plants, and flowers in varieties without number. And as I stroll over the grass, so soft, so green, I am constrained to exclaim, "All things are beautiful!"

Am about to forget to mention my stopping-place, which is so nice and convenient. It is at Barnett's Hotel, 39 Craven street, on the Strand, within one block of Trafalgar Square, the National Art Gallery, the American Exchange, the grand centre for all the principal omnibus lines, (which I find to be the most convenient, and by far the cheapest way of traveling), within ten minutes' walk of the Parliament Buildings, Westminster Abbey, and almost immediately upon the celebrated "Thames Embankment."

The kindness, politeness and attention of Mr. Henry F. Gillig, manager of the American Exchange, deserve special mention. In connection with his business, he has established a reading-room, to which most of the principal papers of America go. But for this, can't see what we poor Americans would do for news from home, for these English papers devote only about two inches in one obscure column to our great American Republic! To an ignorant casual reader it would appear that the United States were some little obscure island in the far-off ocean. Am not at all surprised at the want of information on the part of the populace with reference to our great country. A gentleman has been telling me of some of his experience in this direction. He was asked where he was from. He replied, "From America." "America, America?" repeated the questioner, "where is America?" The gentleman asked him if he had never heard of America. He replied, "No." "Well," said he, "did you ever hear of New York?" "O yes," was the response. He also knew of Boston and Philadelphia. Then he further asked how many inhabitants there were in America. On being told forty-five or fifty millions, he

started back and exclaimed, "Whee-oo-ee!!" evidently thinking that America was a tremendous city on the coast of *Boston*, *New York* or *Philadelphia*!! Happy thought this that strikes me, that Americans are not the only fools in the world.

Here we are at St. Paul's, the St. Peter's of England. It is indeed a mammoth piece of workmanship. 'Twas the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who, after his work was finished, had this inscription written over his remains: "If you would see my monument, look around you." A great many of the leading men of England are interred beneath this huge dome. Why, here is the tomb of Wellington (in the crypt) made of porphyry, while just opposite is that of Lord Nelson, of Quincy granite from Massachusetts, and a handsome thing, too. Here, also, are the remains of Samuel Johnson, John Howard, Henry Hallam, Benjamin West, and many other such noted characters. Here is the hearse on which Wellington's body was conveyed through the streets of London, at his decease. It is cast of cannon metal, made from cannon taken by Wellington in his battles; and the casting alone cost \$65,000. It is covered with drapery the most elaborate, all trimmed with beads and exquisite fringe. They certainly do hold in very high esteem the memory of Wellington and Nelson. But we must go up to the top and take a glimpse from there. In the ascent we pass the clock!—which takes a stout young man (so "they say") three-quarters of an hour to wind, using a large crank like that of a grind-stone, with both hands. I think the keeper says that one of the weights weighs seven hundred pounds, while the pendulum weighs eighty-five pounds. There are two huge cast-iron figures which stand by one of the bells and strike the hours with heavy sledge-hammers. The ticking sounds like the strokes of a small hammer.

What a scene opens to us from the top of the dome! As far as vision can reach, there is a perfect sea of houses, and

O, what a din arises from the thronged streets below! It sounds almost like distant thunder. Men and horses look like toys walking about, and the steamers and locomotives ploughing and crossing the Thames appear as play-things, so great are the height and distance from which they are seen. The chimneys, which look like bricks scattered over a desert of house-tops, send up an enormous volume of smoke, and the smaller church-towers, partially enveloped in this cloud, stick up like masts in a dock-yard. The streets, at a distance, have something of the appearance of the tracks going out from a large ant-bed, so crowded are they, and the Thames sparkles in the dazzling sunlight like a stream of burnished gold, interrupted in its brilliancy only by the busy steamers and multitude of bridges which span its restless waters.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

One of the most celebrated parts of London is the "Thames Embankment," which, only a few years ago, was nothing more than the rough, undulating, muddy, sloping bank on the northern side of the river, but has since been filled in and made almost as level as a floor. It has a solid granite wall bordering immediately upon the water's edge, is nearly twenty feet above the high water mark and about four feet above the level of the beautiful drive of which it is made a part. Along this place, so beautified by the rows of button-wood trees, on the side next the city and opposite the river, are rich gardens of rare flowers and splendid evergreens. In the midst of one of these is the statue of Robert Raikes, erected by the Sunday School Union, which has the follow-

ing inscription upon its pedestal, which is eight or ten feet high :

"Robert Raikes, Founder of Sunday Schools, 1780. This statue was erected under the direction of the Sunday School Union by contributions from teachers and scholars of Sunday Schools in Great Britain, 1880." Of course we don't believe this, for there were Sunday Schools in the time of Christ, into which he "entered on the Sabbath day and taught." This embankment is from fifty to one hundred feet wide, and one or two miles long.

Just opposite the statue of Raikes is the famous "Cleopatra's Needle," a solid granite shaft about forty feet long, apparently, and three feet square at the base by about two at the top. It is placed upon the wall already described, with a representation of the "Sphinx," on either side. It was brought from Egypt some twelve months ago, being purchased by the English government at considerable cost. Upon it are engraved various figures with hieroglyphics, a translation of which can be had in a little pamphlet to be bought near the place. It is said to be three thousand or more years old, and in spite of me, solemn feelings play in my breast, for it may be that this very stone was to be seen near Pharaoh's palace in the times of Moses. Nor are we quite certain that poor Joseph did not look upon its richly carved face. Be this as it may, the size of the shaft itself is an enormity, all in one piece and shows what skill and mechanical operations must have been brought to bear, in order to erect such a stone upon the base on which it originally stood.

Near by is Waterloo Bridge, while just above are Charing Cross and Westminster bridges, and, a little below, London Bridge and nearly a dozen more, for the Thames is spanned by a bridge every few hundred yards. I am forcibly reminded, as I pass over the spacious arches of London Bridge, of what Lord Macaulay said in his flight of imagination, when he pictured, in the distant future, an inhabi-

tant of one of the islands of the far off sea coming on a pilgrimage to London and standing on one of the arches of London Bridge, while viewing the ruins of what is now the grand metropolis of the world. This seems very improbable to us, but Julius Cæsar would have thought no less so of Rome in his day.

A ride on the top of an omnibus along Victoria Street gives us a good view of the splendid stone buildings which, we are told, are the dwellings of the dukes and duchesses of the realm. Oh! they are so handsome; and the rich lace curtains, which hang in graceful folds around the windows in which sit vases containing rare specimens of lovely flowers, form a gaudy frame-work for the pictures of elegant furniture displayed within. As we pass along we come in view of the highest dwelling I have yet seen. It is fourteen stories high! And the driver tells me that there are people living on every story to the top! This looks very much like living among the clouds.

But let us stop a while and peep in, for here we stand at

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is the hour for morning prayers, and there is chanting and the voice of supplication heard within. The music is good and the organ grand, but such worship! The leader of the prayer stands as he reads it from the book, and watches people as they come and go, while the choir sing their responsive "Amens." Am I viler than any one else? If so, I deeply deplore my vileness; but I cannot feel one particle of worshipful feeling in my breast, for those who pretend to be praying have their eyes open, and besides looking around upon the vast audience of eager strangers who have dropped in to see how the "church of England" worships, pay very little if any attention to the prayers as they are read, and only occasionally sing out, "Amen!" I said just now that the leader

reads his prayers. This is a mistake, for he sings them from a book. In fact, they sing everything they do here.

This done let us take a glimpse at the building and its curiosities. The outside presents very much the same appearance as that represented in pictures of it which you have seen. It is nearly a thousand years old, and occupies the site upon which a congregation has been worshipping (?) for fifteen hundred years. It will seat nearly seven thousand, is six hundred and fifty or seven hundred feet long, and is supported by vast columns which stand in various parts of the main audience room. Every niche and corner is full of statuary—statues of poets, statesmen, priests and kings. The seats are very plain,—nothing but wooden benches or pews. There are a great many things of special interest in the crypt. We find here the last resting place of Macaulay, Dickens, Addison, Sam'l Johnson, Lady Jane Grey's mother, Mary Queen of Scots, George of Denmark, Oliver Cromwell, as well as of thirteen kings and fifteen queens, all who have lived (so "they say") for the past twelve hundred years, and many other distinguished individuals "too tedious to mention." The last interment of special interest was that of Sir Rowland Hill, in 1879. We see displayed, too, the banners of the "Knights of the Bath." Here, also, is the tomb of Queen Eleanor, of wrought iron, made by an English blacksmith in 1293 A. D. The most remarkable tomb we see is that of Elizabeth Nightingale, carved from solid marble and represents the grim monster, death, in the form of a skeleton emerging from the grave and hurling a javelin at the lovely form as it rests in her husband's arms. But by far the most wonderful thing I meet is the stone on which Jacob laid his head the night of his vision of the ladder and the angels(?) "They say" there is no doubt about it, and bring tradition history and prophecy to prove it. Of course I believe it all, and so must you. This stone was carried to Ireland by the Prophet Jeremiah and "two of the king's daughters." It was carried to Scotland at the time of the

conquest of Ireland by Scotland and was used as the coronation stone on which the kings and queens of Ireland and Scotland were crowned for two thousand years! In the year A. D. 1296, it was brought by Edward I. to England, and since that time has been kept as a precious relic, for it fulfills the prophecy which says:—"Wheresoever the stone is, there also shall the kingdom be," the three kingdoms being merged into one government since that day.

#### TUSSAUD'S ART GALLERY.

A visit to London is incomplete without seeing the famous wax-works of Madame Tussaud and Sons. There are in this extensive exhibition nearly three hundred life-size wax figures and relicts of great interest, including those of most of the crowned heads of Europe with their families, chief attendants, and many distinguished statesmen and orators in Europe and America. A mere catalogue of their names would be sufficiently long to fill a chapter, and so I am shut up to a very short sketch of the most interesting. So life-like are these elegant portrayals of the human form, that it is with much difficulty that one can distinguish the living visitors (hundreds of whom crowd to this interesting hall every day) from the specimens of art so tastily attired and arranged. And about the only unpleasant part of it all is, that one frequently, while gazing earnestly at the beauties of some skilfully executed piece of work, stumbles over the gawdy trail of a female form, and finds himself apologizing to—a piece of wax!

The first figure at the entrance in the hall is that of Madame Tussaud, and so perfect is it that one imagines he is meeting a *sure-enough* lady ready to make her way out upon the street. "Madame T. was a native of Berne, in Switzerland: at the age of six years she was sent to Paris and placed under the care of her uncle, M. Curtius, (artist to Louis XVI.) by whom she was instructed in the fine arts, of which he was

an eminent professor. She spent a great deal of her time at the Tuileries and at Versailles, where she had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the nobility and talent of the French Courts, besides being occupied executing many commands.

In 1802 she left France, and from that period exhibited her collection of figures in the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland. She died in 1850."

Just after passing this figure, there is to be seen one of Charles Dickens. He stands near the inner door, as if in charge of the establishment, and so perfect a representation of humanity is it, that my friend, who preceded me some time, tells me that he stopped and was just about to hand "the gentleman" his ticket, which he purchased at the outer door, thinking him to be doorkeeper. Next comes a perfect likeness of George Washington, judging from the portraits I have seen of him. Here, too, is General Havelock, with the uniform of a British General, wearing the Order of the Bath; Lord Napier of Magdala; "Nasserdin Chah Kadjar," the Shah of Persia, Lord Laurence, Governor-General of India, in costume of civil commissioner, who was elevated to the peerage in 1869; Lord Lytton, in Robes of the Order of Star of India; Yakoob Khan, present Ameer of Afghanistan, Nelson, Wellington, "Her Most Gracious Majesty, The Queen," Victor Emmanuel,—in fact almost all the principal characters of the world. But perhaps the most characteristic of all is the figure of Voltaire and the Coquette. The poorest, I think, are those of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Grant.

In the midst of all these enchanting scenes, doubly beautified by flowers and enhanced by music which is rendered by a splendid string band, I am transported to America in the twinkling of an eye, from the sight of a colored individual, who dissipates the heat by pulling a huge fanning machine, used for ventilation. Nor is this all; for just here with President Lincoln is the figure of a slave, as natural as

if the President had just broken his shackles and loosed him. Oh, I can't tell it all! So let us just take a general glimpse at the points of special interest.

Here sits an old gentleman on a divan, wearing spectacles. He moves his head back and forth, from one side of the room to the other, as if eyeing the persons who quietly move about the hall, so rich with artistic beauty. Just imagine a green American taking a seat by the venerable old man and asking him questions pertaining to the items of interest in the room, only to be treated with silent contempt by the spectacled sage, who simply turns his head away without deigning to answer. Such conduct is quite unaccountable to one who was born in the backwoods, and accustomed to speaking to every one he meets, friend or stranger. His disgust might find vent in something more than words, were it not that he finds, on closer examination, that this man, too, is nothing more than a lump of wax. See this group of eager, anxious lookers-on! What can be the matter? On approaching, I find a female form which is stretched upon a couch, pale as death and slowly breathing, as if life were almost extinct. "What is the matter?" "Has she fainted?" "Is she dying?" "Why doesn't some one call in the physician?" "Oh, this is only a wax figure, representing Madame St. Amaranthe," is the only reply. Such chagrin! But then nobody knows me, and after I get out of sight, these people will never see me again. It isn't so bad after all. And yet I am puzzled to know how they make wax look so much like a real, leaving, breathing, blushing, (in some cases) walking human being.

Why here sits Mary Queen of Scots, as if prepared for the execution, with the rosary she held when beheaded three hundred years ago, slipped through her hand and fallen on the floor. See, too, the delicate forms of Jane Grey, Marie Antoinette, Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, Joan of Arc, and several others whose sad fate was sealed by the executioner. Let us look into the "Golden Chamber." "Here is

the bed on which Napoleon breathed his last, with the blood-stains made by the lancet, vainly used to give relief in his last hours, from the pain of that cancer of the stomach which consumed him; the cloak he wore at Marengo; his watch, stopped at 2:30, the moment of his death; his other garments, his favorite garden chair; the atlas in which he drew his battle plans; the carriage in which he rode to the disasters of Russia and Waterloo. Here are the garments of Nelson, worn at the battle of the Nile, and those of Henry of Navarre, when stabbed by Ravaillie, dyed with the blood of the martyred king.

And now we stand at the entrance of the "Chamber of Horrors." It is night, (the best time to see the figures is by gas light,) and the chamber is dimly lighted with glimmering, flickering tapers, which make me feel as if I am entering the regions of the dead. I grope my way around among the ghostly forms, and bleeding heads, and foul implements of torture and death, gazing with horror at the hideous spectacles which greet me on every side.

Here is John Paul Marat, one of the atrocious leaders of the French Revolution; here the sanguinary demagogue, Robespierre; here Mary Ann Cotton, the cold-blooded murderess, who killed husbands, and children "with the unconcern of a farm-girl killing poultry"; here Mrs. Catherine Wilson, "the Poisoner;" here Dumollard and wife, who lived by decoying young women, "under the pretence of getting them situations, into a wood near Lyons and brutally murdering them, and taking all that they had, and then burying them." Seventeen or eighteen fell victims to these fiends, before they were detected.

I cannot leave without a glimpse at the gallows which was designed by John Thurtell, whose love for gambling led him to commit the murder of Mr. Weare, under circumstances of great atrocity; and "the most extraordinary relic in the world,—a melancholy relic of the first French Revolution, the original Knife and Lunette, the identical instru-

ment that decapitated twenty-two thousand persons, amongst whom were the unfortunate Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, the Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, and shed the best and worst blood of France,"—the guillotine.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A visit to the British Museum fills one with rather mingled feelings. The establishment is so enormous that an idea of even trying to see the things of greatest interest seems preposterous. It was founded by an act of Parliament in 1753, which authorized the purchase of the "Cottonian Library," presented to Great Britain in 1700. In the department of Printed Books, there are 1,300,000 volumes containing works written on every topic imaginable, and specimens of the languages of every nation under heaven. In connection with this there are, in the Manuscript Saloon, ancient and illuminated manuscripts, bindings, autograph letters, charters and seals, numbering 50,000 volumes. Among them are some very interesting specimens, some of them more than a thousand years old. Here is a record of the grants made by Hodilredus or Ethelred, a kinsman of Sebbi, King of Essex, in the year A. D. 692-'3. Also some by Edgar Canute, and Edward the Confessor, in 961, 1031, and 1045. Why there is the copy-book of Elizabeth when she was a girl, and of Charles I. when a boy; the original draft of the will of Mary Queen of Scots, dated 1577; letters written by Shakespeare, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Erasmus, Cranmer, Sir Thomas Moore, John Knox, William Penn, Walter Raleigh, Bacon, Isaac Newton, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Dryden, Byron, Swift, Washington, and

one written by Nelson to Lady Hamilton on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21st, 1805. It was found open and unfinished at his death. Besides these, there are letters from almost every person of note from the year A. D. 600 down to the present.

And then you can see, in the Department of Drawing, portraits, etc., without number; in the Department of Antiquities, specimens of sculpture, vases, terracottas, bronzes, coins, medals, etc., from all the ancient kingdoms, civilized and uncivilized; in the Departments of Natural History—Zoölogy, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany and Physiology,—every insect, beast, bird and fish, of which the history of the present day furnishes any account, all stuffed or preserved in alcohol, so as to look as natural as if breathing. To speak of the fossils and minerals would be to begin an endless tale. In fact, I feel as if I want to spend six months here to study nature. And it can be profitably done by those who have the time and money. Unfortunately, I have neither. So with a feeling of despair at seeing even a majority of the things of interest, I must bid adieu to this world of wonders.

What a line of cabs! What number is that I see? 1062! —I inquire of the driver what the highest number of cabs is, and am informed that there are fourteen thousand, besides the carriages, coaches, omnibuses, etc. Every street is lined with them, and in some places they are so numerous that the vast concourse of people can scarcely move for them. It looks like "*court week*" all the time here, and on every street!

A walk around to the building and rooms of the Sunday School Union, at 56 Old Bailey, is very much enjoyed. They have vast supplies of Sunday school and evangelical literature for sale, and some very fine works. Why there sits the pulpit of John Bunyan, kept as a relic by the officers of the Union.

The pleasure of our visit is very much enhanced by the presence and kind attention of Mr. Samuel J. Fall, so long

and so favorably known in North Carolina, especially among the order of Good Templars.

Mr. Fall is at present acting as Emigration Agent for North Carolina in Great Britain, under the auspices of the Bureau of Agriculture, located in Raleigh. A little visit to his home at Wellingborough convinces me of the magnitude of the undertaking in which he is engaged and which he is so successfully pushing. He tells me of several families whom he has gotten to consent to come to our good old State, as soon as they can arrange their business so as to start. Two of these families I have had the pleasure of meeting, and am delighted with them. The correspondence of Mr. F. too, is quite extensive, in his efforts to banish the prejudice among the people against the South, which has been so excited by the speeches and publications of northern fanatics. His success is quite encouraging, as the letters he shows me indicate; and the time is not far distant, when, if properly sustained by the Department, I predict very happy results arising from his labors; for his efforts are toward inducing men of means and influence to come to our "good old North State."

It is now twelve o'clock M., and we will step into the City Temple, where Dr. Parker, the noted Congregationalist minister, preaches every day at noon. This is truly a commodious and handsome building. The organ is immense. The congregation is very good notwithstanding the rain which falls in torrents. The church is elegantly painted and decorated, and has painted around the gallery (which extends all around the house) in large gilt letters, the names of several prominent men, such as John and Charles Wesley, John Bunyan, Oliver Cromwell, the Newtons, and some others. The organ music is what they call artistic, and every one joins in the singing, for each one has a book furnished. The minister, a stout, fine-looking man, with curly hair and an intelligent face, looks as if he should have better sense than to dress and act as he does. He wears a

Geneva woman's gown, which is even more unseemly than the robe of the Episcopal clergy, and keeps his hair long, somewhat like the custom in the days of Charles I. and II. His discourse under different circumstances would be very affecting, for the diction is good, the delivery fine and the language witty and truly eloquent. But he rolls his eyes, flaunts his head about, and puts on airs in quite a disgusting manner, at least to a *green American*. This spoils it all. But I am not surprised at any of it when I hear his history. At first he was a Methodist, and offered himself to the Conference for the ministry, but, there being no immediate call for his services, he was rejected. He then went over to the Congregationalists, who received him and put him into the pulpit. He is evidently a talented man,—but perhaps I have gone too far already, for the Bible says, "Judge not."

Night is upon us. We hear the music of a skillful brass band in the distance, as we pass St. James' Park. We take a stroll through its spacious borders and along its lovely walks. 'Tis here that we see some of the outside life of London. The walks are lined with seats. These are occupied by persons of both sexes. Men and women, young girls and youths, all seated along, two and two, four and four, seem to vie with each other in their daring positions of lust and indecency. Daring, I say, because they seem to care nothing for each other, nor for the presence of passers-by. Such a den of perdition is this, that a virtuous, high-minded man does not feel at all at his ease amid such surroundings. God forbid that our Southern cities should ever be scourged with such a curse!

Come, now, and let's take a ride down the Thames from Westminster Bridge. But be careful as you pass these crowded streets, lest you be pressed out of shape by the throng, run over by the vehicles or crushed and trodden under foot by the avalanche of moving humanity. "What a tangle of bales and bags, of boxes and baskets, of canes and chains, the adjuncts of busy traffic in the world's throb-

bing centre." As we glide along the rippling stream on one of the myriads of boats which plough her troubled waters, just cast your eye on either side and take a view of what is going on upon the land. "Here are storehouses and warehouses, steam mills and factories, fish-markets and junk-shops, and crowds of coster-mongers, draymen, sailors, carters, clerks, peddlers, and idlers of every hue and nationality." Here are to be seen the American, the Swede, the Dane, the Frenchman, the German, the Negro, all pushing and crowding through the ceaseless, busy throng which *deepens* and *thickens* as you pass along. Now we go ashore, just above London Bridge, and not far away we find "Billingsgate Market," which is in the neighborhood of the Bank of England. What quantities of fish! What huge specimens of "*fish-ology*!" It looks as if old ocean had been robbed of her limitless supply of living things.

We will turn aside for a minute and see what there is of interest about the

#### TOWER OF LONDON,

"the most interesting building in the world, in many respects. This royal fortress is a silent volume of English history." At the gate we are met by something less than one dozen "beef-eaters," mammoth men in English uniform, with medals and badges of red ribbon without number. The lapels of their coats are covered with them. We are sent into a room where we have to purchase two tickets, one red, the other *yaller*. A crowd of about twenty makes the party, and we are placed under the charge of one of these interesting "beef-eaters." It falls to our lot to be guided by one of these characters of Irish descent. He is about six feet five, has a bottled red nose, something less than the size of my fist, which is blooming now from the effects of the pernicious king who evidently bears sway in these parts—Alcohol! We pass along by "Traitor's Gate,"

to the white tower, and into the armory, where we find the coats-of-arms for every generation since 1155 A. D. "'Ere is the harmor of 'Enry the VIII!" shouts our guide. "What did you say, sir?" I ask. "Can't you hunderstand Hinglish?" gasped he, as if ready to bite at my head. "I said, 'ere is the harmor of 'Enry the Heighth! Can you hunderstand that!" I need not tell you that I ask very few other questions, but pay the utmost attention, so as to gain some idea of what he is striking at. The room in which are preserved some of the implements of torture, used in the Spanish Inquisition, presents a good many things of interest. Some of these are almost worn out from long and constant use. Here is a pair of thumb-screws, used for crushing the ends of thumbs, nails and all; here a block from which scores of heads have fallen; here is a model of the "Rack," with which the unfortunate victims of the fiendish rage of Roman Catholicism had their limbs torn from their bodies. We must glance into the room in which Mary was betrothed by proxy to Philip of Spain; nor must we pass unnoticed the chamber in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. Here is the place where two of the wives of Henry VIII. suffered; and here, in one of the courts, is a spot marked with a small iron plate, to which we are pointed as the place of execution of poor Anne Boleyn. The engravings on the walls of Beacham Tower, carved by the prisoners in confinement, are truly interesting.

By far the most attractive part of the whole is the Jewel House. Why, we can see here the crown of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which, they say, contains three thousand and ninety jewels, valued at three millions pounds sterling, or fifteen millions dollars! Here, too, is the royal font, used alone for the *baptism* (?) of the Prince of Wales. We can see his crown, too, as well as that of Charles I. There are many more such things, scepters, wands, &c., which are dazzling to the eye. And yet they all lie here from year to year, and do nobody any good, except to impress such wanderers as we poor Amer-

icans are with the splendor of a royal court. A fire is kept burning in the apartment all the time to prevent the jewels from tarnishing in the dampness of the atmosphere.

#### POLYTECHNIC HALL.

At the Polytechnic Exhibition we are highly entertained for some time, by the scientific displays, philosophic lectures, splendid music and elegant panoramic views given for the entertainment of visitors.

The Zoölogical Gardens are said to be the most extensive in the world. I don't know about this, but one thing I know, there are some of the hugest, most prodigious specimens of elephants, hippopotamuses, giraffes, camels, rhinoceroses, ostriches, tapirs, &c., &c., that my eyes have yet fallen upon. The smaller animals are in varieties without number.

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### CHAPTER V.

#### WINDSOR.

This, you know, is the favorite dwelling place of the Queen. She goes into London and visits other parts of the realm occasionally, but her abiding place is at Windsor Castle. On our arrival we find guides dressed in gay uniforms awaiting us! What an honor! First we are conducted to the royal *stables*!! Look here, is this the way they treat Americans?

But we will pass this over, since we see the ladies and all treated alike. So in we go, and first see the "*forty greys*" used by Her Majesty, next the roans, the sorrels, the bays, the blacks, and last of all, the old nag used by Queen Vic-

toria when a young lady! She is now in her "*dotage*," is quite childish and expects to be petted by every one who passes. Then we visit the carriage rooms, where we find a



WINDSOR CASTLE.

score or more awaiting Her Majesty's orders. I am about to forget to mention that there are one hundred of the horses! We walk through St. George's chapel, where we find the tomb of Jane Seymour, Henry VIII. and Charles I. al-

though they claim that all the crowned heads for twelve hundred years past rest under the roof of Westminster.

Passing through the portals, we come in sight of a beautiful picture. In front, the castle lifts its mammoth tower on high, while it places its base in the midst of a garden of fragrant flowers and lovely foliage plants. Just behind us is the cliff on which the walls are built. We are led to a flight of steps which lead to the top of the tower, and are informed by the guide, who has been so attentive, that he can go no further, but expects several shillings for his service! Of course we must pay him,—can't help it! But I certainly do think this a strange way, that of so highly honoring us with a uniformed *guide* and then making us pay for it!

To attempt a description of the scene which greets us at the top is but to make a failure. The mellow harvest fields, the green pastures, the lowing herds that move slowly over the lea, the beautiful windings of the Thames, the Welsh Highlands in the far west, the old church in the distance which was built in the 7th century and where Gray wrote his "Elegy on a Country Church Yard," the spot where the "Merry Wives of Windsor" ducked Sir John Falstaff, Eton College just over the stream, the Tower itself five hundred years old—all, all conspire to make this not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most romantic and interesting places in Europe.

The Queen does not send us an invitation to dine with her, simply because we have not let her know that we are here. We keep silence, too, because one of the attendants informs us that she wishes to go to London in the afternoon. We have never yet seen a Queen and don't know how one looks, so we make our way to the station to await her departure. There is a room with elegant furniture awaiting her arrival, the platform is all carpeted and everything is on the tip of excitement, when a form comes dashing down on a white horse, dressed "within an inch of his life," who, we find, is John Brown—not of American notoriety—but the

Queen's pet. After several moments' anxious waiting, a span of splendid bays comes prancing up, pulling an elegant carriage. A line of policemen throngs the way, so that no one can get near Her Majesty. Finally, out she comes, walks through the chamber, across the platform and into the special train which was prepared for the purpose. The Princess Beatrice accompanies her. I look and gaze until my eyes almost pain me, and at last find out that she is nothing but a woman! She wears a plain black dress, is rather low and fleshy, moves quite gracefully, but has a sad expression. Some one has well said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," and I believe it.

The train glides smoothly away and is soon out of sight, leaving an eager throng of anxious lookers-on gazing after it. Her Majesty has not yet discovered our presence, so dense is the crowd, and consequently does not invite us to a seat. So we decide to await the departure of the next train.

I have the privilege of attending on four different occasions services conducted by

MR. SPURGEON,

the most wonderful man, perhaps, of this age. It is Sunday morning, and the sun rises simply to be veiled by the dense smoke and hazy atmosphere which, so much of the year, environ the great metropolis. My way lies over Westminster Bridge. The streets are not much crowded, for but few people in London stir as early as this, even on week days. There is unusual quiet this morning, the principal interruption being the rumbling of an occasional omnibus or cab, bearing a few of the faithful ones to the place of worship—the Sunday school. A walk of three or four miles brings me to the gate of

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

a tremendous building, without any display of artistic

beauty from the outside. The gates are all open and throngs of children are pouring through them.

Being alone, I follow, and go through a side door into the basement, a very large room, used for the sessions of the Sunday school. It is so dark that the gas must needs be lighted. The superintendent announces a hymn from a little book which contains the words only, (somewhat on the order of "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs,") pitches the tune, and the music begins;—no instrument at all! They all try to sing—no, not all; for (boys will be boys) there are fifty or more urchins who are pinching, pulling, kicking, and annoying each other generally, to the discomfort of all. After the music, the Superintendent scolds some of them, and even tells one that he will take him upon the rostrum, unless he conducts himself more properly! As might be expected, they pay but little attention to such threats. The room is not carpeted, and, upon the whole, presents quite a desolate appearance. The classes are arranged so as to have the faces of all to the teachers, who sit in chairs at one side of the hollow square formed by the benches. Among the teachers I see quite a number of mere boys and girls. How they progress with their lessons I know not, for the Superintendent comes around about the time they get to work, and informs me that this is only the primary department of the school, or the infant-class. The sessions for the older scholars are in the afternoon. He informs me of a prayer-meeting up stairs, in such a way as to intimate that that would be a better place for me. I bow good morning and make my exit.

Up stairs, in a back room, I find a dozen or twenty persons, mostly aged, engaged in worship. Such earnest prayers and talks one seldom hears. They all pray for the pastor and the success of the word preached this day. A good many are bathed in tears, as the earnest words of burning love fall from the lips of brother after brother, who arises and tells what the Lord has done for him. The sing-

ing is poor,—worse than poor,—it is dragging, slurring,—but how earnest! Strangers present are called on for a word of cheer, or to lead in prayer. Ah! what a privilege to pray with such people,—“*the salt of the earth!*” As the meeting closes and I make my way out into the audience room, I think that I have found one of the keys to Mr. Spurgeon’s success. These people pray so fervently for him and the preached word, and that just before the sermon.

Here I stand just under the pulpit. What a vast concourse of people has already assembled. But still they come! I look up and around, and the vast audience chamber, and both the extensive galleries which extend entirely around the room, one above the other, like a grand amphitheatre, are filling fast. The room is nearly the form of an ellipse, and one in any part of the church can see almost every one else. The pulpit is on a level with the first gallery, and about fifteen or twenty feet above the main floor, which rises as you go from the front, so as to give all a good opportunity to see, as well as hear. The seating capacity of the church is almost seven thousand, while fully one thousand more can find standing room. The membership is between six and eight thousand, and there are fourteen, I think, who are now awaiting “the right hand of fellowship after baptism.”

All are excluded, but the members, until just ten minutes before eleven, when the chief usher smacks his hands, the doors are thrown open, and all who will may enter. This is done to insure seats for all the members who are in good time. Those who come late are treated as strangers, and must get seats as they can, or stand up, as they sometimes have to do. The room, galleries, aisles and all are now as full as can be. The hand of the clock just over the pulpit points to eleven. A back door on a level with the rear of the first gallery noiselessly opens, a low, fleshy, stout, and yet care-worn form enters, and glides down the steps to the pulpit, and falls upon one knee, burying his face in his

hands, while engaged in silent prayer. The low whispering in the audience is all hushed and everything is as still as death, and every eye is fixed upon the bending form which is supplicating a throne of mercy. He rises, a hymn is announced, the precentor, who stands by the side of the minister, to the left, raises the tune, and not a voice is silent, so far as I am able to judge, but mine. I cannot sing for listening. All have books. The thrilling notes of praise sound forth the glad hosannas, which make high Heaven's arches ring with the melody of earnest hearts and tuneful spirits! But, hush! Between the stanzas there is heard a voice, clear, distinct, "*lining out*" the hymn. I have never heard such hymn-reading. The soul-inspiring words of the poet are furnished as if with barbed arrows, which reach and pierce the heart of every listener. Again the swelling chorus bursts forth in loud hallelujahs, which make the welkin ring, and seem to fill all earth with heavenly music. I can no longer keep silence. The anthem floats away on the passing breezes, and the solemn words, "Let us now go to God in prayer," fall from the lips of the speaker, and every head is bowed. Such a prayer! The piercing tones of the anxious pleader ascend like morning incense, and reach the hallowed portals of the heavenly Jerusalem. Many hearts of stone are melted, and weary pilgrims sob aloud and eagerly cry "Amen!" Many a face is bathed in tears, and many a throbbing heart is filled with ecstatic joy, because of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

Wish I had time and space to speak of the comments on the passage read, and to give extensive notes of the sermon, which is so full of comfort, from Revelations xxi : 6: "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." This done, the vast audience is dismissed. Hundreds of persons, with Bibles in hand, make their way through the crowded aisles, hunting for strangers, asking them of their souls' welfare, trying to persuade those who are unsaved to embrace the Saviour and

accept salvation on the terms of the gospel. To those who are Christians, words of comfort and consolation are spoken, and efforts are made to build them up in the faith. They even follow them out in the streets, read passages of Scripture to them, and sometimes go with them to their homes, or stopping places. How I wish all our church-members could be imbued with such a spirit of zeal and good works. Surely the Lord of the harvest would richly reward their labors.

As the services are concluded at the churches, the beer shops and drinking saloons are thrown open, as so many spider-webs, to catch the unsuspecting youths as they pass along. Is there nothing that can be done to prohibit such things? Is it possible that there are not enough high-minded, upright men in the country to put down such open, daring wickedness?

In the afternoon there are two other sessions of the Sunday school which I attend. One is for the girls, and the other for the young men and boys, together with the students at Mr. Spurgeon's college. The exercises are right interesting, but poorly conducted in comparison to the modes used in America. The school numbers sixteen hundred in all.

The church service in the evening is even more largely attended than that of the morning, if possible. I get in a little late, and find that there is no chance to enter any of the front doors, not even of the galleries. I go to the rear doors, meeting scores of persons who can't gain admittance, and crowd into the upper gallery, where I merely find standing room, and but little of that. But notwithstanding the crowd, the voice of the speaker can be heard perfectly, in all parts of the room. It seems to require no special effort on his part, for his clear, soft, sweet voice rises in melodious accents, surpassing the eloquence of any orator I have ever heard. I am told that he preaches to from six to eight thousand persons twice every week, when his physical condition

will permit, besides his talks at the regular prayer-meetings of the church. Indeed a member of another denomination tells me that he always fills the house he preaches in to its utmost capacity. If he preaches in one of the city halls which will accommodate twenty thousand persons, it is filled.

Besides all this, and the work of his college and orphanage, his sermons are published in pamphlet form at a cost of a penny each, and are circulated weekly among thousands of families who cannot attend his services. Nay, even more; they are largely sold in most of the towns and cities of Europe, and to a large extent in America. Thus he preaches to millions every week, and perhaps is doing more good than any man living. He seems to enjoy sweeter communion with God than any man I ever met. What a privilege I feel it to be to shake his hand, upon the introduction of one of the members, who has found out that I am a Baptist.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

One thing in England reminds me of Eastern Carolina. As we pass through the country, destitute of water courses, we find numbers of old-fashioned wind-mills going over and over like so many winding blades, and in the distance forcibly bringing to one's mind the perambulations of a squadron of sand-fiddlers. The people are forced to this use of wind-mills for grinding purposes, where they are unable to employ the power of steam, owing to the level surface of most parts of the country and the absence of water power, and in some sections almost every farmer has his mill.

Suppose now we leave London for a while, and take a little trip over on the Continent. We take the cars at London Bridge station, and soon find ourselves at New Haven, on the British Channel. A small boat awaits the arrival of the train, and as soon as the passengers are comfortably located, we start. The wind is blowing a perfect gale, and the rain is falling in unpleasant showers. Soon the little vessel makes its way out of the harbor and we are tossed hither and thither upon the rough billows, always unpleasant, but now rendered immensely violent by the raging of the wind. These sailors call it a gale! I call it a storm, for sometimes it is quite difficult for me to decide which way we are going, the little tug plunges so from side to side, from end to end. We go out on deck to see the bay as we depart. Have to hold with both hands to keep from falling overboard. The wiser ones go down into the cabin and lie down. What waves! what breakers, surging against the little bark! Oh, doesn't she ride them gracefully? How defiantly she rises above their foam crested heads!

But, oh! What is this I feel? Have you ever been seasick? Well, then, you know. Within a short time, every one on board is "casting up accounts," and the fish have a grand time.

Here is land again! We swing our valises and stagger off. This is Dieppe. We are in France, but the people nearly all speak English. It is nearly night, is cloudy and raining. We enter the cars and off we go. I try to sleep, but can't. After going over a long line of railroad at almost lightning speed, the train comes to a halt, about eleven o'clock P. M., and about the first sound I hear is "*Pareel!*" And here we really are at

#### PARIS.

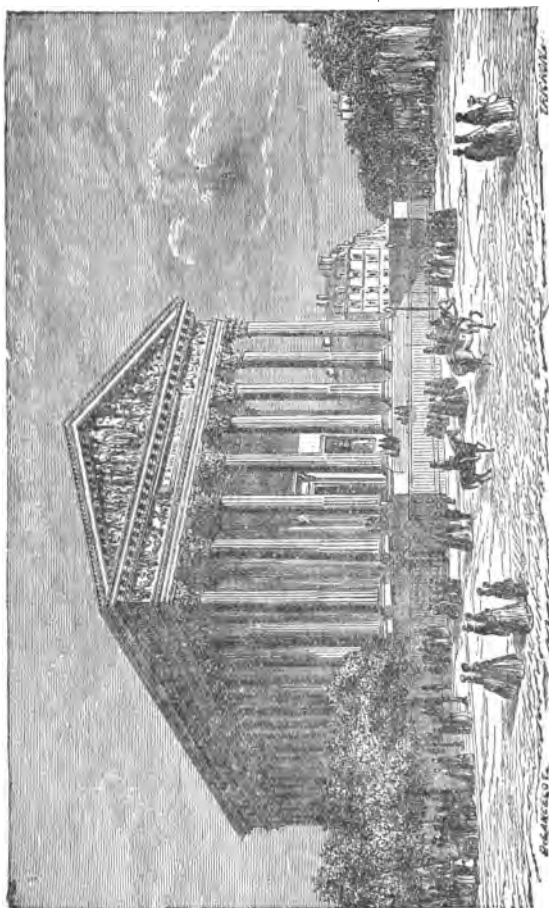
And now comes trouble. The English speaking people have all disappeared, and I hear nothing in the way of language but an interminable *lingo* of something which has not

much more sense to me than the chattering of geese. We inquire for a hotel, but the only response we get is, "Je ne parle pas Anglais." Finally I begin to ransack my brain for the French I learned at college, and pick up a hand full of words which prove to be of very great assistance. After framing some kind of a sentence, I know not what now, I give it to a cabman, meaning to ask him if he can carry us to Hotel St. Petersburg, for which our traveling coupons call. "Oui, oui, monsieur," quoth he. "Combien demandezvous?" "Cinq francs," he replies. We *jew* him down to four francs and agree to employ him. We encounter a little difficulty at the hotel, too, but that is soon overcome, as the servant calls in one of the attendants who can speak English. I find that nearly all the servants, and most of the employees about the building, can speak English. Here we encounter a new officer. They call him "*Conciergerie*." He answers somewhat to our clerk in American hotels, and is supposed to speak from two to twenty-five languages. He knows everything and everybody, and can tell you any thing you wish to know. Mark Twain says he can even tell you "who struck Billie Patterson."

Paris, like London, is a world within itself, the center of fashion, bustle, beauty, gaiety, folly and vice. There is more here to tickle the fancy and dazzle the eye than in London. They have respect to that which pleases rather than to the substantials of life. Indeed, the larger part of the city might be called a garden of beauty. Unlike London, whose damp, smoky atmosphere converts its buildings into huge piles of dingy masses, the buildings here are large, commodious, bright, gay, and constructed with a special eye to beauty. The streets are broad, straight, long, decorated thoroughfares, lined with objects arranged with the greatest taste, and at all times of the day, and at most hours during the night, they are thronged with the gay, frivolous millions of Paris, France generally, and the world.

As our time is quite limited, we join one of the parties

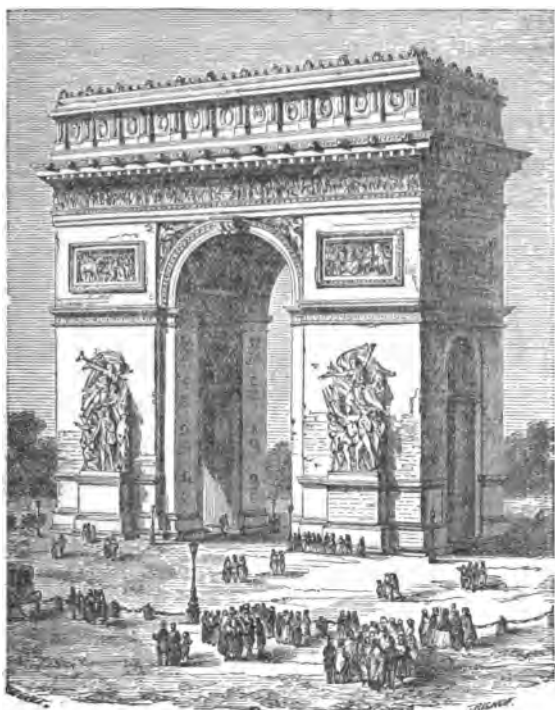
gotten up by Messrs. Thomas Cooke & Son, of London, one of whose principal branch offices is here, and we are carried, in haste it is true, to most of the places of interest within



CHURCH OF THE MAGDALEINE.

three or four days, furnished with an interpreter who gives us a *running* account of a good many things of great interest. There are in the party thirty or forty, some from Great Britain, some from America. We travel in two large

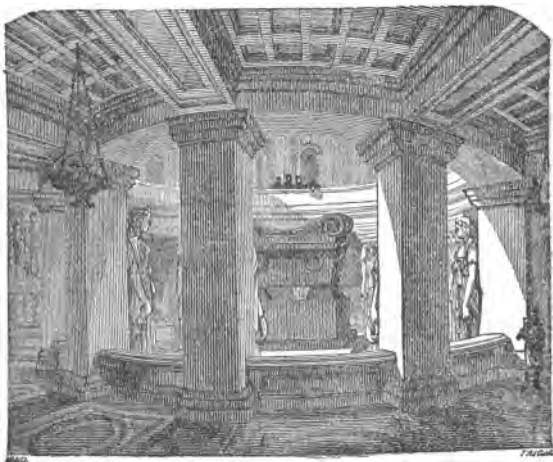
vehicles, holding fifteen or twenty each. Passing the new French Opera, a grand structure, we make our way along the Grand Boulevard to the church of the Magdaleine. It is the time for morning services. Crowds are coming and going, and everything is confusion. For a moment we enter and are dazzled, amazed at the royal display of paint-



TRIUMPHAL ARC 'DE L'ETOILE.

ings, statuary and carvings, besides the furniture of the church. We go along through the Elysian Fields, pass the Palace of Industries, the Palace of the Elysee, and come to the Triumphal Arch of l'Etoile. This is a massive pile of artistic and mechanical beauty. It was begun by Napoleon I. to celebrate his victories, but left unfinished, at his banish-

ment, until the time of Napoleon III, who finished it, not so much for the love he bore his uncle, as to perpetuate his own memory. We next go to the "Invalides," the burial place of Napoleon Bonaparte. We first visit the armory, in one part of the building, where we find a great many things of interest. Here is a mortar taken at Yorktown and conveyed here, we suppose, by La Fayette. Here, too, is a mammoth chain used by the Turks in the Seventeenth Century, to prevent the passage of the Danube, with hundreds



TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

of banners tattered and torn and the trophies of many battles.

The northern wing of this huge building is used as a hospital for the care of superannuated, afflicted and wounded French soldiers, numbers of whom we see; hence the name.

We will now go around to the south entrance of the building, for there is no passing from the armory into the other parts. Everything is guarded by the "*militaire*," and with a considerable amount of bowing, scraping and chattering in French, our guide at last obtains permission to enter.

And here, beneath the gilded dome of the Invalides, the most gaudy, the most costly, the most appropriate mausoleum that marks the resting place of, perhaps, any earthly monarch, lie the remains of the most remarkable man the world has ever seen. The whole structure, larger than our capitol building, of beautiful white stone, is itself a beauty. But the inner court which contains the tomb is superbly fine. The tomb is directly under the dome, and is in a circular basin-like place, ten or twelve feet below the level of the floor. Around the walls of this are elegant specimens of sculpture and paintings. On a level with the tomb, and in a circular case, are inscribed in large letters the words, "Pyramides, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Rivoli, Moscow, Friedland, Wagram," eight of the most illustrious battles of this wonderful man. Just above, in the dome, are painted in bright colors on the walls several of the battle scenes of his career. To the rear of this is an altar, crowned with a costly arch, called the Arch of Napoleon, and supported by four magnificent columns of Alpine marble. On either side of the court lie the remains of his brothers, Jerome and Joseph, and Generals Bertrande and Duroc. Among the last words of Napoleon were, "I desire that my ashes shall rest on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom I love so well." This last wish is handsomely gratified.

Paris is partially supplied with water by two vast artesian wells, eighteen hundred feet deep, and which furnish two hundred thousand gallons a day. Besides this, the water of the Seine is used, to a very great extent, for the two millions of restless beings who inhabit this "drawing-room" of the world. But you must bear in mind the fact, that Frenchmen do not use as much water as Americans. They never think of *drinking water*! And if you wish to insult a clerk at a hotel, just ask him for a drink of water. "They say" that it is dangerous to drink the water of France and Italy. We drink it every time, and my health is better than for years.

This is a cunning way they have of getting foreigners to drink their wine; and I blush to say that there are a good many Americans here at this hotel, and in our little excursion, who don't need much persuasion. In fact, one young man from Brooklyn frankly confesses that he has not sufficient moral courage to drink water in Europe.

But it will never do to pass the bath-houses unnoticed. The banks of the Seine are strewn with them from one end of the city to the other, and you can take a nice bath for from ten to fifty cents. "They say," too, that there are places where "*high-fliers*" take wine-baths, in which lovers of the beverage may sit and sip and swim at pleasure. After the ablution is finished, the ruby tide is drawn off into the next room, and No. 2 has his fill at a lower figure. Perhaps No. 3 may find, as he tastes, that the wine has considerable "body" to it. Having washed a score of dirty fellows, it is bottled, "on dit," for exportation. They never think of furnishing soap, either at the hotels or at the bath-houses. This is extra, and they make you pay extra, too. The reading of Mark Twain's "*Innocents Abroad*" has somewhat prepared us for what we shall meet; and yet, we sometimes find ourselves imposed upon.

As we glide along the banks of the river, which forms the letter S in its windings through the city, we come upon what was once the beautiful hall of the "Council of State," now a mass of wreck and ruin, the result of the fiendish rage of the Commune of 1871. How human beings can be • possessed of such beastly passions is still a mystery. Why, there stands the little house in which poor Voltaire died; just across the stream are the ruins of the Tuileries, which shared the same fate as the Council of State. Its massive walls and beautifully carved columns now stand unroofed, a picture of destruction and desolation, pitiable to behold. As we go, we see the National Library, with its million or more volumes, the Bourbon Palace, Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Bourse, or Exchange, and the Royal Palace. We

are now in the Park of the Buttes Chaumont, from one part of which a beautiful view of the city can be had. And oh, what a magnificent view it is! We are surrounded by placid lakes, sporting fountains, lovely grottoes, dancing cascades, beautiful green hills and pleasant valleys, abounding in fragrant flowers of the rarest kind.

Here we stand in the midst of

“PERE LA CHAISE,”

the city of the dead, whose marble shafts and richly carved tombs mark the last resting-places of millions. Here is one grave over which no slab is erected. An iron fence encloses it, and it is covered with a bed of rich flowers, while ivy branches clamber over the iron bars. This is the grave of Marshal Ney, “the bravest of the brave,” whose last request was that no monument of any kind might mark the place where they laid his ashes.

Now we walk on hallowed ground. We are in front of the Church St. Germain l’Auxerrois, from whose towers sounded forth the funeral notes of the bells which were tolled on that dread morning which ushered in the

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,

when the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of martyred saints. We next visit St. Etienne du Mont, a cathedral which contains the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron of Paris. We peep into the Pantheon, too, which Voltaire converted into a heathen temple, and in which he placed the images of “all the gods,” but which, after his death, was reconverted into a Christian (?) church. We visit also the Palace and the garden of the Luxembourg, the Botanical Gardens, which contain a huge specimen of the Cedars of Lebanon; the wine-halls, which exhibit piles of casks, and the Morgue, which has two dead bodies stretched out to be recognized by

any friend who happens to pass. They have been found dead, and no one knows them. One seems to have been drowned, while the other was evidently murdered! Oh, the horrible thought of dying from home, with no friend to pity, nor any one to sympathize with the lone sufferer! This is a thing of almost daily occurrence in this desperate country, and it is nothing unusual to find a corpse lying in some back alley, or upon the water's edge. If no one happens to come in who recognizes the poor victims, they are carried off to the dissecting room, after a certain length of time.

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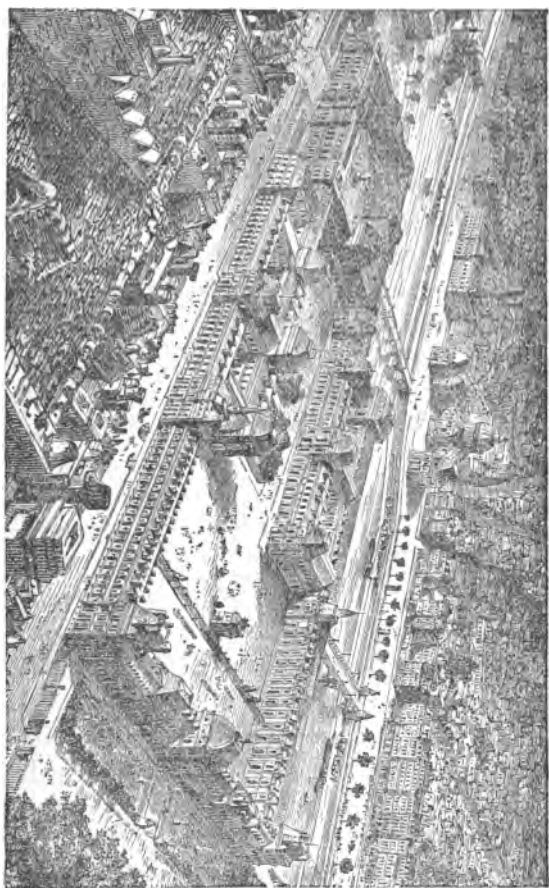
## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LOUVRE.

This is one vast art gallery, whose walls are decorated with hundreds, and even thousands, of the richest, rarest specimens of artistic beauty the world can afford. The vividness of conception and the brilliancy of execution are wonderful in the extreme. They are the very best works of the most distinguished artists of ancient and modern times. But alas! most of them are battle scenes and the portrayals of such vices and crimes, as to be unfit for examples of emulation to the rising generation of any but a barbarous and warlike people. There are, too, some of the most costly specimens of wood carving to be found. In the chamber of the ancient kings *de Medici*, all the walls are of richly carved oak of beautiful designs, and must have cost hundreds of thousands of francs. Then the gold and precious stones, in the form of jewels, owned by these kings, represent a still more enormous pile of "the dross." The ceiling

of this elegant chamber is of stone which has some most exquisite paintings on it, one of which represents France, in the form of a lovely maiden, paying a visit to Egypt, a

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE.



swarthy maiden of less pleasing mien, before whose intelligent visitor the dark clouds of superstition are rolled back, while the obelisk rises in the back ground.

We are also shown some things brought from Cyprus, together with the relics of Charlemagne, mosaics, etc. There

is one room here which is nearly a quarter of a mile long. This and the others are lined with the works of Ricci, Raphael, Panini, Roselli, Rubens, Valazquez, Murilla, Lebrun, and several other noted artists. Why, here is the very window from which Charles I. fired upon his subjects, as they fled for refuge past his chamber.

Now here we are at Notre Dame—the world-renowned Notre Dame! (See Frontispiece.) It was begun in A. D. 1100, and has been in process of erection ever since. They scarcely ever finish a building of this kind, but keep workmen tinkering on some part of it from generation to generation, taking away faded and crumbling parts, and replacing them with something more durable and more beautiful. It is three hundred feet long, one hundred and forty feet wide, and one hundred feet high, with two huge towers, and a magnificent steeple besides. These are all of richly carved stone work, and there are carvings in stone around the pulpit or altar, representing incidents in the life of Christ. On the outside, just above the door, is a representation, in carved figures, of the devil, weighing the souls of immortal beings with a pair of scales. How many must be “weighed in the balances” and “found wanting!” One of the bells (for they have many) weighs thirty-two thousand pounds.

Sunday comes. The sun rises in his accustomed splendor. Scarcely a cloud intervenes to interrupt the brightness of his effulgent rays. But what a scene greets him ere he has risen to the meridian. God’s holy day is made a day of special hilarity and feasting here. The shops and stores of the men of business are mostly kept open, and those which are not, in most cases, are closed simply to give the employees an opportunity of spending the day in drinking, frolicking and carousing. What a world of iniquity this is! Bands of music are playing in the parks, the wine saloons and drinking pavilions are rendered more attractive than on any other day; they have races, match-games of

different kinds, dances, excursions, etc.,—every thing that is calculated to lead astray the youth of the land.

#### A BAPTIST CHURCH.

In company with Dr. T. Whitfield and wife, of Charlotte, N. C., I go around to the little Baptist chapel to attend their Sunday school. There are some twenty-five persons present. Others soon come in, and by the time the exercises close there is quite a number present. The exercises are all conducted in French, and of course are not very edifying. There is, however, an evident earnestness exhibited on the part of those engaged in the work, which cannot fail of success. The singing is good, and I join with them in singing, "*Je voudrais etre un Ange*,"—I want to be an Angel. After the regular exercises are over, Dr. Whitfield and a brother from New Jersey, deliver short addresses, which are translated by one of the pastors into French, for the benefit of those present. They are very cordial in their greetings, and the gentleman who interpreted the addresses speaks pretty good English. The congregation now begins to assemble for regular church worship, and an earnest, zealous-looking man takes the pulpit and preaches, what seems to be, a good sermon. The church numbers one hundred and fifty members, all converted Roman Catholics except four or five. They have five deacons, three pastors and two evangelists. One of these brethren lives entirely by faith. He has owned no property for twelve years, but goes out into the streets and lanes of the city preaching Jesus and depending upon the Lord for his support, and he always gets it. There is no other regular Baptist church in this city of two millions inhabitants! There is a union chapel where Baptists and Congregationalists worship together. I attend this at night and hear a pretty good discourse in English. The clergyman, whose name I forget, finds out from a brother who attended the Baptist chapel in the forenoon that I am present

and calls on me for some remarks. This done, quite a number of persons present, (Americans and Englishmen) come up and make my acquaintance, and express a good deal of pleasure at meeting me. The exercises at this place are conducted principally for strangers visiting Paris who speak English, together with the small number of English speaking people who reside here. One of the persons I meet is an Englishman and has reared a family here, all of whom speak French.

The carpet manufactory of the Gobelins is also a very interesting place to visit. Here we find numbers of persons at work, making tapestry, carpets, etc., from the most elaborate figures and designs. We are told that some of them require twenty or thirty years to complete them, so tedious and intricate is the work. It is all done by hand, and so perfect are some of the specimens, that one can scarcely detect the difference, at a little distance, between the figures, flowers, etc., and real natural flowers in vases and bouquets. 'Twas here that the celebrated tapestries which decorate the walls of the palaces at Versailles and Fontainebleau were made, as well as many of those at Hampton Court in England. These, you know, were formerly used to decorate the walls of the royal apartments of ancient kings, instead of having them frescoed, or having large paintings strewn all over the walls.

#### ST. CLOUD AND VERSAILLES.

But suppose now we leave Paris for a little run out to St. Cloud and Versailles. From the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile our way lies through the justly celebrated Bois de Boulogne, whose spacious walks, elegant drives, bubbling fountains, sparkling cataracts, dancing brooklets, and smiling flowers all tend to enhance the beauty of one of the loveliest parks in the world. The driving ways are as straight as an arrow, and as we pass the intersection of two

or more of them, we can see apparently miles in either direction, along the shaded avenues, as the limbs of the trees almost meet and kiss each other above our heads. Why here is the residence of one of the Rothschilds, but it is so perfectly surrounded by trees, flowers and evergreens, that we can get only a glimpse of it as we pass. As we are in such a hurry, we will not call, lest the landlord insist on our spending the day!

From this point we get a splendid view of the citadel of Mont Valerien, which was the last place from which the French were dislodged in the Franco-German war. It is a powerful fortress and on such a hill as to be almost impregnable. Now we stand in front of the Palace of St. Cloud, the favorite residence of Napoleon and his lovely Josephine. It is now a pile of ruins, another result of the rage of the Commune in 1871. Here are the huge elm trees, beneath whose bending limbs and in whose sombre shade the Emperor and Empress promenaded and sat and talked for hours together. Here is the same sporting fountain, the same placid pool, the same flower garden, with some improvements, which gladdened the hearts of the two distinguished lovers. It makes one feel a little sentimental and romantic to be here, and a sense of admiration for the heroic plays in one's breast in spite of himself.

We cannot linger, as full of historic interest as is the place. Again we take our seats in the vehicles and off we go. "See there," says our guide; "there is a shell sent from the gun of the enemy during the Franco-German war." We look, and sticking in the walls of a house just over the road, is a large shell which has been robbed of its deadly contents and replaced, as a relic of the sufferings of that dreadful struggle, which rendered two nations almost bankrupt. It was evidently nearly spent when it struck, as it merely made enough impression to lodge. It was doubtless meant for the Palace of St. Cloud, and fell short of its mark only a few yards. As we glide along through the forest, we find

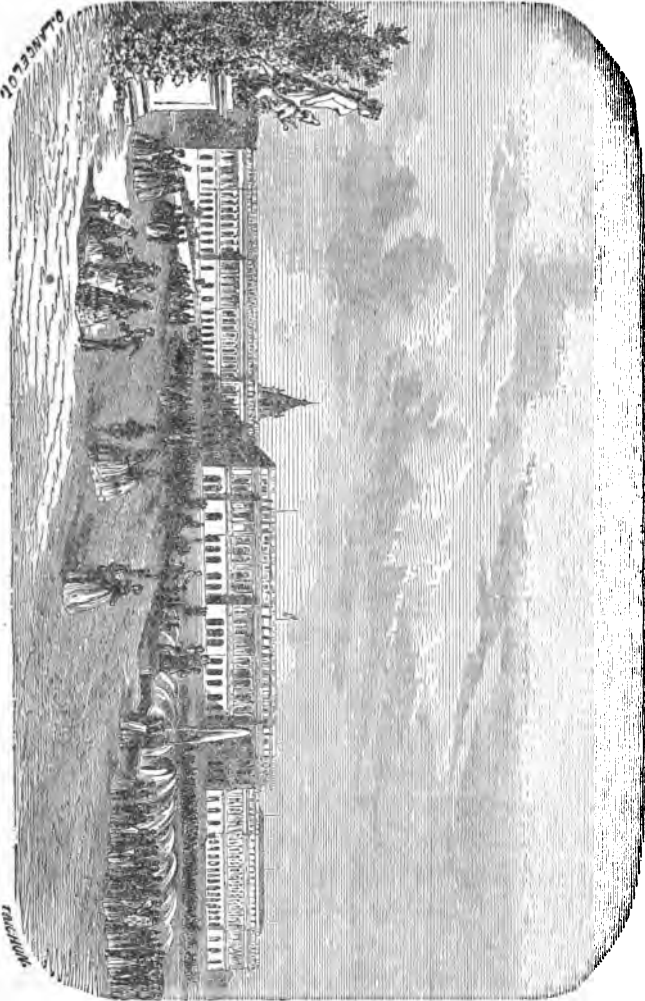
the trees all scarred by the bullets and balls of the contending armies, while many a little mound is raised over the sleeping remains of the lost loved ones—lost in this life, and many of them lost for all eternity!

What shall I say of Versailles? The Palace alone contains enough of the historic to interest the student for days and weeks. The chamber of Louis XIV., the furniture of Josephine, the waiting room of Louis Philippe, the rooms containing the cameo, brought from Herculaneum, the largest in the world, the malachites presented to Napoleon I. by Alexander the Great, of Russia, the room in which Victoria and Prince Albert dined, the huge and splendid vases, one of which cost forty thousand francs, the elegant table made by the deaf mutes of Paris and presented to Josephine, the mosaics, the bed on which the Empress died, are all fraught with much historic interest. Nor must we pass over in silence the carriages of State, one of which looks like gold, wheels and all, is lined with the most costly material and cost one million, four hundred thousand francs, or two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Here, too, is the one used by Napoleon when he became First Consul, and the one in which Josephine was carried from the Tuileries after the divorce. And here is a statue of Louis XIV. on horseback, made of the cannon taken by him in his battles on the Rhine. But the Palace itself, with its walls of marble and richly executed paintings, is so lavishly beautiful and so elegantly furnished, that even Voltaire pronounced it "*the gulf of expense.*" One of the rooms is an enormously long one, and has one of its sides converted into one vast mirror, so that, not only the excellent paintings, rich carvings and handsome chandeliers, but also all the exquisite landscape, which is to be seen in front of the Palace, are duplicated, so as to present a picture charming indeed.

Now we will take a walk down by the fountains, the most elaborate, they say, in the world, certainly the most extensive that I have ever seen. A large park is full of them.

They do not play to-day. It is only on Sundays and State occasions that they are run, for it costs two thousand dollars

PALACE AT VERSAILLES.



each time they are used, simply for the supply of water. But what is this I see pasted on a large board? "*Richmond Gem!*" Why it transports me to America in the twinkling

of an eye. How I wish "the children of light" were as anxious to carry forth to the world the knowledge of Christ as "the children of darkness" are to publish their articles of merchandise! Then surely the knowledge of Christ would soon "cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

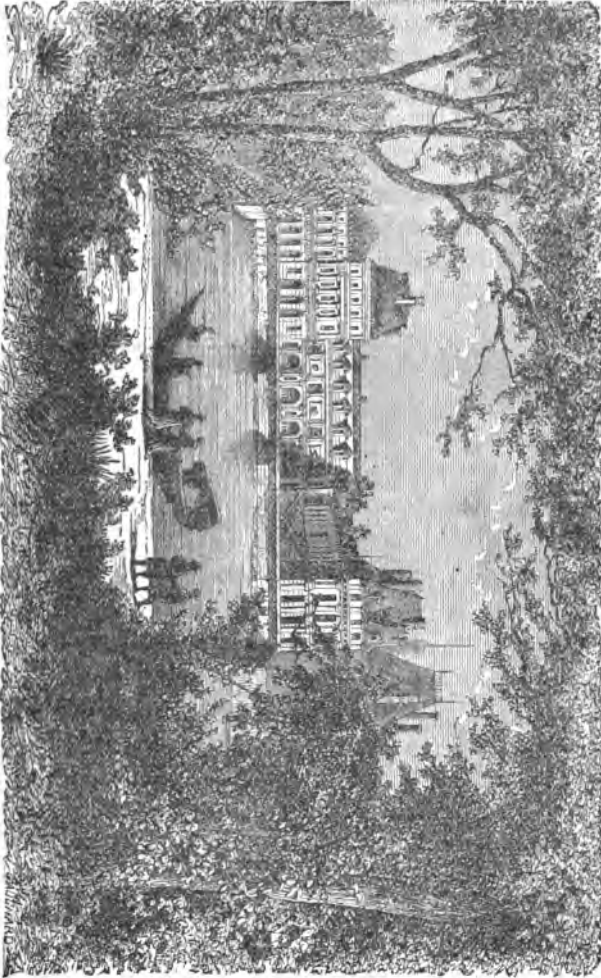
### FONTAINEBLEAU.

As we leave Paris, we will stop and spend a few hours at Fontainebleau.

This is one of the most ancient, as well as one of the most interesting, places of public resort in France. It is situated thirty-five miles up the Seine from Paris, and is surrounded by a lovely park, containing several hundred acres. As far back as the times of Louis VII. and Philippe Auguste, this was one of the favorite resorts of the fashionable and the elite. From this time down to the days of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, the crowned heads took up their abode here, and have left many traces of their affection in the way of improvements. The chateau, or palace, is full of historic associations, and some tragical events. 'Twas under this roof that Francis I. received the Emperor Charles V., on his visit to France in 1639. 'Twas here that Christine, Queen of Sweden, had the Marquis of Monaldeschi assassinated in 1657. Here, in 1685, Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here died the Dauphin, only son of Louis XV., and father of Louis XVI., also Louis XVIII. and Charles X., after an illness supposed to have been caused by poison. Here Charles IV., of Spain, was confined by Napoleon for twenty-four days, and Pope Pius VII. suffered the same fate

for nearly two years. Here, in 1809, was pronounced the divorce of Josephine, and only five years later the Emperor bade adieu to the Imperial Guard, after he had signed the

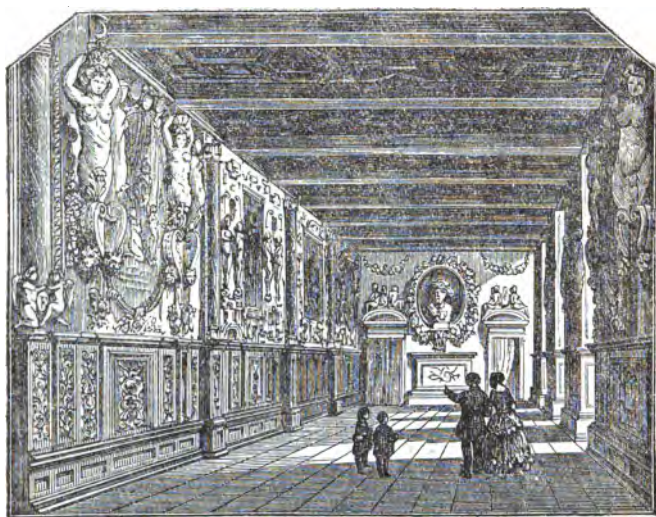
PALACE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.



Abdication. The open court in which this took place has since been called the Court of Adieux.

The relicts of the kings, queens, princes and emperors,

preserved here, are without number. There is the very table on which Napoleon signed the Abdication. Here is the throne upon which he sat on state occasions. Here is the toilet-chamber and furniture of Marie Antoinette, with the walls all covered with Flemish tapestry. I steal a chance and take a seat on one of her elegant chairs. (Our guide speaks nothing but French, and it is with much difficulty that I understand him.) Here is the furniture of Louis Cator, and here the private theatre of Napoleon III. And I am constrained again to take a seat in the chairs used only for the Emperor and Empress. As I sit, my friend passes and crowns me Emperor of France! What an honor! Wonder how long it will last.



GALERIE DE FRANCOIS I.

I give herewith an illustration, showing the elegance of one of the chambers in the palace above mentioned, that of Francis I. It will serve to give some idea of the elaborately carved ceilings and walls, with the beautiful statuary which is so abundant in every European palace.

## RIBBON FARMING.

We board the eastern bound train and pass along the valley of the Seine for hours, through one of the most fertile, most beautiful farming sections I have ever seen. The country is slightly undulating, but there are no abrupt changes. The lovely stream glides slowly on beneath the pleasant shades of the tall poplars, which grow along its banks and which are kept trimmed as nicely as a garden hedge. The land on either side rises gently from the water's edge backward, forming a vale of exquisite beauty. The scene is doubly beautified by the mode of farming. Every inch of the land is under cultivation and is highly improved. It is just harvest time with them and the golden grain is waving luxuriantly, burdened with a fruitful harvest. But here is a narrow strip of land, extending from the railroad down to the water's edge, only about fifteen or twenty, or perhaps thirty feet wide, which is covered with a crop of splendid clover in full bloom; the next strip is white with the blossoms of the Irish potato; the next has a good crop of oats; perhaps next we find a strip of hemp, and again one of meadow grass, timothy, or some other excellent hay. Thus the whole landscape is variegated as far as eye can reach, and forms a scene lovely in the extreme. This is what is called *ribbon farming*. There are no fences to obstruct the vision, but occasionally a well-kept hedge of tall slender poplars or green waving willows. The farm houses are all built near together, forming quite a town in almost every community. Thus they can conveniently attend church and build up a good school among themselves, while they can see to the duties of their farms, which radiate from these little centres, just as well. There are a great many sheep and some extra fine cattle thronging the beautiful green pastures and hay fields, which are kept out of the grain by shepherds and herdsmen, accompanied by one

or more huge shepherd dogs. They graze along within a few inches of the other crops, but if one dares bite a stalk over the line, a dog is after him in an instant. There are some who are only able to keep one or two sheep or goats. These graze along the railroad embankments, (for every spot of land is green,) attended by a little child and generally tied about the neck with a string with which they are guided. As the train passes, the little animal runs to its keeper and nestles close by its side until the danger is past. I am so forcibly reminded of the words of the Saviour, "I am the good Shepherd." Oh, that His sheep had as much confidence in Him and would rely on Him as implicitly in time of trials and temptations, as do these little animals upon their keepers.

The night's travel brings us to Macon, where we have to lie over for an hour and a half. It is just four o'clock A. M., but is quite light. In fact the sun is nearly up, although it is not twelve o'clock by New York time. A magnificent view of the river Saone presents itself as we move into and out of the city. A few hours' travel brings us to Amberieu, where we reach the foot of the Jura Mountains. Here we change cars and start for Coloz. The mountain sides are covered with splendid vineyards. Just on the top of one of the peaks is an old castle, crowned with a beautiful statue. Passing Coloz, we come to Lake Bourget, a lovely sheet of water, which is surrounded by rugged hills and craggy cliffs and is not a little like Lake George in New York State. Here is Chambéry, but we have only a few moments to stop. We are now getting pretty deep into the Graian Alps whose lofty pinnacles entirely surround us. The river Isere is followed to its very head. Here we witness a magnificent scene. The mountain tops are enveloped in black storm clouds, and torrents of rain, forming little streamlets, which, in the distance, look like threads of silver, pour down their rugged, rocky sides.

It is harvest time here, and all of the land on these craggy

heights which can be cultivated is burdened with a rich harvest. The sun is blooming hot in the vale, almost suffocating. The harvesting is done principally by the women, who crawl about in the fields on their knees, with old fashioned sickles reaping and binding the grain. An occasional man is seen moping about, but doing very little. The men, you know, must be soldiers, and are in the cities and towns dressed in uniform, smoking cigars and drinking beer and wine. Every train, every hotel, every village, every pathway, is thronged with priests! There are three or four of them in our division of the car; and at every station we find about every tenth man to be a priest, the curse of this fair land!

We now draw nigh to Modane, at the very foot of Mt. Cenis. The granite walls and snow capped peaks lift their hoary heads above the smiling valleys, while a hundred brooklets dash madly down the rocky gorges from the melting snow above to swell the surging current of the rushing, foaming stream below. What quaint old houses these are! They are covered with slate, an abundance of which is found in this section. They look to be more than a hundred years old,—some of them two hundred or more. Just above Modane, the road makes quite a number of curves, reminding me somewhat of the Western North Carolina Railroad above Henry's; and pretty soon we look below us and find the road and town which we left a few moments ago several hundred feet beneath us. We plunge into a tunnel and out again; a moment later we are in another. The engine puffs and steams and blows, but still all is dark as midnight. Light after light is passed and again we lose ourselves in the darkness. For twenty-seven minutes we go on in this dreary cavern, passing seven miles under ground. This is the famous Mt. Cenis Tunnel.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ITALY.

At last we emerge from this gloomy region into the glorious light of day, and find ourselves in Italy.

The frozen glaziers, only a few hundred feet above, look threateningly down into the mellow harvest-fields in the valley of the river Po, which intrude themselves almost to the very foot of the beds of snow. The king of day is fast sinking beyond the lofty peaks that are robed in fleecy clouds, which he converts into a mantle of glory. The soft Italian sky spreads out before us and above us. Beneath our feet is the streamlet which swells out in the plains beyond into the great Po. The descent is so rapid that it is nothing more than a vast succession of cataracts, bounding, dancing, leaping, plunging over and over, until it finds rest in the quiet valley below. The night is spent at "Hotel d' Angleterre," in

## TURIN.

As we walk around the city the next morning, we find the banks of the river thronged with washer-women, who are washing clothes in its waters and spreading them out to dry on the sand-banks, which are very numerous, because it is so dry that the stream is much lower than usual. The sun is scorching hot, but they seem not to mind it at all, and a good many of them go with nothing on their heads, except a little handkerchief, and frequently not even this. The public buildings are visited, and then we take shipping for another port.

For miles we go through an excellent farming country, but it is badly parched, owing to the drought. Here is an old threshing floor, where they use flails for beating out the grain! Who would ever think of finding such antique,

quaint old customs in modern Europe? If this is the best they can do, America is fifty years ahead of them. Here, as in France, the women have to work in the fields. They don't think of wearing bonnets or hats—many of them are bare-headed and bare-foot. Why, look at them! See that man ploughing with a four-horse plough drawn by two oxen in the rear and two cows in front! They can do better than that in the back-woods of America! Umph! what dilapidated houses! And yet the country is thronged with priests, who lounge around and live on the hard earnings of the people. Poor, degraded, superstitious, priest-ridden people! How I pity them in their ignorance! Who will be held responsible in the last great day?

For the first time in Europe, I see some Indian corn growing. It is very small, but the crops of small grain are quite good. Along the road, in the little farm villages, the houses are tastily painted, and some of them frescoed on the outside. They frequently paint an imitation of a window so perfectly, blinds and all, that it is with very much difficulty that one can tell the difference. The snow-covered Alps have faded away in the distance, and now we begin to approach the Apennines. We pass Alessandria and Marengo—the immortal Marengo, rendered so by the illustrious victory of Napoleon Bonaparte. By night we have reached

#### GENOA,

where we spend a part of a day. The mountains come so near the harbor that the city is really located on the mountain side. There are but very few streets on which vehicles can go at all, on account of their steepness. These are very narrow and have no side walks, the whole street is upon a level, and is paved with broad, flat stones, on which the street cars run without any rails. We take a stroll down one of the alleys, so steep that steps are necessary, where we see the inside life of Italy. The alley is surely not more

than eight or ten feet wide, except at one point where it swells out into a considerable opening, which is filled with washer-women, who are bending over the troughs in which they have rather a conglomeration of dirt, rags and filthy water. The urchins of these poor women crawl around, drag through the dirt and paddle in the water with hands that look as if they knew not what water and soap meant. Farther down, we find the way almost literally blocked up with fruit and vegetable stalls, while over-head, stretched from window to window across the way, are lines covered with clothes, bed-clothes, etc., hanging out to dry, or air. The houses are very high—from five stories up—and the people are “as thick as hops.” The exchange and market, with parts of the wharf, are alive with loungers and business men, mixed in wild confusion.

We come across, among others, quite a handsome church, walk in, and find it is high mass. A concourse of priests is marching round and round, doing what they call singing, I suppose. Of all the singing I ever heard, this is the greatest! Meantime, the high priest (or whatever they call him), officiates at the altar, where there is a little boy to stand behind him and shake his robe occasionally, in order to rattle some bells attached to its border. He then reads awhile, the others keeping silence, and then they break forth into singing again. It does not take us long to tire on such fare, and we begin to seek something more interesting, when a gentleman walks up and proposes to show us the church. We accompany him, and, among other things, find the tomb of John the Baptist, and the chain with which he was bound in prison by Herod (?) This suffices, and we take our departure.

Here is a huge statue of “*Christopo Columbo*” very near the station, which we failed to see last night, because of the lateness of the hour. This is conceded to be the birthplace of Columbus, you know, although there are several other cities, some in Italy and some in Spain, which claim this

honor, we are told. What changes success works in the standing of an individual in society and popular favor! Just let one fail in a great undertaking, and he is hissed at; but let him succeed, and all, friends (falsely so called) and avowed enemies, come flocking to him, wanting to do him honor and court his favor!

As the cars start off, the first thing they do is to plunge into a tunnel, and we pass under nearly the whole of Genoa before we emerge from it. This is merely the beginning of a succession of tunnels through which we pass, for by actual count we find *ninety-seven* before we reach Pisa! It seems that fully one-half of the road, for twenty-five or thirty miles, is under ground. In fact, people seem to prefer to build subterranean railroads in some sections over here. But between these, there are beautiful landscapes which greet our vision; on one side, the rugged heights of the Apennines, in some places covered with vineyards; on the other, vast forests or orchards of fig, lemon, orange and almond trees, with an occasional mellow harvest field spreading out to the very shore of the Mediterranean Sea, whose historic waters lave the feet of the rocky cliffs which project themselves into the territory of Old Neptune. For hours we run along the water's edge; and oh, what a chain of sacred associations bind us to the distant past, as the hallowed memory of the shipwreck of Paul and the fleeing of treacherous Jonah come flitting before our minds. 'Twas these same waters which bore upon their bosom the ships of Tarshish, laden with the commerce of nations. The proud legions of Greece, Rome, Carthage, and even the Imperial Guard of Napoleon Bonaparte, made their way across this watery waste, bearing weapons of destruction against their dreaded foes.

## PISA.

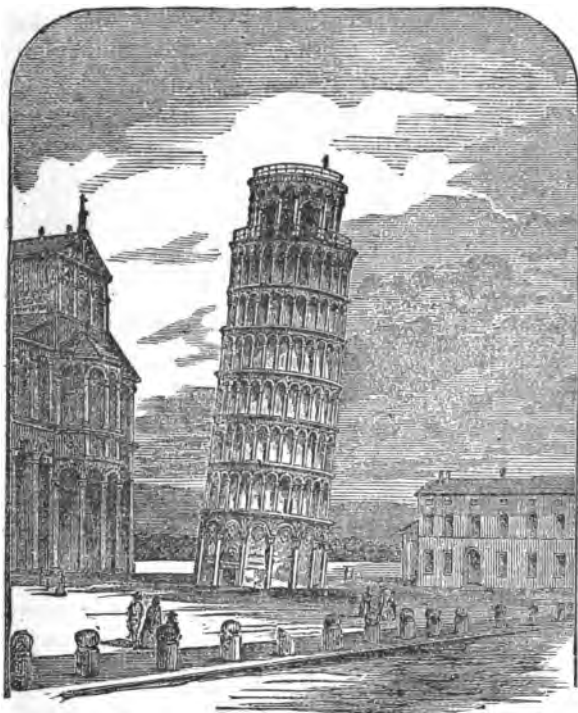
We reach Pisa about sunset, and make our way towards the hotel, when we are hailed by a police or revenue force

which wants to examine our luggage. Pisa is a walled town and these officers are stationed at the gates to prevent the importation of taxable articles. The weather is extremely dry and warm. They have had no rain for weeks. Almost everything green is parched into a crisp, and the dust is simply unbearable. The river Arno flows gracefully through the busiest part of the city, and at night there are scores and hundreds of persons bathing in its rippling waters. The people are promenading along the embankments and thronging the streets in countless numbers, while in front of hotels, wine saloons, beer gardens and restaurants, there are to be seen hundreds and thousands lounging around, smoking, drinking and enjoying the balmy air, which is so refreshing after the heat of the day. The embankments are of stone and are about twenty feet above the water level. The melting of the snow on the Apennines once caused a fearful inundation by swelling the Arno to overflowing. To prevent a recurrence, these high stone embankments were constructed.

At night, July 15th, the mosquitoes are so numerous that nets must be used. At a late hour an awful noise arouses us from our slumbers, so interrupted by the heat, and pretty soon I hear my friend's window go up, when a caterwauling, as if of a dozen cats, greets my ear. "Scat! scat!" he cries, but to little effect, for the abominable things pay scarcely any attention to him. The people of Pisa seem to care nothing for to them at all. Wish I had a good shot gun.

The morning is spent in visiting the Leaning Tower and the celebrated Duomo. The former is a huge white marble structure, one hundred and eighty feet in circumference at the base and two hundred and eighty-eight steps high (about two hundred feet.) It was built in 1174 A. D., and looks as if it would fall of itself. Various theories have been adduced as to the cause of the leaning. Some suppose that it was caused by the heat of the sun on that side (the South), while others think the foundation on that side

gave way. Others, still, suppose it was purposely built so. This latter seems more plausible. The whole is of pure white marble, beautifully carved and richly ornamented. From the top a lovely view is had of the city, the windings of the Arno in its course to the sea, which is seven miles



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

away, and the surrounding country, laden with a rich harvest. In the Duomo, or cathedral, is seen the very lamp from the oscillations of which Galileo discovered the use of the pendulum. It is still suspended from the top of the ceiling, some seventy-five or eighty feet high, by a wire which reaches within eight feet of the floor. The whole of the inside looks like an elegant art gallery, while the out-

side is a mammoth pile of stately columns, the spoils of ancient Grecian and Roman temples. It was built in 1063 A. D., to commemorate a naval victory over the Saracens. "Wait awhile. You are in one of the oldest cities of Europe. It has a life of thirty centuries. Pelasgian Etruscans gave culture to Rome ages ago, and wandering Greeks from Elis, it is said, came hither with Nestor and founded this place. Long before Christ it was a Roman colony. For the first Crusade Pisa equipped one hundred and twenty ships. Her banners waved victorious over Sardinia, Corsica, Palermo, and the Balaeric Isles."

Now we stand in "Campo Santo," the resting place for the honored dead, into which fifty-three ship loads of soil, brought from Mount Calvary, were put, as holy earth, in which to bury the worthy saints. The baptistery is a wonderful piece of architecture. Its clustered columns and arches are a medley of Gothic and Corinthian art. The little boy who accompanies us, raises his voice in plaintive accents, and in succession produces the four principal sounds of the musical scale, which echo, reëcho and reverberate for some seconds, like a full orchestra that for centuries has haunted the double dome. These echoes vanish as we hark and hear them—

"Thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever!"

It is just twelve o'clock, noon, when we take the cars. The heat is so intense that it is almost impossible to remain in the cars, until they are in motion. Just before leaving, two young men, apparently brothers, come into the station, one of them to take leave of the other. As the engine begins to blow and steam, they very affectionately embrace and *kiss* each other! This I find to be a custom among the gentlemen of most of the countries here. They generally kiss

both cheeks. Glad I don't live here! It would be bad enough to have to kiss some of the women we see.

There is a beggar at almost every street-corner, two at every church door, and two dozen at every railroad station. These haunt tourists entirely out of patience, and soon I learn to say "No!" without much reluctance. Why, a man could give away a fortune here in a month!

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## CHAPTER X.

### ROME.

It is more than two hundred miles from Pisa to Rome. We have not been going very long ere the Apennines sink almost below the horizon, and look like little hills in the distance. The country becomes more and more level until it is quite a plain. We still coast along the restless waters of the Mediterranean, and at ten o'clock at night, July 16th, reach the "Eternal City." The pale moon has risen over the Alban mountains, and casts a silvery light upon the rippling bosom of the "yellow Tiber." The dreams of my boyhood's happy days are realized. Since my early childhood, I have anxiously looked forward to the time when I might be permitted to listen to the burning eloquence of Charles Spurgeon and sit beneath the shadows of the Coliseum and stroll amidst the ruins of the Roman Forum! And here I am! No imagination can fully picture the sensations that fill my bosom and flit before my mind like ten thousand fairy dreams. Hail! proud mistress of the world for centuries past! But how changed! I had pictured a city of moss-covered ruins; but upon arrival, there is to be seen an elegant railway station with all the modern improve-

ments of Europe or even America. A line of coachmen and omnibus drivers throng the way and spout forth their Italian by the mouthful. It soon appears to them that they are wasting their sweetness on the desert air, for not a word do we utter to them, but search out, among the many, the omnibus for our hotel and enter it. We are driven for one or two miles, first through broad and spacious streets, along whose sides handsome residences present themselves. Surely we have mistaken Paris for Rome! No; we now enter more narrow streets, which crook and turn hither and thither. And yet the gas lights blaze on every side, reminding one that there is life in the old land yet. Most of the hotels, too, have the electric wire for calling boots or porter.

What delightful, fresh air comes stealing through the lattice of my window; and such nice, cool water! Rome abounds in sparkling fountains of the purest water, brought directly from the Alban mountains, of which we freely drink. They have ice, too, but oh, how they charge for it! They say that we must sleep with our windows and doors closely shut, or we shall be liable to catch the Roman fever, from which there is no recovery. Our windows stand open all night, notwithstanding such representations of danger. And we are not troubled by mosquitoes, either. We have to be out very early, for the heat, in the middle of the day, is so intense that it is unbearable, even to the inhabitants, who say that it is the warmest season they have had for twenty years! About twelve o'clock we make our way back to the hotel, and have to *lie over* until three. Think it best to run no risk.

We first visit Constantine's Bath, one of the interesting ruins of the great city. There are numbers of bath-houses to be seen. The Romans surely believed in this amusement, as there are some of them in which more than a thousand persons could bathe at a time. Here we stand at Trajan Forum; a heap of magnificent ruins. Column after column of splendid Corinthian art lifts its broken and shattered

form skyward, or lies prostrate on the earth, once covered by the debris, but recently exhumed. This master-piece of workmanship was destroyed by the Goths and Vandals centuries ago. Near this point stands the column of Trajan, a massive shaft of marble in twenty-nine blocks, the whole spirally carved most beautifully, and has two thousand and five hundred small figures engraved upon it. It was formerly crowned with a statue of Trajan, but in the triumph of Christianity (?) this has been replaced by a statue of St. Peter! It is said to be the oldest and best column in Rome. Some of the columns which surrounded the Forum were brought from Egypt. There were four rows of them, twenty in each row, and they were forty-six feet high! Here, too, are the old Forum walls, a crumbling mass of ruin.

In the distance is to be seen the Capitoline Hill, but we shall defer a visit there until another time. Just here are two churches dedicated to Mary. They were formerly known as the Temple of Trajan. We next take a passing glance at the Forum of Augustus. This was built without cement or mortar, the stones fastened together with brass pins, five to each stone. Only three of the columns of this great ruin are preserved. The walls are buried in the debris fully twenty feet; they were originally eighty-five feet high. Here are some of the arches made when the structure was first erected. Just there stands the Temple of Mars, which was built twenty-seven years B. C., and which is, consequently, more than two thousand years old! It is now used for a nunnery. Just think of using a house at the present day which is twenty times as old as our great American Republic! But they don't deign to notice anything here in the way of a ruin, unless it is more than five hundred years old!

We are now in front of the

## COLISEUM,

the grandest ruin in the world ! I can imagine how Napoleon felt at the foot of the Pyramids, for nearly twenty centuries look down upon me ! Situated between the Esquiline, Palatine and Capitoline hills, where once, with a circumference of eighteen hundred and eighty feet, was to be seen the "pond of Nero," this towering monument of Vespasian, whose foundation is forty feet below the level of the street, lifts its proud head one hundred and sixty-seven feet heavenward. It is all of Sabine marble, grand and imposing beyond conception. It is elliptical in form, and so arranged that every spectator might see the performance of the gladiators ; is six hundred and seventy feet long, and five hundred and fifty broad ; begun in A. D. 72, and finished A. D. 81, by Vespasian, father of Titus. Titus sent twelve thousand Jewish slaves from Jerusalem, who did most of the work, and even then the interior decorations cost fifty millions francs, (about ten millions dollars), our guide says. The outside presents four tiers of arches, supported by columns, one above another. The first, or lowest, is of Doric art, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, while the fourth is composed merely of plain pillars. The stones are fastened together with brass pins in the same manner as the Forum of Augustus, already referred to, and many of them were very much defaced by the Barbarians, who, in after years, tried to secure the pins for the sake of the metal, by picking holes in the walls. The architect was a Jew and a Christian, whose name was Pangrazius. Titus, however, was not aware of this. This fact was discovered a few months ago from a marble slab found here in the excavations. The interior was destroyed by the family of the Tangipani in the Thirteenth Century. There are now twenty-five feet of debris filling the place where the gladiators gave entertainments. A few feet above this,

and ranging backward one above another, there are five tiers of seats, somewhat like the galleries in modern theatres. These tiers were supported by eighty arches each. The lowest seats, those of the first tier, next the gladiators and beasts, were occupied by the plebeians, or lower classes; the second, by the members of the royal family, on one side, and the consuls and senators on the other; the third, by the merchants; the fourth, by the ladies, and the fifth by the sailors, eighteen hundred of whom were generally present on such occasions. The roof was covered with canvas, only when the performances were going on, and these sailors were put at the top, so as to manipulate the ropes which spread the awning, for there was no support for it. One hundred thousand people could be accommodated in this vast amphitheatre. To satiate the fiendish thirst of the Roman persecutors, and to please the whims of a maddened populace, on one occasion, at its dedication, when there were one hundred days spent in feasting, there were one thousand gladiators and three thousand beasts slain in this temple of iniquity.

Let us take a little ramble among these sacred ruins, hallowed by the blood of twelve thousand Christian martyrs, who here yielded up their lives, bearing testimony for Christ! Here are the dens in which the wild beasts were confined. Here is the gate through which the poor victims were led to the slaughter, and here the entrance to the subterranean corridor, through which the bodies of the slain were conveyed by slaves to the Tiber, there to become food for fish. Here is the aqueduct through which the blood was carried, as it was washed from the floor of the amphitheatre. How my heart throbs at the thought of such tragedies. The reach and the significance of the history of this grand ruin hold us as with a spell.

“The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;  
An empty urn within her withered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire  
Have dwelt upon the seven-hilled city's pride.  
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,  
And up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride,  
Where the car climbed the Capitol.  
Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!  
Alas! for Tully's voice and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page!"

"We looked with eagerness, but our thoughts were too deep for connected speech. This little space within the Esquiline, the Palatine and Capitoline is the scene of Roman history from Romulus to Constantine. Here are the precincts of that temple whose law has shaped the destinies of nations. It is peopled, to our imagination, even now, with spiritual existences that yet rule us in the realm of thought, with a more potent power than when they dwelt in the flesh."

"The monarch of all European ruins" is now partially gone. Enough stone has been taken away to build five huge palaces, and yet, for all this, not more than one-fifth is missing. This will give some idea of the size of this enormous structure, whose walls were more than fifty feet thick at the base.

Just there we see the Triumphant Arch of Constantine the Great, erected after his conversion to Christianity, in the Third Century, from the ruins of Trajan Forum. Here is Meta Sudans fountain, the wonder and beauty of that age, placed here by Domitian, brother of Titus. Passing farther on, we see the ruins of the Bath of Elagabalus, the Temple of Venus and Rome, built by Hadrian, the Basilica of Constantine, which was once so elegant, and come upon the art gallery of St. Luca. This is rather a small affair, although it has some of the richest gems of Raphael, Titian, Reni and others.

We now stand facing the Pantheon, built by Agrippa nephew of Augustus, 27 years B. C. In front are sixteen

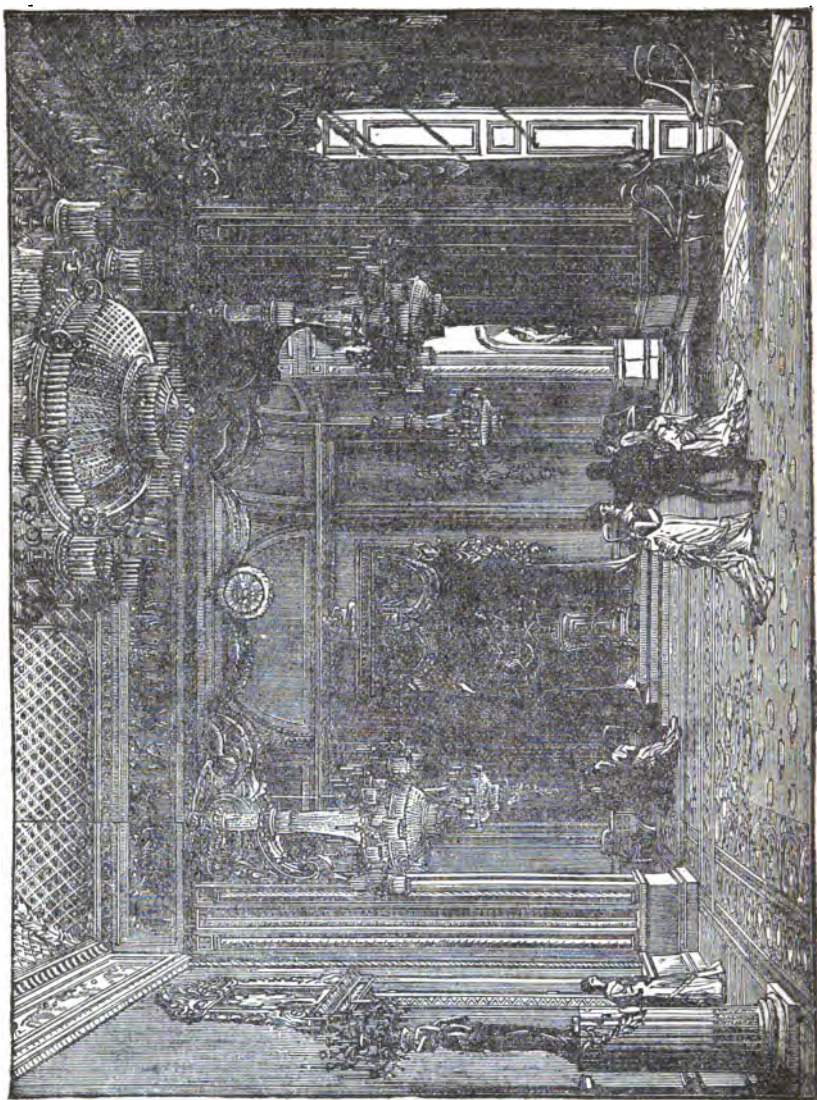
tremendous Corinthian columns, (said to be the largest in Rome), forty-six feet high, all in one piece, and weighing sixty tons each. This was the temple in which the Romans worshiped all the gods. Most of it was destroyed in the middle ages, but has since been restored. The top of the dome is open, (has never been closed), an aperture twenty-four feet in diameter. The floor is all marble, and there is no danger of injury from rain or sunshine. It is one hundred and fifty-four feet high, and is just the size of the dome of St. Peter's, though on a less elevated site. The places which the statues of the gods used to occupy are now filled by those of the Saints, which were put here after its conversion into a Christian church, by Bonifacius IV. Where stood the statue of Jupiter Tonans, made of gold and silver, there is now an altar dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the goddess of the Romanists. Here we find in the walls the tombs of Raphael, of Hannibal Caraccius, his bosom friend, and Victor Emmanuel. Two Popes have been elected here, Stephanus II. and Gelasius II. The walls are covered with fine paintings, among the most noted of which is the Martyrdom of Stephen, by Potsi.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

Next comes the Parliament building in front of which stands an obelisk, brought from Egypt by Augustus, and similar to those in Paris, London and New York. But what means this elegant column, covered with two thousand carved figures? It stands in the Amelian Forum, and was once crowned with a statue of Amelius. St. Paul now takes his place. How is this, Paul? Why is it that you stand here



THE THRONE ROOM.

thus elevated one hundred and thirty feet above the level of this imperial city, whose governors and kings trembled beneath the strokes of your eloquence? Is this your glory now, Paul? Methinks I can hear him, as his burning words come rolling down through the corridors of time, echoing from the plains of Galatia, saying: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Is there grief in heaven? Then I must think Paul feels mortified at seeing himself elevated above the Saviour himself, by these idolaters.

#### THE ROYAL PALACE.

What colossals of Castor and Pollux just here in front of the Royal Palace! They are the work of Praxitiles and Phidias, in the third century. Suppose we take a glance into the apartments of king Humbert. What a royal display of tapestry, statuary, paintings, etc.! Why there is Julius Cæsar dictating letters in four languages at the same time; there the Expulsion of Adam and Eve; here the Draught of Fishes, and there the Sacrifice of Abraham. Ah, the brilliancy of this reception room is difficult to surpass, and as we pass into the Queen's apartments, we are dazzled, amazed, confounded! Such chandeliers; such mirrors, covering nearly all of each wall; such superbly fine vases, worth thousands of dollars! Did I say worth thousands? No, I take it back, and say they cost that much. The palace crowns the top of the Quirinal hill. We have not time to call upon Humbert, and besides the heat is getting to be so intense that it is nearly time to look out for the hotel. And as we sit here let's ponder over some of the things of general interest learned to-day.

They say that the city of Rome, in the days of Augustus, had a population of four millions, four hundred and sixty-three thousand, more than London has to-day! Time and the tide of emigration have swept away more than nine-tenths of them, and there are now only three

hundred thousand. Of these, thirty thousand are priests, monks, bishops and friars! In other words, one preacher to every ten men! In the public places you can scarcely stir for them, loitering about, with nothing special to do. For all this number of preachers, when Sunday comes, the shops are thrown open as on other days; the priests go in and out, eating, drinking, and making merry and seem to regard the sanctity of the day no more than the miserable plebs or the ragged beggars which throng our way everywhere. These are not so numerous now as in the cooler season, when there are more visitors, for the heat is so oppressive in the summer that but comparatively few persons come here, and all who reside here and can afford it leave for the mountains, for Switzerland, or some milder climate. Of course the beggars emigrate, too. But I cannot refrain from thinking of this sad commentary on this professedly Christian religion. A preacher to every ten men, and yet Rome and all Italy to-day is in a worse condition, if possible, than China! Poor, deluded wretches! When will they be freed from this curse? Not until Christendom is wide awake on the subject of missions. When will this be? Not until we have more religion in our own hearts and more anxiety for the salvation of souls. May God soon give us both of these!

We will now go to visit one of the ancient churches of Rome. They call it the church of St. Mary the Great, because it was the first ever dedicated to Mary. Isn't it strange that people should dedicate churches to human beings, or even to saints? Most of those here are dedicated to the Virgin. This was built from the ruins of the Temple of Juno. In the crypt they keep the cradle of the manger, brought from Bethlehem centuries ago(?) There is a magnificent arch over the doorway to the crypt where the Roman Tribunes used to sit during services. Just over there is a very large painting representing Christ crowning Mary. Will some one please tell me when this wonderful event took place? It certainly must have occurred, for I

find at least a half dozen or a dozen of these paintings at different places in Italy. My Bible tells me nothing of it, and I am very anxious to find out when such a thing was done.

This is near the new part of Rome which looks as modern as Paris. Elegant residences loom up on every hand, and the churches and public buildings are very handsome. While we are in this neighborhood, we will visit the church of "St. Mary of the Angels," which was transformed into a church out of a part of Diocletian's bath, by Michael Angelo, in the Fifteenth century. One of the original columns is still standing; it is of one solid piece of red granite and is fifty-five feet high. One of the paintings amuses me very much, and I call the attention of my traveling companion, who is a Methodist preacher, to it. It is called "John Baptizing in Jordan," but represents him as pouring the water on the people from a shell, and yet they all stand *in the water*.

#### THE FORUM ROMANUM

is the most interesting place in Rome except the Coliseum. Here all other forums centre. It was the market, court and tribunal of the Romans for centuries. Used very much like the place described by Paul, where there was always a crowd eager to hear or tell something new, as well as to vend their articles of merchandise. Surrounded by beautiful white marble arches, and richly carved colonnades, it was a lovely place. But the special interest connected with it consists in something else. Why just here Julius Cæsar stood, and by his words swayed the minds of those gray-headed Senators who were the legal fathers of nations. There is the rostrum on which Cicero stood and poured forth his eloquence, while listening thousands hung enchanted on his lips. Perhaps Paul, too, was here, during his sojourn at Rome. Only a few steps away is to be seen

the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus. There is the Tarpeian Rock on the brow of the hill, from which the worst criminals were thrown; and there the identical spot where the geese gave the alarm the night the Gauls were approaching the city. Here is the Sacra Via over whose pavements the chariot wheels of many a victor have borne the trophies of bloody Mars and the spoils of vanquished foes, since the days of Romulus. There are eight columns from the Temple of Saturn, built 391 years B. C. Near by are the Temples of Vespasian, Castor and Pollux, Julius, the floor of Concord, the Portico of Deii Consentes, where the lawyers sat for writing purposes, and the walls of the old Capitol built 370 B. C.

The Rostrum is within one foot of where the body of Julius Cæsar was burned. His ashes were buried a little lower down, near the centre of the Forum. On one side are the ruins of the Basilica Julia, dedicated to Cæsar and built as a protection for the merchants against the rain and heat of the sun; for the Forum proper was not covered. A little to one side stands the temple in which Cicero revealed to the senators the conspiracy of Cataline. Here lies a broken shaft which has on it the image of a pig, a lamb and a bull. They are symbolic of the sacrifices offered, the pig to Bacchus, the lamb to Mars and the bull to Jupiter. To the east is the Arch of Titus, while the Palatine hill, once covered with the palace of the Cæsars, rises in grandeur to the south.

But these ghastly memories are getting monotonous. We will ride along by the Piazza del Popolo, the finest modern square in Rome, "*they say*," and take a view from the

#### PINCIAN HILL.

The sun is now fast sinking in the west, casting a mantle of golden light over the Alban Mountains, while the soft Italian sky spreads out above and forms a lovely canopy,

soon to be bedecked with the stars of heaven. We "climb the terraces of the Pincian Hill by zigzag paths, shaded by the cypress and the pine. Here gather the wealthy and the titled, soldiers and ecclesiastics, foreign visitors, and groups of merry children, who, in dress and feature, present as great a contrast to those we saw an hour ago, as do the denizens of the Seven Dials and those of Hyde Park, in London. But the gay turnouts and the crowds on foot do not constitute the greater attraction of the Pincian—the level lawns and gushing fountains, the busts and pedestals which adorn the smooth avenues. Rather it is the historic panorama which is spread out before you as you sit on the broad parapet; more interesting in many respects than any other on which the sun shines. How many in the days of Cæsar used to sup here, guests of Lucullus, in his beautiful Pincian villa. Plutarch says that these sumptuous gardens, baths, statues, and other works of art, furnished by this wealthy general, surpassed in luxury and magnificence even those of kings. Here the fifth wife of Claudius, the infamous Messalina, reveled with her paramours, till the order came from the Emperor that she must die. The hot blood of the wanton smoked on the pavement, and stained with a deeper hue the variegated marbles of Lucullus. At one end of the Pincian are the Borchese Gardens, and at the other those of the Villa Medici. The latter are beautified by borders of box, arches of ilex, and seats of mossy stone, sculptured fountains, and flower-beds. The former are three miles in circuit, and enriched with the remains of early art, vases, sepulchral monuments, shattered pillars and broken arches. The blue hills enclose the wide Campagna, through which the winding Tiber flows to the sea, seen in a clear sky far away beyond Ostia, and once the home of four millions of people. St. Peter's forms the central object, the world's cathedral, the grandest ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky. To the right is the Vatican, and in front is the Castle of St. Angelo, once a

lofty, graceful pile of Parian marble, with gilded dome, a magnificent, imperial mausoleum, but now a dingy prison. Beatrice Cenci is said to have been incarcerated there. To the left of St. Peter's is the steep coast of Janiculum, where once the Temple of Janus opened its gates at the sound of war, but closed them with returning peace. Further to the left is the Forum, the Tarpeian Rock, and the site of the Campus Martius, now built over. Hard by was the Temple of Apollo, erected B. C. 430, near which foreign ambassadors were received before their entrance into Rome, and victorious generals paused to hear the decree of the Senate, which gave them a triumphal welcome. Here three thousand followers of Marius were murdered by Scylla after he had promised them their lives, their dying cries being noticed by the Senate in session at the Temple of Bellona. But the mass of buildings and the thronging memories of this broadest page of history bewilder."

As we go down the street Sunday afternoon, we meet the strangest procession I have ever seen. It is headed by something less than a dozen priests, who seem to have charge of it. It is composed of quite a number of persons (I suppose; can't tell except from the size and upright attitude), who are shrouded in a white garment, which covers the whole body from head to foot, touching the ground all around, and being thrown over the head something like a sheet. No part of the body is to be seen, (not even the hands, for the arms are under this sheet-like robe, nor the feet), except the eyes, for which little round holes are cut, about an inch in diameter. If I were in America, I should "skedaddle," thinking I was about to be kukluxed. But as I am in the land of wonders, and prepared to see almost anything, take it for granted that this is simply one of the sights! Don't know now what it means; forgot to ask the guide about it Monday. Suppose it must be a school of nuns; but then they never let them see anybody. Can't think of any other people who would allow themselves to be thus bundled and tied up.

## CHAPTER XII.

## ST. PETER'S.

Passing over the bridge which spans the Tiber opposite St. Angelo's Castle, or more recently called Hadrian's Tomb, we drive up a little narrow, busy street to the broad square in front of St. Peter's, the wonder of the world. There is a little disappointment at first sight, for there is such an area



ST. PETER'S.

ST. ANGELO'S CASTLE.

of ground covered (six acres or more) by this grand display of architectural sublimity, that its towering domes, nine in number, although one of them, rises to the height of six hundred and nine feet, look rather tame. Two gushing fountains play in front, almost surrounded by the colonnades which extend from either side of the building, nearly forming a circle, while the obelisk brought from Egypt by Caligula occupies the centre. On entering, one gets a much better conception of the vastness of the structure, "which employed in its erection the time and treasures of forty.

three popes, or three hundred years, and sixty millions of dollars; which is kept in repair at an annual expense of thirty thousand; and which, in its magnificent appointments and gathered treasures, mocks comparison with any building reared by man." The mingled throng is passing in and out at all hours "from early morn till dewy eve." It is the striking proportions and beautiful symmetry which call forth more admiration than anything else. And yet the whole might well be called an enormous art gallery. The thought that such a building existed in the mind of Michael Angelo before the first stone was laid, gives one a clearer insight into the brilliancy of the genius and intellect of that wonderful man, who was alike an architect, an artist and a sculptor, of the highest type.

As might be expected, there is a score of beggars walking around, crossing themselves with the holy water and keeping up an interminable muttering with their earnest pleadings. Besides these, there are numbers who come in to their morning devotions, bow and scrape about before images of the Virgin and crucifixes, and finally kneel down in some conspicuous place, with their eyes fixed on a cross, to count their beads and "say their prayers." Then there are not less than fifty confessionals placed around on all sides against the walls, where all from every nation under heaven may make their confessions to waiting priests. Just above these are the words, "English," "Francais," etc., designating the places where the representatives from different nations may find priests who speak their respective languages. All around the arches and domes are inscriptions in Latin, most of them referring to some incident in the life of Peter.

One thing I fail to see at the time, but my attention is afterwards called to it. Blazing out in bold gilt letters, one may read, "INDULGENCES FOR SALE." Oh, my soul! can it be that these pretended *ministers of truth* are advertising a *lie*, and the privilege of committing as much sin, of *any kind*,

as one wishes, provided he will pay the priests enough money?

The ceilings are richly frescoed or elaborately carved, and these, with the marble columns which support the symmetrical arches, form a magnificent picture. And besides, there are statues of all the disciples and many of the saints and popes placed on pedestals against the walls. Here sits St. Peter on a chair, a bronze statue, elevated so as to raise him three or four feet from the floor. Here comes a haggard looking old woman who goes affectionately up to the statue, puts her right hand lovingly on the right foot, stoops and kisses some part of it. Pretty soon a priest, from the mass which has just adjourned, comes along, brushes his hand over it and takes a kiss. We go near to see what there is to be kissed so lovingly and so frequently, and find that it is Peter's "big toe"! It has been kissed so many times that it is actually worn nearly away!! Just think of these poor superstitious, deluded idolaters wearing out the brass toe of an image by continued osculations! But the strangest part of it all is that this same statue used to be called Jupiter, during the days of heathen Rome. Just at the central door upon entering, is a slab of porphyry which marks the spot where the emperors used to be crowned. Immediately under the centre dome is a gorgeous bronze canopy which covers the altar, near which there are ninety six lamps kept constantly burning. A door and staircase directly under this lead to the crypt where the tomb of St. Peter is to be seen (?) Here is his "Episcopal Chair," too. Please tell me what that means. I find no body here who can explain it. Didn't know Peter ever had a chair! If he did, where did they get the Episcopal part of it? Here they have his portrait in mosaic. Wonder where they got his likeness? But there is one thing of interest here and that is the first piece of sculpture of Michael Angelo, representing the Virgin with the infant Messiah in her arms. But as much as one may admire the beauty and grand proportions of

this "cathedral of the world," he cannot forget that vast sums required to complete it "were gained by the sale of indulgences, and that the disgusting abuses under Tetzels led Luther to nail up his theses in 1517, and so initiate the Reformation."

St. Peter's stands on the very spot where the impetuous Apostle was crucified, as tradition informs us, with his head downward. To the right is the Vatican, beneath whose shadows some of the most heinous crimes recorded in the annals of humanity were committed. In connection with this is the Sistine Chapel, which contains Michael Angelo's most celebrated painting, "The Last Judgment." It covers one end of the chapel and vividly portrays the horrors of that great day, for which all other days were made. We are told that Michael was angry with one of the pontiffs and put him among the doomed spirits, in his picture. His priestly honor went to the Pope about the matter, but his infallible majesty only informed the poor unfortunate that if Angelo had put him in torment, there was no chance for his escape. He could pray him out of purgatory, but not out of Hades. There is now a Baptist chapel, Bro. Taylor tells us, almost under the shadow of the Vatican, and the pleasing thought comes flitting across my mind, that the glory of heathen Rome must soon pass away.

"Weep, Pope—weep burning tears over the tomb thou hast dug for thyself; weep, for Italy will yet be a great and glorious fact, while the popedom becomes a polluted name; weep, for while Italy rises more beautiful from the stake to which thou condemnest her, the popedom will sink into putrefaction and decay, amidst the joyous shout of emancipated nations!"

We do not visit the Catacombs, because our guide thinks it inadvisable, owing to the heat and the liability of contracting some fell disease. But we do see the Capuchin Monks' burying ground. The Monks themselves are a grand curiosity. They wear long, coarse, woollen, copperas-

colored gowns, with a girdle about the waist, to which are hung numerous strings of beads, crosses, etc., which reach almost to the ground, as they walk. They are extremely poor, giving all of their property to the church and living simply on what is given them and what they beg. We are conducted into a small dark chamber which is the ante-room to the graveyard, where we find several Monks in waiting. We then go through an old, narrow door, down a flight of steps, into a quaint-looking room on a level with the ground. There is no floor save the earth. Around the walls are wasting forms of embalmed bodies (mummies) in different stages of decomposition. Some look fresh, as if dead only a few months, while others have almost entirely fallen to pieces. When they get into this state, the bones are taken from the dry skin, (which forms the dust of the floor,) and are arranged as ornaments around the rooms. Just here is a door-way of skull-bones, there a clock made of finger-bones, over there an arch made of the bones taken from the limbs only, here a fanciful array of ribs, etc., etc. There are the bones of six thousand bodies in these three or four little rooms, *they say*; why, even the roofs are dressed off with them! None but Monks, however, are buried here; in fact, I think there are no female members of their order.

We will now take a little excursion over to the church of "St. Peter in Vinculis," or St. Peter in chains, where the justly celebrated piece of sculpture, Michael Angelo's "Moses," is to be seen. It represents the patriarch on his descent from the mountain, with the tables of the Law in his hands, just as the sad news of the idolatry of the people greets his ear. Such an expression of disappointment and disapprobation one rarely sees depicted on the features of a real, living individual. But when we think of its being done on stone, it really seems miraculous and incredible in the extreme. We have now seen the master pieces of Michael Angelo's productions; in the department of paintings, his "Last Judgment," which has called forth the ad-

miration of enchanted thousands ; in the way of sculpture, his " Moses," which has merited the praise of nations, and rivaled, if not surpassed, the grandest specimens of ancient Greece ; in the way of architecture, St. Peter's, the wonder of the world !

A short drive takes us out across the Appian Way, which is two thousand and three hundred years old, to the ruins of the Bath of Caracalla, which is one thousand feet long by eight hundred and seventy wide, and in which sixteen hundred persons could bathe at one time. It was begun in the Second Century, and the original floor was all of mosaic.

The Appian Way, just referred to, is the road over which the Apostle Paul came into Rome, after being met at the Three Taverns by that crowd of earnest Christians, who so much encouraged the heart of this " prisoner of Jesus Christ," as he came, under guard, to appeal to Cæsar for his life.

The Bath of Titus also occupies a considerable space, covering one-fourth of the Esquiline Hill. It stands on the site of the Golden House of Nero, which was destroyed by Titus in order to build his bath, and to efface the memory of Nero. Macenas, friend of Augustus, first built a palace here, which Nero had destroyed in the erection of his Golden House. Most of this is now under ground, in fact the whole is a crumbling mass of ruins, and yet some of the frescoes in the arches and corridors are wonderfully preserved. These are seen in the places where the excavations have been made and were copied by Raphael in his painting of the walls of the Vatican. There are supposed to be two hundred rooms yet to be excavated. The floor is two hundred years old, and the frescoes, of which I have just spoken, have been here nineteen hundred years !

Here is the house of Rienzi, the last Roman Tribune ; and here, as we pass along, is the Theatre of Marcellus, the largest in Rome, having a seating capacity of twenty-five

thousand, begun by Julius Cæsar 54 years B. C. and finished by Augustus 28 years B. C. The lower part, or first story above ground, is now a blacksmith-shop. The second story has been filled in with earth, stone, etc., so as to securely support the third, in which a family of princes live, called the Orceni family. Two stories are covered with debris and are now under ground, extending twenty-five feet below the street level. It was ruined in the Middle Ages by the family which now owns it. Here is the Portico of Octavia, which was once a vast corridor connecting the Theatre of Macenas with the Bath of Agrippa, three quarters of a mile away, and built twenty-three hundred years ago! We now pass through the Jewish Quarter, where there are nine thousand of this wonderful people, living as totally separate from the other inhabitants, as if they were in a different country. Only a street separates them from the other part of the city, and yet their individuality is as well preserved as in the days of Solomon. Of course they speak Italian. In the times of the early emperors, they were confined to a very narrow quarter, and, consequently, they had to build very high houses to accommodate themselves with room, for they increased very rapidly. This restriction has since been removed, and they occupy more space.

I should like to take you through the Campo di Fiori, or the vegetable market, which is out in an open court, where they have all the varieties of Italian vegetables and most of the fruits for sale. I purchase a dozen splendid figs for *five centessimi*, about one cent of our money. The Piazza Navona, or Circus Agonale, presents also a good many features of interest. But we will run around to the Vatican Museum for a short while, and then take leave of the "Eternal City." Amid the thousands of specimens of sculpture, preserved from the earliest ages to the present time, are three which deserve special notice. These are the celebrated "Apollo Belvidere," discovered in 1503, amid the ruins of Antium,

and purchased by Pope Julius II., and is supposed to be the work of Calamis, a Greek sculptor of the Fifth century B. C.; "Laocoon" and his two sons, who were crushed to death by serpents, representing the three in their death agonies, discovered in 1506 in the Bath of Titus, and sculptured, at his command, in the Fifth century B. C. by Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus; and "Mercury," which was brought from the same place. These, with the "Venus de Medici" in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, are considered the finest pieces of statuary of ancient times.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### OFF FOR NAPLES.

It takes about seven hours to run from Rome to Naples, a distance of one hundred and sixty-two miles. The weather is still hot and dry. For some time we go nearly parallel with the old aqueduct, in sight of the Alban Mountains, passing innumerable ruins in the form of hovels, mansions, palaces, villages and towns. We cross the Appian Way, and go in sight of old Capua, whose history flashes upon my memory, as I think of the times at college, when I "*stuck*" on this very part of Roman history. Between nine and ten o'clock at night, we see in the distance a flickering light, considerably above the level of the earth. What can it be? Is it Vesuvius, I suggest to my friend? Yes; it is the veritable Vesuvius! In the distance the light looks not much larger than a torch. But every few seconds it flares up into quite a flame, and as suddenly subsides. For several miles we pass along in sight of it, until we have nearly described a semi-circle around its base, and at about eleven

o'clock the train comes to a halt, and we hear ring out from the guard or brakesman, "Napoli!" and we find ourselves at

## NAPLES.

We take an omnibus for "Hotel Grand Nobile," which is several miles from the railroad station, and quite high on the range of hills, or mountains, which environ this city of half a million of inhabitants. Our way lies just along the edge of the bay, whose placid waters, lit up by the silvery light of the moon, almost full, are ploughed by a hundred white-sailed vessels. Numbers more are at anchor near the wharves, and the sailors are stretched along by the iron fence which encloses them, fast asleep. On the opposite side of the street, a strange sight greets our eyes. It is now near midnight, and the stillness is interrupted only by the rumbling of the wheels of the vehicles which transport the travelers from the cars to the hotels, an occasional groan and the continuous snoring of the sleeping multitude, lying pell-mell on the side walks—men, women and children in a mixed up medley, some heads in one direction and some in another—very much like the scene witnessed by our swine-raisers on a summer night. The heat is so unbearable that they cannot stay in doors, and so they *camp out* and occupy the side walks as bed-places. We find our hotel nicely furnished and elegantly fitted up, with all the modern conveniences. But the mosquitoes are dreadfully bad.

Wednesday, July 21st, we spend in sight-seeing. One thing that amuses us as much as anything else is their way of marketing. Their "*wagons*" are donkeys, which are loaded until you can see little except the ears and tail, and then the vender piles himself up on the top, with a pair of scales in his hands. They weigh everything—peaches, figs, tomatoes, oranges, lemons, cabbage, prunes, etc., having no use for any measures, except for liquids. I am not sure but that they weigh these. These *wagons* are carried around

from house to house and backed up upon the side walks to the doors, so that each house-keeper can supply herself with the necessary articles with but little trouble. They are the smallest I ever saw ; but I am not surprised at this, when they have to carry such enormous loads. The horses, too, are the leanest, poorest, shabbiest, imaginable. But the drivers certainly know how to lay on the lash. Most of the vehicles have brakes, and they put them on while going down grade, and then beat the horses to make them pull them, thus keeping them in a strain all the time, up and down hill.

The people literally live out of doors. "For pleasure and for toil the open air is sought. The various craftsmen at work add picturesqueness to the view as you ride along ; the tailor, preparing garments ; the cobbler, hammering a shoe ; the joiner, pushing his plane ; the juggler, playing his tricks ; the scribe, insensible to the jargon, taking down the messages directed by the unlettered ; the poulterer, plucking his fowls ; the cook preparing his macaroni ; the scullion scouring his pans ; the barber lathering dusky faces ; the buffoon, the soldier, the mattress maker and the vegetable-vender ; the dirty monk and crippled beggar crying for alms ; the story-teller reciting, for a few centimes, tales of war or songs of love ; the traveling Esculapius shouting his drugs, and the stooping crone mumbling aloud the hymn or prayer as an appointed penance. Then there are the screaming, swearing muleteers and cartmen, beating their donkeys with unmerciful stripes, as they try to draw the heavy, overloaded carts up the high hill. The society with a long name would have business enough here to employ a thousand agents.

"Then the pedestrians who, in absence of sidewalks in many places, take the streets ; men, women and children of all sorts and conditions ; some well dressed or uniformed, but oftener those of tawny skin and greasy smell ; the young of both sexes with scant attire and with as little modesty ;

naked babes in motherly arms; laborers with little more on than a simple covering about the loins, such as bathers wear; fruit venders and lemonade carriers, dodging in and out between the vehicles and yelling all the while; army officers with clanking spurs and shining scabbards; navy captains in blue and gold; sailors and newsboys, priests and friars; gendarmes, cattle drivers, and charcoal sellers—these are some of the fifty thousand which, it is said, may at any hour of the day be found on the Toledo or along the grand Piazza, in a babbling, yelling, crushing, confusing crowd, with fifteen hundred different vehicles besides, to say nothing of those on horse-back. The bright eyes, raven tresses, and musical voices of the Neapolitans, of which some glowing writers speak, are absent from the picture. The poetry of the scene you expected is lost in the prosy facts before you; in bright-eyed daughters of Italy who do not know their own mother tongue; in the streets where flowers and filth, fruit and folly are seen in delightful kindred, and where one-third of the people we meet remind us of the plague in pantaloons and the small-pox in the unwashed chemise of the maiden; in palaces at the doors of which women sit in filth and wretchedness, raking out the matted, tangled hair which grows on the senseless pates of each other, and in nightly assassinations and daily debauches. Poets may portray Naples as one of the outposts of Paradise itself, but to me (says Dr. Eddy) it will be associated with fallen, degraded, dishonored, enslaved and besotted people." And so say I.

A visit to the museum of Naples very well prepares us for the sights of Pompeii. It is natural to feel, after witnessing what is to be seen in the British Museum, the Louvre at Paris, and the museums in Rome, that you have seen everything worth your attention. But this impression is soon gone when you enter this extensive storehouse of wonders, modern and ancient, but more especially the latter. You find here the principal curiosities which are the result

of the excavations and researches at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Here you may see a plat of a piece of ground dedicated to Mars twenty five centuries ago! Here are some relics from Memphis; here a crucifix from Mamre; here an ivory box from China; there a glass amphora containing olives found at Pompeii in 1872, another containing grains of wheat, still another with charred figs, almonds, grapes, etc. Here lies a purse with three coins in it of the time of Vespasian. Here are pieces of the garments found on the bodies which were dug up among the ruins of the unfortunate cities. They are all charred, and some reduced to ashes. Some of the private life of these Pompeiians is brought to light in one apartment which it would not be decent to mention. The room is closed to women and children. The words over the door explain the reason: "Obscene Objects." And then we see necklaces of gold and precious stones worn by the potentates of long ago, as well as their bracelets, rings, ear-rings, etc., etc.; the loaded dice, which indicate that money was gained by fraud then, just as now.

The paintings and specimens of fine art, carving, sculpture, etc., are too numerous to mention. But I will tell you of the sword of Alexander Farnese, the hilt of which is inlaid with rubies, turquoises and amethysts; the silver ferrule of the sheath is adorned with precious stones. But long before we have seen all, we become so weary that we are compelled to rest. Now comes the "tug of war." Here we are, we know not where. Neither of us has ever studied Italian, and so we must work our way back to the hotel the best way possible. By means of a little phrase-book which I purchased in London, I manage to get a little brat on a barouche to understand where I want to go. After taking us about two miles out of the way, he finally lands us in sight of the hotel. Dinner consists of the usual six or a dozen courses, and we finish in about an hour or an hour and a quarter.

How about Vesuvius and Pompeii? The heat is too frightful to undertake the trip in the day; but we cannot afford to come this near without seeing them. So, after dinner we again go down street to see what we can do in this direction. We find the office of a company which makes regular excursions to Vesuvius every night. But none of them speak English! I try what little French I know, but to little purpose. I then "pitch into" my Italian, and you need not wonder if I "murder the king's"—Italian! Do the best I can, and finally succeed in getting the clerk to understand what I want. But the charges are so enormous that we decide to take a private vehicle and take in Pompeii on our return. After a good deal of search we find a coachman who is somewhat reasonable in his charges, and partially bargain with him. As we ride along nearing the hotel, the *animal* that is pulling our vehicle meets another and begins to kick, rear and run for dear life. Shall not soon forget the appearance of my friend, as he turned out over the wheels. Finally the driver manages to check the steed and I get out. Pretty soon he begins to kick and run again, and ere long falls upon one of the shafts and breaks it. This quite discourages us, and we feel but little disposed to employ the team. The driver, however, insists that he can manage him and will hitch another with him and insure us a safe trip. Nine o'clock P. M., is agreed upon as the hour for starting. Our encounter with the clerk at the hotel, who wants to charge us double rates, would amuse you.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.

The hour arrives and up comes our vehicle. The driver can speak just about as much English as I can Italian, and I tell you we have a time of it. I am not a little amused at my friend, who persists in asking questions (in English) with reference to the dangers of the trip. The replies of the driver evidently show that he does not understand what is meant. "Do you think there is any danger in going up to the crater to-night?" "Oh, yes," replies the driver. "Do you really think we will happen to any misfortune?" "Oh, yes, yes," says he. It requires only a few such answers to fully satisfy us, and we let him alone.

We pass over a little arm of the bay, around on the southern side, and, after going five or six miles, emerge from the suburbs of Naples. The way becomes rough, then hilly, then craggy, then precipitous. Here is some of the lava of the eruption of 1767. The road now becomes zigzag, for the ascent is so steep that it is impossible to go directly up. As we look ahead, we can see in the moonlight its winding course for some miles, for the whole surface of the mountain is a bed of hardened lava, (except one side) on which not even grass can grow. (This lava looks a good deal like the dross that is thrown out from blacksmith-shops.)

We have now ascended some distance up the rugged waste. Casting our eyes behind us, we witness a scene that it does not often fall to the lot of man to gaze upon. The row of gas-lights which border upon the semi-circular bay on the side of the city, is beautifully reflected from the surface of the placid waters, forming a double illumination. The full moon, in all her beauty, floats calmly through the cloudless sky, overhanging the scene, and bathing all nature

in her silvery light, which is reflected from the lovely waters below as from a gilded mirror. Across this sea of sparkling gold, innumerable white-sailed vessels glide, while star after star peeps out from the blue vault above, as if to add its smile to the picture in the production of whose beauties nature has exhausted herself. No pen of fiction, no brush of art, can rival, can compare, with this master-piece of the handiwork of the great Artist above. We proceed a little further, when we see, in the way just ahead, three objects—one white, one partially so, the third black. The moon-light does not show the outlines clearly enough to define them. Upon nearer approach we find that they are human beings, who, as we drive up, separate, two on one side of the road and one on the other. As the vehicle comes up between them, we discover that one has a huge club, or staff, in his hand. Another is dressed as if he had just gotten out of bed. The third has his coat off. They join themselves to the barouche, as we pass along, one taking hold of it (on my side) under the seat of the driver, while another seized that part above which I sit. They begin a spirited conversation with the driver in Italian, and it just flashes upon our minds that, may be, we are in the hands of a squad of robbers, the accomplices of our driver! Here we are, several miles from any other human being, so far as we know, and it is now about midnight! For two or three miles' travel we are in this state of uncertainty, not knowing whether we are carried, and totally destitute of any weapons of defense. At last we come to a halt, and the driver informs us that this is the end of the driving way, and, as he must take charge of the team, we shall have to go without him. By this time we hear the jingle of bells attached to the teams of the regular line of excursions, which are bringing a company up to see the sights of Vesuvius. The three men who met us by the way step up and offer their services as guides to the top, two miles away. Now we just find out what they have been

following us for, during these several miles—after making a franc.

We cast around among them and select the most trustworthy looking, and bargain with him as to the charges for his services. (We have learned that, unless we do this beforehand, there is no such thing as satisfying an Italian, and we invariably do it.) As we start off, the other two, with still another, who has, in the meantime, joined the party, start with us. We insist that they shall not go with us, but they persist in going. We tell them that we have employed but one guide, and propose to pay but one. They agree to that. Away we go over the rough beds of lava. For nearly a mile the way is comparatively level, (not smooth—anything else.) At last what is known as the "cone" is reached. This is a pile of lava, conical in shape, almost perpendicular, and about a mile in height. Much of this has disintegrated and become like very coarse, rough, dry sand, and has slidden down the cone until there is quite a bed of it at and near the base. Just here is a little tavern of a place where they keep water and what they call "lachryma Christi," (tears of Christ,) a kind of wine, to refresh the traveler before starting on this fatiguing journey. The "lachryma Christi" we do not try, but the water is undoubtedly the worst I have yet tasted—warm, brackish, with a taste of sulphur, it is almost "undrinkable."

There is an inclined railway which is run by electricity and reaches nearly to the top. But we prefer to climb, and so here we go, over this bed of disintegrated lava, nearly half knee deep every step. Again these three men present themselves for our assistance, with long leather straps, which they throw over their shoulders and beg us to swing to behind them, with the assurance that they will pull us up safely and that for only three francs, about sixty cents of our money. We positively refuse, but they persist in their pleading, until we have gone fully half way up. They find that we are in earnest and two of them leave us; but the

other follows us to the top and back again to the vehicle, hoping to get something from us. After going nearly to the top, we meet an old man loaded with a wallet of bottles of water and "lachryma Christi" for sale. We do not purchase, for "a burnt child dreads the fire." A small bottle of this miserable water costs only a quarter of a dollar. At the top we find the same one, or another, with raw eggs which he proposes to cook over one of the cracks near the crater. We have him do so, as we wish to add a little romance to our trip. In the meantime we lie down to rest ourselves. Smelling an unusual odor, and feeling a little heat on one of my hands, I begin to examine my surroundings and find a small crack into which I put my hand. Oh, it burns, and you may be sure I get away as fast as possible! By this time the eggs are cooked, and we devour them, and find that they cost only fifteen cents apiece!

We now go up upon a cliff, so as to get a view down into the crater. The light, which looked like a little torch viewed from Naples, has increased into a huge furnace-looking place, from which tremendous volumes of smoke pour out, while now and then a noise, somewhat like that caused by the steam which escapes from the exhaust-pipe of an engine, issues forth, bringing with it quantities of lava, the most of which again falls back into the crater, several yards in diameter. And oh, what a terrible spectacle it presents! Grand, sublime, awful! Boiling, fuming, stewing, smoking, flaming, this inexhaustible gulf of inextinguishable fire burns on and reminds one of Pollock's description of the infernal regions. We go around toward the other side, where there is a very large crack from which the lava issues most of the time, and which, at night, looks like a stream of curdling blood. We fear to go too near, for it is extremely dangerous to inhale the sulphurous gas which is emitted.

## THE DESCENT.

The descent is on another side. A good deal of the way, as we ascend, we have to climb over rough beds of hardened lava. But the side on which we descend is entirely covered with the coarse, sand-like, disintegrated mass. The descent is certainly comical. There is no such thing as walking down; it is all done in a run—sliding, slipping, jumping,



THE DESCENT.

scraping, going about ten feet at every step, and burying my feet half way to my knees, almost every stride, in the disintegrated lava. It requires only six minutes to come the mile! It would amuse you to see me chasing the guide down. He got the better of me going up, but, I tell you, I "give him jessy" coming down. He is compelled to go, for he is just in front of me, and I am coming in his tracks at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour! Once we ran upon

a hard place a few feet square, and I come very near plunging "heels-over-head," right down the mountain, on the top of the fleeing Italian. Believe I shall not tell you the condition of my low-quartered shoes when we reach the base. Mr. Palmore, who is a little indisposed to-night, is left at least half a mile up the mountain-side, in the exciting part of the chase.

Walking about a mile further, we come to the place where we left our vehicle. But there is nothing to be seen of it. Has the driver left us here in the hands of these ruffians, taken our baggage and gone? Ah, that is the question! We hurry on for some distance, and finally run up with him, a mile or so lower down. We hitch up and off we go.

Going around on the north side of the volcano, we pass several small towns or villages. In fact, the most of the road is thronged with houses, and the whole way presents a long, narrow village, generally with but one street. The sun is now up. All animate nature is busy; for it is so warm here in the summer, that what is done must be done early in the morning, or late in the afternoon. Here is a man with a bucket in his hand, among a flock of goats, milking them with all his might. Goat's milk is considered quite a delicacy in this section, and some of the hotels advertise it on their bills of fare, so as to induce patronage. ("I don't like milk, no how.") Here is a number of poles, arranged one above another along the street, covered with macaroni, drying. There are a good many dirty-looking sheets also spread out on the side of the street or road, on the ground, covered with the same article—I mean the part which is not black with dust or swarming with flies, for there is nothing to keep off the dust which rises from the multitudes of vehicles passing, nor to drive away the flies, which congregate in swarms almost like bees. In some places, children, with but one garment on, are seen crawling about over it. I might say, to make a long story short, that all of the dirt and filth possible accumulates on this

article, of which some Americans are so fond, while it is in a state of preparation for the market.

Fine fields of Indian corn spread along the way, the first of any consequence that I have seen since my arrival in Europe. And then here is one of those old-fashioned mills referred to in the Scriptures, turned by two women. (The women do most of the work in this country.) We pass along further and encounter several tremendous carts loaded with bags, filled, apparently, with meal or flour, piled up until there seems to be enough for four horses to pull, all drawn by six or eight men each, with nothing on their bodies save a thin pair of linen trousers, and these are rolled up to their knees. Further still and we see the market wagons, loaded with beef, mutton, etc., which, I think, would sicken an American dog! Such are some of the sights which greet us as we enter

#### POMPEII.

We haven't yet had breakfast, and so we go to the hotel for it. If I should minutely describe what our food consists of, and how it is prepared, there isn't a reader of this book who would not think me to be exaggerating, and I shall refrain, lest some one think I "stretch my blanket." Suffice it to say, that the flies are numerous enough to hive!

The region around Pompeii is volcanic, and a short time before the final overthrow, a frightful earthquake visited the city and demolished several houses. Pliny the younger was at Misenum at the time of the overthrow, and describes the "horrors of the hour; the black smoke that suddenly burst from Vesuvius and spread over the cloudless sky, like the shade of a mighty tree, till all was dark; the shrieks of men, women and children, seeking each other, but knowing each other only by their cries; invocations to the gods; the falling of the ashes like a funeral pall, the fringes of which touched Africa on the south and Rome on the north, lead-

ing the people there to say, 'The world is overturned;' the appearance of the stars, and finally the sun, pallid, as if in an eclipse. The stifling ashes were followed by showers of hot stones and torrents of black mud, which formed an encasing cement that sealed up till now the secrets and treasures of this gay and godless city."

This occurred August 24th, 79, the population at this time being thirty thousand. Two thousand of these perished in the horrible disaster, but less than seven hundred of the bodies have been found. Charles III., of Naples, made the first explorations in 1748, but not much was done until 1860. The whole aspect of the country was changed by the eruption, the course of the river Sarno was diverted, and the sea was pushed back considerably. The streets are very narrow—from ten to fifteen feet wide—and the pavements are worn by the wheels of the chariots and ox teams, in some places from six to twelve inches deep. In a good many places the walls are covered with inscriptions. Here are some scribbled on by school-boys; there are the amorous outbursts of lovers; here the jokes, witticisms and epigrams of wits and scholars; there contributions of the vulgar and the degraded.

A recital of the condition of the skeletons found—those of men and animals—would be tedious and, perhaps, uninteresting; and yet it is difficult to refrain from speaking of some of the pathetic sights that meet our eyes—the mother and the daughter in close proximity; the delicate maiden prostrate on the earth, trying to shield her face and eyes from the fearful consequences of the liquid fire, by holding her arm over them; the mother embracing the tender infant; the miser crouching over his gold; the faithful dog keeping night watch; the burdened ox, plodding along under his heavy load.

And then, too, there are the mills which the slaves had to turn, sometimes like Samson, with their eyes plucked out; the instruments of the surgeon; the vessels in which the

liquor venders kept their spirits; the physician's pills, and the barber's soaps and unguents,—all just as they were left on that fatal August morning! We must give you a glimpse of the houses of Adonis, Diomede, Marcus Lucretius, Niobe, Polybius and Sallust,—and let you peep into the “vaulted niche,” where was found the skeleton of that immortal Roman soldier, M. Cerrinius, who stood firm at his place amidst this “wreck of matter and crush of worlds,” preferring to die in faithful discharge of his duties, rather than desert his post even in this horrible catastrophe.

“The giant works of elder days,  
The lofty forms that were—  
Are vanished now; and we but gaze  
On what the ruins are.  
The humblest shed, the loftiest tower,  
Confess alike the sovereign power  
Of TIME—the mighty one.”

On our return we pass

#### HERCULANEUM,

which suffered the same fate as did Pompeii. “Nothing more thrillingly impressive could be conceived than these rows of petrified bodies of man, bird and beast, exhumed after eighteen centuries, and still exhibiting the marks of the pain and horror which attended their living entombment. The swooning fugitives fell one by one, sometimes locked in each other's embrace, and sometimes huddled together. Seventeen bodies in a standing posture were found in the wine cellar of Diomede. A mother and three children sank together beneath the sulphurous showers; a young man and a maid, near the baths, clasped in each other's arms; a woman clutching her bag of gold, and the soldier grasping his spear. You will see here a giant frame, the limbs straight as if calmly placed, the sandals laced, and the nails in the soles distinct; the iron ring on the finger, the moustache clinging to his lip, and the aspect of

the whole that of resoluteness and courage. Here is a girl, not over fifteen, who fell in running. She had covered her face, and the bent fingers show that she held fast the tunic, or veil. Her arms are bare, and the short sleeves are rent. The stitches of her dress, the smooth flesh, and the delicate embroidery of her shoes are clearly seen. There is another figure, representing what was once a Pompeiian lady of wealth, as shown by the delicate hands and silver rings, the keys, jewels, costly urns, and ninety-one pieces of coin found under her body. Hers was a death of anguish and continued agony, as shown by the swollen and convulsed body.

"Another had one hundred and twenty-seven silver coins and sixty-nine of gold, and fell near the Herculaneum gate. The priest of Isis had cut through two walls, and fell, suffocated, at the foot of the third, grasping his axe. The prisoners in the barracks, riveted to an iron rack; the mule in the bakery; the horses shut up in the tavern of Albinus; the goat, with the bell tied to his neck; a dove in a garden niche, refusing to leave her nest—these all tell of the sudden, pitiless, over-powering calamity as no pen is able to do."

"That night as I looked at mid-night from the balcony of my hotel, at Naples, across the bay and saw the lurid glare of that devouring flame, trembling, palpitating in the darkness, I seemed to hear the old warning which men are so slow to heed, 'Your sin will find you out!' These cities of the plain gave themselves over to uncleanness and strange flesh, and were 'set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.' Religion, art and morals were thoroughly corrupt. The practical lesson which the English-speaking race have to learn is this, that refinement of manners, æsthetic culture and wealth of intellectual life, can never atone for moral impurity; and that unless the progress of corruption be stayed, which is now going on, fed by vile literature, lewd pictures, indecent theatric displays and

other degrading amusements, the same indignation of God will burn against us. May all who have any influence in moulding the character of the Nineteenth century never forget this one lesson of the First century." To which I add a hearty "Amen!"

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## CHAPTER XV.

### FROM NAPLES TO FLORENCE.

It would be very difficult to give a just conception of the condition of the people in Southern and Central Italy. Signs of social degradation are unmistakable. The cottages have thatched roofs, and the dirt and filth are such as to disgust the least fastidious. Some one, in speaking of this part of Italy, has said: "Girls and women, bending under huge burdens, walk along the roads in the scorching sun, sometimes hanging for support to the tail of a donkey that is almost hidden by his burden of corn in the ear. Filthy, crippled and deformed beggars crowd about the fence that surrounds railroad stations and utter a monotonous cry for money." Water is very scarce through this section, and irrigation is very common. They dig wells, or holes, all about at convenient distances in the fields, and have buckets attached to old-fashioned sweep-poles. Then there are ditches which run from the wells in different directions. These are filled with water, and it is conducted into the part of the field needing it and turned into the furrows among the rows of corn. The land is so level that comparatively little trouble or labor accompanies this operation, which is necessary all through this part of the country, on account of the heat and droughts which visit this region almost every year.

In going from Naples to Florence, (Firenzi, as they call it), we pass over the same road as far as Rome. Here we change cars and pack in, for most of the travel is going north, and we find ourselves frequently very much crowded. We are on the road all night, and pass through a beautiful country, all among the Apennines, arriving about 6 o'clock in the morning at

## FLORENCE.

This beautiful city of one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants is elegantly situated immediately upon the banks of the Arno, the same stream which flows through Pisa. The craggy peaks of the Apennines look down upon the fertile plains and smiling valley, while the rippling stream heaves its sparkling waters onward to the sea; and the whole, viewed from the terraces of San Miniato, presents a lovely appearance.

"Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
Along the banks where smiling Arno sleeps,  
Was modern luxury of Commerce born,  
And buried Learning rose redeemed to a new morn."

Florence has been appropriately called the "Athens of Italy." Here were the homes of Dante, Galileo, Da Vinci, Raphael and Brunellesco; here the scene of the martyrdom of three men of God in 1498; here the family of Medici figured most largely. The history of Florence is the history of Tuscany, and there are many things of historical interest which might be mentioned, but for fear of becoming tedious, I desist.

We first visit the Baptistery, the oldest church in Florence, built in the Fourth Century. It contains the font from which all the Catholic children are sprinkled, and also the tomb of Pope John XXIII. The priest is officiating, and, amid the ceremonies, a little boy stands near, and at inter-

vals shakes his robe, around whose skirt are numbers of bells, which jingle in such a way as to remind one quite forcibly of sleigh bells. This is the building which has the bronze doors which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Two of them required the labors of Ghiberti forty years! "They represent Scripture scenes, and swing on porphyry columns, which were a gift from Pisa in 1200." One of them weighs twenty-four thousand pounds! Just opposite is the Cathedral, whose double dome is three hundred feet high, and was the first reared in Europe. The whole of the structure is of white and black marble, arranged in alternate layers. The principle objects of interest on the inside are the banners borne by the Crusaders to the Holy Land, and the last work of Michael Angelo, when seventy-one years of age, "The Dead Christ."

The Santa Croce is termed the Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is a magnificent structure, but the interior interests me more than the outside appearance. Just here, under a monument crowned with three statues—Painting, Sculpture and Architecture—rests the ashes of Michael Angelo. Besides the elegant monument to Dante, which stands in the square in front of the church; there is also one on the inside, representing him standing between Italy and Poetry. Italy is saying, "Honor the highest of poets." Here are the tombs of Alferio, Machiavelli and Corsini. Just there is what is known as the Bonaparte Gallery, where sleep the remains of Charlotte, niece of Napoleon, and the wife of Joseph, his brother, King of Spain. Here also sleeps Galileo, until the trump of God shall awake him. We will pay our respects to the Chapel de Medici, too, where members of the family lie buried. This is one of the most costly buildings of its size in the world. There is a little niche built expressly to hold the Holy Sepulchre, but it happened not to be brought from Jerusalem. The walls are studded with precious stones, a good part being of Cor-

sican jasper, porphyry, &c. There are five stones at one place which cost twenty millions francs, four millions of dollars.

#### THE UFFIZI GALLERY.

I should like to tell you of what I see in the Uffizi Gallery—the painting eight hundred years old; the busts of all the Roman Emperors; the “Venus de Medici”; the portraits of all the principal artists, painted by themselves, several hundred in all; the elegant specimens of tapestry; Titian’s “Beauty,” etc., etc.,—but time and space forbid; for there is material here on which to write a volume. We also visit the house of Michael Angelo, in itself a gem of interesting memories. And just here the last words of this venerable man, nearly ninety years of age at his death, come into my mind: “In your passage through this life, never, never forget the sufferings of Jesus Christ.”

In the afternoon, we go outside of the walls—the very fortifications planned by M. Angelo—to San Miniato, a considerable elevation, from which one gets a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country for many miles. Why, there stands the tower around which Angelo put mattresses, to prevent its destruction by the enemy, in the siege of Pope Clement VII. and Charles V. of Spain. Here, too, is the observatory of Galileo, from which he nightly watched the movements and computed the distances of the heavenly bodies. There are also many unpleasant things connected with the history of this part of Italy; their persecutions and cruelty, such as walling into the masonry living captives. Headly tells of a skeleton which he saw in the walls of a *church* some miles out of town. The bent toe-bones and the position of the arm-bones, show what a horrible death his must have been, suffocated in the walls of a church! It was discovered in making some changes, and, it is thought, was made the source of gain, as well as an object of dread. It has been there for centuries, and yet it will there remain

until the thralldom of Roman Catholicism is dispelled from the fair, sunny land. "What a picture imagination paints of such a scene, the struggle before he was bound and placed in the jagged niche; the hurried dash of mortar and ring of trowel on the settling stone; the slow rising of the wall over the stiffening knees, and beating heart, and praying lips, till only the white forehead remained; the last fragment fitted and the murderous deed complete! And all this in a Christian church dedicated to the beloved disciple!"

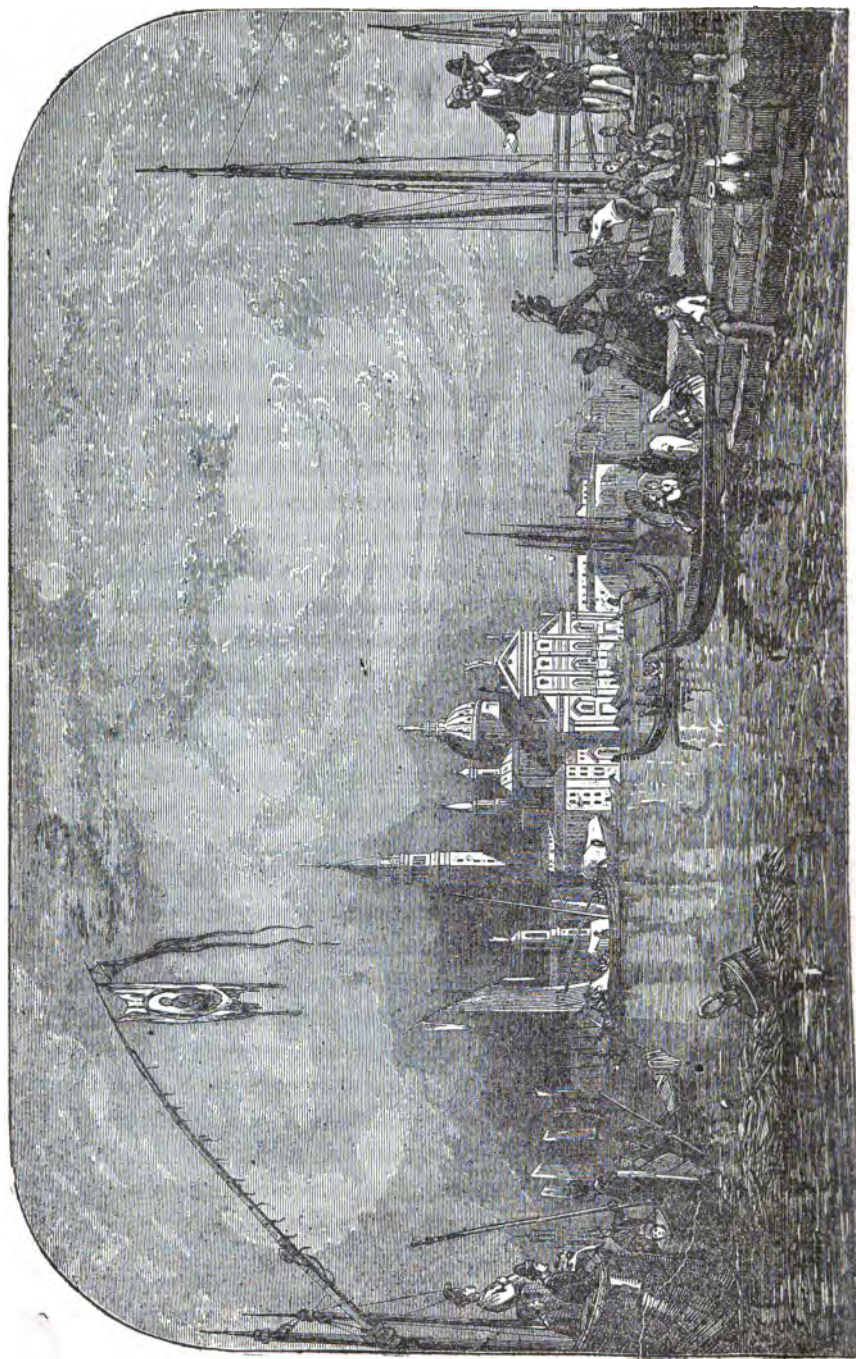
Thank God such things have passed away, and the sway of his infallible (?) majesty—the Pope—is not only now, but has been since 1848, fast losing ground. Our guide tells us that the time was when one dared not express his views, if they did not coincide with the then predominant idea, that the Pope was infallible, at the penalty of losing his head. Now, he says, none believe these absurd things, except the lowest and most ignorant classes. But the saddest part of it all is, that, in the absence of the gospel, they are fast going into free-thinking, each man making his own God and worshipping him according to his own idea of right. He says there are scarcely any ardent Catholics now in Italy, save the Pope, priests, and those who make their living from the gain they derive from their positions; and he is a Catholic, too, and an unusually intelligent man. It amuses him, he says, sometimes to see the zeal of some American Catholics who visit Italy; but their ardor soon cools, when they witness the degradation and misery of their trans-Atlantic brethren. Italy truly is ripe for the harvest, and presents an inviting field to the lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Send them the gospel. They are ready, nay hungering, perishing for it. May God incline our hearts to send or carry it to them.

A ride of one hundred and eighty-two miles takes us, first through the Tuscan Apennines, one of the grandest parts of Europe, over bridges, tunnels (forty-five in all) and galleries in uninterrupted succession; then we obtain beautiful views

of the valleys and gorges, and of the luxuriant plains of Tuscany, "the Garden of Italy," pass Bologna, the broad valley of the Po, along by Padua, and at 4:30 P. M. reach

## VENICE,

the Queen of the Adriatic. The fields of hemp along the road especially attract our attention. In some places the stalks are ten or fifteen feet high. The corn, too, is splendid, and the yield in the wheat crops seems to be enormous. We step out of the train and, in the language of Mark Twain, "*into a hearse*,"—gondola. There are scores, if not hundreds, of them in waiting. They are about thirty feet long, and three or four wide, tapering off at each end into a point. They are invariably black, and are lined with black cloth or velvet, and have pillows, or morocco cushions, for seats. Each has a little cabin, with windows, curtains and a mirror, which occupies the centre, and can easily be replaced by an awning. The prow rises in front to the height of the cabin, and is crowned with polished steel. They are propelled by one, two or four gondoliers, who stand, if one, behind; if more, near both ends. Their movements are as graceful as a nymph, but their dress is scant, consisting of a blue flannel blowse trimmed with white. The gondolas were once very gay, but the salt water so changed them that they became very expensive and the Republic forbade the use of colors in the trimmings, and clothed them all in black. There are two thousand of them constantly gliding back and forth through the canals, as noiseless as a ghost and as graceful as a swan. One thousand of this number belong to private families, while the others are for public use, and kept for hire. You can rent one by the day, for about two dollars and a half, gondolier and all; go when and where you please, provided you make an agreement before starting. If not, you may look out for trouble. The



A SCENE IN VENICE.

gondoliers always expect "la bois," (a few centimes extra, for a drink.)

Venice, you know, is situated on a number of small islands two or three miles from the main land. It was first settled, they say, by the inhabitants of upper Italy, who fled hither in small boats, to escape the cruel treatment of the barbarian hosts of the North in their invasions. As there was no such thing known then as ships of war, it was an easy matter for them to defend themselves from any attack by land, being thus entirely cut off from all communication, save by water. There are seventy-two islands within the corporate limits and covered by the city, with thirty-two more immediately surrounding, (one hundred and four in all.) These are connected by three hundred and eighty-eight bridges, three hundred of which are public,—the others private. There are only two bridges across the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the form of the letter S, and yet one well acquainted can go to any part of Venice on foot. There are one hundred and twenty small canals, only six feet deep, used for ordinary purposes. The Grand Canal, however, is sixteen feet deep, and, in front of St. Mark's, twenty-six feet. The average width of these canals is ten or twelve feet, except the Grand, which is from fifty to one hundred feet. The population is about one hundred and thirty thousand.

It looks very strange to see fashionable young ladies come out of their marble palaces, dressed within an inch of their lives, get into a boat and glide off to pay "*pop calls*." (Almost every house in Venice is contiguous to one or more of these canals, so that with a gondola one can go just where he chooses.) They row up to the front door and get out on the steps! At certain times of the day, you may see from two to a dozen children, boys and girls, with strings or ropes tied to the front door steps, in bathing.

How convenient to have a bath house at one's door! Of course, all the filth and stench of the city are cast into the

water, and there seems to be such a thing as coming out in as bad condition as when one goes in; for besides all this, every thing that falls overboard from the boats which carry merchandise, floats on these streets of slime. And yet, for all this, there are many things to charm, especially when we remember the former glory of Venice. Byron has beautifully expressed it:

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand;  
I saw from out the waves her structure rise,  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times when many a subject land  
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

The cars now run to the city over the famous bridge, which is two and a half miles long, all of brick, stopping at the end of the Grand Canal. Reaching the hotel, we brush off the worst of the dust and prepare for a ramble. Dinner is served, at which we meet a young man from Alabama, who has somewhat familiarized himself with the places of special interest, and who proposes to stroll with us. We go down to the large open Piazza, or square, in front of St. Mark's, where we find hundreds of gondolas waiting, like cabs around public squares in New York. The moon has just made its appearance over the historic waves of the blue Adriatic, and is occasionally veiled by the fleecy clouds which glide through the star-lit sky. Evening zephyrs fan the brows of the mixed multitude, kissing alike the rosy cheeks of the fair American belle, the swarthy dimples of the Italian beauty, and the furrowed brows of the haggard faces of beggars, with a surprising impartiality. Everything invites to a ride. We enter a "hearse," and glide slowly, sweetly, noiselessly away. Up the Grand Canal we go, viewing the palaces of the princes of former years on either side, and ever and anon meeting a gondola with a merry, joyous throng. There is a caffè at

the wharf, brilliantly illuminated, having a fine band of music to attract the passers-by. In front there are chairs and settees, arranged around tables, to accommodate hundreds of people, and they are all occupied. Europe has not some of the luxuries which we enjoy in America—such as ice-cream, soda water, lemonade, etc. They have something that they use in their place, but to me they are poor substitutes. But, all over the country, their principal drinks are wine and beer—men, women and children drink these.

Now we will take a short walk around the square in front of St. Mark's Cathedral. St. Mark's is to Venice what St. Peter's is to Rome. There is a kind of gallery, or colonnade, on three sides of the square, on a level with the pavement. All along this there are little stores, shops and saloons, full of their articles of merchandise, which consist principally of jewelry of every conceivable kind, cutlery, photographic and stereoscopic views, books, albums, glassware and notions generally. A good deal of the jewelry is of Venetian gold—the same as that of which candle-sticks are made in America. One of their principle industries is the work in glass; and it is wonderful how many different articles they can manufacture from it—bracelets, necklaces, cravats, hats, bonnets, dresses, and an endless catalogue of other things. The curiosities in this line are sufficient to repay one for a trip to Europe.

But it is time that we were paying our homage to king Morpheus, for the hands of the clock in the tower point to X:30. So we make our way back through the crooked, winding streets, so narrow in some places that you can touch the walls on both sides with your hands—in fact, some of the alleys are just wide enough to admit one person at a time, and if two happen to meet, they have to turn side-wise and squeeze by.

There are no vehicles here, you know, and all their transportation is by water. Consequently the night's repose is interrupted only by the continuous tread of the passing

multitude,—not even the barking of a dog, nor the mewing of a cat is heard! So, affectionately enfolded in the arms of Somnus, the night glides sweetly away. The first sound that attracts my attention Sunday morning is that of a human being, squalling at the top of his voice. I jump up and put my head out of the window to see the cause of such distress, and find a diminutive form passing along amid the mixed throng, bearing across the back of his neck a pole four or five feet long, to each end of which is attached a huge tin vessel, and he toddles on crying, "*Aqua! aqua!*" He has water for sale. In a little box he carries ice, and in a small case, some bottles full of syrup and essence of lemon, cinnamon, vanilla, sassafras,—or something stronger, "*as you like it.*" He offers a glass of water for five centimes (one cent), and, if you wish it flavored, he squirts a little of the syrup into it—just enough for you to taste it. There are scores of these water venders passing, and they find ready sale for their merchandise, for the heat is so oppressive in the middle of the day that any thing of a cooling tendency is very acceptable.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### ST. MARK'S.

It is the Sabbath day, as beautiful and bright as Omnipotence ever provided for the comfort of His creatures. Our hotel (the Victoria) is only a short distance from this grand cathedral, and the moving mass of humanity naturally drifts us in that direction. It is the hour of morning prayer, and as there is no English church within reach, so far as we know, we conclude to try to see what kind of worship is conducted in this heart of Catholi-

cism. The priest is officiating, and the lad jingling the bells that are fastened around the bottom of his robe. There are two altars, one to the right and the other to the left upon entering the centre door. For a while he stands in front of one and goes through his manipulations, gesticulations and genuflections, while an almost innumerable multitude surrounds the altar, bowing, groaning, crossing themselves, kneeling and counting their beads. He then moves over to the other altar—the worshiping legion follows. There are hundreds of idle, curious lookers-on, evidently from every nation, who walk leisurely around among the mixed multitude. There are no pews, no seats, save, perhaps, a dozen or two chairs scattered about over the vast audience room. This is because they wish to place all, prince and peasant, on the same footing, making all stand, or kneel, as they like best. There are evidently but very few who engage in the exercises, except the lowest and most degraded classes. There, by a pillar, kneels an old woman whose frame is bent with the weight of years, worshipping a crucifix; here is a decrepit male form, whose head is as white as the almond tree, bowing in humble adoration before a picture of the Virgin, apparently wholly unconscious of the presence of intruders; there a thin, pale face is raised heavenward, imploring aid from the Giver of good, through the mediation of the departed Saint. These are but specimens of the ragged, dirty, motley throng, who, through ignorance and as dupes of the enlightened priesthood, weekly and daily bow here to the images of the saints and the Saviour, in open violation of the command of heaven, “Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness,” etc. In the midst of it all a collection is taken up to forward the cause. Sick at heart at witnessing this idolatry in a Christian land, we turn away and make our way back to the hotel.

While on this subject, let me tell you what we see here Monday. I must tell you a legend, just at this point, with

reference to the body of the Evangelist, as told us by our guide. It goes somewhat thus: St. Mark died at Alexandria, in Egypt. Here his remains were sacredly preserved until more than a thousand years ago, when two Venetian merchants, on their return from that city, stole the body and packed it in a basket, covering it with pork, and then shouting the name of this offensive flesh in the ears of the Mussulmans. "During the homeward voyage, the dead saint had to take command of the ship in a storm, to save it from destruction. When he, or *it*, arrived, a grand reception was tendered." After St. Mark's was erected, the remains were deposited here, where they have since rested.

The whole structure is of marble, and, from the outside, looks something like a mosque. The floor is all of mosaic and is very undulating, owing to the sinking of the piles on which it is built. The walls, too, are decorated with portraits, all in mosaic. One spot is of special interest. Upon entering the centre door, you will find a red and white diamond shaped piece of marble inserted in the floor. This marks the place where Pope Alexander III., "robed in pontifical vestments that blazed with jewels, placed his foot on the neck of the prostrate German Emperor, repeating the words of the 91st Psalm, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Frederick Barbarossa (for he it was) felt very much humiliated and murmured, "To St. Peter, not to thee, I kneel!" Alexander trod on him the second time with a more severe pressure, exclaiming, "To *ME and* St. Peter!" Nor would he take his foot off, until Frederick was fully humbled. And this is not all, for he made the poor Emperor hold the stirrup for him to mount his horse at the door. This was all done to show the supremacy of the Pope over even the Emperor. This is all authentic, but I tell you that some of the other things pointed out by the guide look very apochryphal. Dr. Thwing tells of a "vase of the real blood of Christ, a part of the skull of John the

Baptist." These I do not see, but some others just as wonderful, such as four columns of alabaster, brought from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, and they are exquisitely beautiful and may be real; a baptismal font brought from Constantinople in A. D. 1204; the stone on which John the Baptist was beheaded—it is vein stone; the identical stone on which Christ stood when he delivered the sermon on the mount!!! a vessel of holy water carried from Athens to Constantinople, and brought thence to this place; a portrait of the Virgin painted by St. Luke! and many other such things. For all of these we have to pay; in fact, it is here like it is at Niagara Falls, every time you turn around you have to pay! and it is pay! *pay!! PAY!!!*

On the outside, just north of the building, is the tomb of Daniel Manin, the last President of the Venetian Republic, who was buried here in 1843. St. Mark's tomb is near by; and here are the winged lions of which we have all heard. There are no other animals in Venice, (and the lions, of course, are brass,) except three horses and a few cows which are kept on one of the Islands in the suburbs as a show for the children, which are carried out there on regular excursions, just as some Americans do, when a circus comes around—*take the children to see the animals*. They are so much crowded here that they have their flower stands, or flower gardens, if you please, in many instances, on the tops of the houses, as well as some of their fruit trees! Just imagine an orchard in boxes on this elevated site!

The clock tower, too, presents quite an interesting spectacle. It is arranged so as not only to point to the figures on the dial, but also to give the time exactly by means of numerals, which change every five minutes, and these are below the face, so that you may read V: 25, V: 30, etc. Two large images come out, or rather stand out, and strike the hours; and once a year the figures of the apostles come out and bow to the image of the Virgin, which crowns the tower.

But come with us into our gondola and we will make a visit to some of the other places of interest. Here is the church of St. Maria Saluta, built in the seventeenth century, to stay the plague then raging, in which sixty thousand persons were swept away! Inside there is an elegant painting, representing Venice kneeling and beseeching the Virgin to stay the hand of destruction and desolation. The dead were all buried within the city until the conquest of Napoleon, who erected a cemetery outside and forbade the continuance of this ruinous custom.

Gliding along the Grand Canal, we pass the palace of Byron, in which he wrote Don Juan and some other productions. In the church Frère is buried the heart of Canova, his left hand is in Rome, his right hand in the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, and the rest of his body is in one of the Venetian provinces. Here is also a monument to Titian, who revived the art of painting from a living body, which was lost by the Greeks. Among other strange things is a large painting, hanging here *in the church* for sale! They don't seem to scruple to do anything to raise money.

Here is the famous Rialto Bridge of "a single marble arch, ninety-one feet span, resting on twelve thousand piles," and was built in 1599. On both sides of it, ranged under a covered way, are shops containing jewelry, fruit, fancy wares and notions generally; and they are so arranged as to be very attractive. In passing over, I look on every side for a place for the vehicles to go. Of course I find none, for they have nothing of this kind. There is not a vehicle in Venice. On the other side are the fruit and vegetable markets, the square of Shylock's Rialto of Shakspeare, the first Doge's palace, the place where the first distribution of newspapers was ever made, the site of the first bank in the world, the institution where anatomy was first practiced, and the only street from which the angel that crowns St. Mark's is visible.

At two o'clock exactly, nearly all of the pigeons in Venice come to the open square in front of St. Mark's to be fed. There are thousands of them, apparently, and it is very interesting to see scores of men, women and children strewing crumbs on the pavement, while hundreds of these gentle birds flutter around, eager to pick up the particles of food. This has been a custom with the inhabitants for generations, and they are as careful to observe it as they are to count their beads and "say their prayers." But it is really strange to see how promptly the pigeons come in from every direction, just as the clock in the tower strikes two.

Continuing our gondola ride, we come to the palace of Pizzaro, which is elegantly fitted up and handsomely furnished. On the opposite side of the canal is one of the many glass factories, where they make all kinds of glass-ware, from beads, bracelets, necklaces and cravats, to dresses—many of which, of course, such as the cravats, dresses, etc., are flexible. The wheels, spindles and furnaces are going, and the strands of glass seem to be as fine and smooth as silk. This is one of the principle industries, and they have certainly reduced it to a science.

Why here goes a gondola loaded with calves, not more than one or two months old, on their way to the slaughter pen. There goes a load of tobacco from "*Old Virginny*," as well as a number of bales of cotton from India. Here is a place where they are making a new foundation for building purposes. The piles are driven down, stones fitted on them and the whole of it covered with cement. We are now in the Jewish Quarter, where there are seven thousand of this wonderful race living entirely alone. They were compelled to wear a uniform, until Napoleon's conquest, when he liberated them from their thralldom, as he did so many thousands more. There are traces of the liberality of this noble man in almost every quarter of Europe.

Wouldn't you think there would be a great many persons drowned here, surrounded, as the city is, by water? Our

guide tells us that the average is only about twelve a year. In 1877 there was quite a money panic and a large number of persons failed in business. In consequence, there were sixty deaths that year, about fifty of which were suicidal—a convenient place for such work! Should like to take you to the Academy of Fine Arts and give you a glimpse of some of the principal works of Titian, Rollo, Dandria, Paul Veronese, Vernini, Canova and others, but time forbids. But I must tell you of a picture in St. Mark's. It is called "John baptizing Jesus," and represents the Saviour in the water considerably above his waist.

We must call a halt at

#### THE PALACE OF THE DOGES.

Here one may see—

"Rooms of state  
Where Kings have feasted, and the festal song  
Rung through the fretted roof, cedar and gold."

We pass up the "Golden Stairs," into the hall of the Council of Ten, which had plenary power and used it to an alarming extent. In 1454 this power was handed over to the Inquisitors. They then had at their disposal the treasury of the Ten, the dungeons, the cord, the sack, the dagger, and the poison. Not only Venetians but all who breathed her air were subject to their mandates.

Dr. Thwing says: "Sometimes a hint was given to the stranger, if a man of mark, in these words, 'The air of Venice is unhealthy,' and he fled for life. A Genoese painter talked with two Frenchmen, who were indiscreet in their criticisms of the government. Spies heard and reported the conversation. The next day the painter was summoned. He was asked by the Inquisitors if he could recognize the persons who talked with him the day before in a certain church. He assured the officers that his own words had been only praise. A curtain was removed and he saw the bodies of the two foreigners hanging from the ceiling. He

was dismissed with the advice to keep quiet and express no opinion either way. A German merchant was hurried out of his hotel one night, muffled in a cloak, and carried to an underground apartment. The next day he was confined in a room hung with black, lighted with one taper burning before a crucifix. On a third day, an invisible Inquisitor inquired his name, age and business; if he had heard an abbe use certain expressions, and if he could recognize his face if shown. A screen was then removed and a gibbet was shown with the priest upon it. A French nobleman was robbed in Venice and complained of the negligence of the police. As he was leaving, his gondola was intercepted by another, bearing the ominous red flag, and manned by minions of a ruthless and mysterious power. 'Pass into this boat!' Then followed short, rapid queries as to the theft and his suspicions. 'Would you know him again?' 'Undoubtedly.' The officer coolly lifted with his foot a covering, and there lay the corpse with the green purse in its pulseless grasp, containing the five hundred ducats undisturbed. The nobleman was ordered to take his gold, leave, and never set foot again in a land the wisdom of whose government he had dared to impeach. \* \* \* \*

"Enough of this. The day of reckoning came. Ezekiel's prophecy against Tyre told the doom of this Queen of cities. 'Because thou hast said I sit in the midst of the seas, thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches. Every precious stone was thy covering; thou has gotten gold and silver into thy treasuries; by thy great wisdom and by thy traffic thou hast increased thy riches. I will bring strangers; they shall defile thy brightness.' One morning in May, 1797, twenty gun-boats and eighty thousand men appeared. Bonaparte told the Venetian ambassadors, 'There shall be no more Inquisition, no more Senate, and I will prove another Attila to Venice.' The arsenal was stripped; the golden book burned, and a new inscription was put on the

volume in the lion's hand. The rights of man and of civilization!"

Here is the "Lion's Mouth," a little hole through which accusations were put, to fall into the Council of Ten, so that they might reach the hands of the Inquisitors. It was only necessary for some one to write an anonymous letter, accusing another (no matter what his rank and station were,) of some fault found of the government, to insure his execution, as above described. And I need not inform you that malice led to the destruction of many an innocent victim. The paintings on the walls are remarkably handsome.

Among them we see one representing the Doge Veniere asking Christ to give the Venetians the victory over the Turks in 1571; the "Plague of Venice," and Tintoretto's "Paradise," which required the labors of the artist seven years. It is the largest picture in the world, eighty-four by thirty-five feet, and contains one thousand and one hundred faces!

Here is the Election Hall, where the Doges were elected. There were forty-one senators who chose them, and their term of office was for life. One hundred and twenty occupied the presidential chair of the Republic, during its fourteen hundred and forty years' existence, the last being in 1797. I must mention Palmer's "Last Judgment," which graces the wall of this elegant hall, as well as the portraits of all the Doges. Now we go into the private apartments, where we find scientific implements of quite a variety of descriptions, and among them a map of the *world*, made forty years before America was discovered! Of course it is a crude looking affair.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Now we stand in front of the original door which opens upon the

## BRIDGE OF SIGHS,

over which so many heavy feet and heavier hearts have passed, to find, as Rogers says,

*"That fatal closet at the foot, lurking for prey!  
That deep descent leading to dripping vaults  
Under the floor, where light and warmth were never!"*

We enter the cold, dark, dreary, dismal passage, so dark that not one ray of light has ever penetrated it, save the glimmering glare of the candle, in the hand of the keeper of the prison, or the executioner who led to the block the trembling, shivering victim. What horrible feelings must have filled the breasts of the poor unfortunates, as they trod this gloomy way, knowing that they would never again pass out into the glorious light of day! Now we are in the prison!

Here is the cell in which the ill-fated Doge, Marino Fale-rio, was incarcerated. His bed consisted of a granite slab, (and so with all the rest,) with pillow of the same; here is the one in which the brown-robed and hooded monk expiated his guilt. There is the very hole drilled in the floor, through which the blood from the executioner's block trickled down into the canal below, and here the "guilty door through which the lumpish sack was carried out into a boat and rowed away and drowned where it was death to cast a net." And would you think it? Byron spent twenty-four hours in here to see how nice it was!

Let us now ascend the Campanile of St. Mark's and take a bird's-eye view of this "City of Palaces." The tower is

three hundred and fifty feet high and forty feet square. The ascent is not by steps, as might be naturally expected, but by an inclined plane, winding around from side to side. When Napoleon was here, he rode on horseback to the top—something that no one else has ever done. The view is magnificent, charming. I will let Dr. Thwing tell the tale:

“The Alps and Apennines fringe this vast, broad basin. The Adige and the Po pour their waters into the gulf, as the Meuse and the Rhine into the Zuyder Zee, making, in both cases, wide saline marshes and island. On these portions of the lagoon, Venice ‘lies like a swan’s nest,’ with her white walls and palaces cradled in the wave.

“The eye ranges from the snows of Tyrol on the north, to the far-off mountains of Istria on the east, and the Julian Alps, which look down on Illyria and the land of the Turks. Let Lynton tell the rest: ‘The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to gold and crimson. Every color gains an intensity and purity like to nothing ever seen in northern climates. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis lazuli washed with gold; the islands are bowers of greenery springing from the bosom of the purple waters. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like the wings of some gigantic tropical bird; flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the mast head; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars and the hum of human voices; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, the glory of this beloved queen among the nations. And when the night has fairly come and the world has sunk to rest, you lay your head on the pillow with a smile, your last thought—I am in Venice! to-morrow I shall see her beloved beauty again!’ ”

We leave Venice on the morning train for Milan. Passing Padua and Vicenza, we reach San Bonifacio, a short distance to the south of which was fought the battle of Arcola, where Napoleon gained his earliest laurels from the

Austrians. The fields are all hedged in with rows of mulberry trees, the leaves of which are used for feeding the silk worms. This is quite a silk-raising part of Europe.

Crossing the river Adige, we stop for a few moments at Verona, famous for the scene of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Soon we reach Lake Garda, a beautiful sheet of water, along whose edge a number of small villages and towns cluster. Not far to the south is the battle-field of Solferino. Farther on we cross the Po, which winds its course through one of the most fertile plains in Europe, while along the road are innumerable vineyards, whose vines are gracefully festooned, converting the whole into beautiful bowers. At four o'clock P. M., we reach

#### MILAN.

What a contrast! The walls of the marble palaces of Venice are hoary with age, and, in some places, covered with moss and slime. Here they are almost as bright and gay as in Paris; everything has quite a modern appearance. After dinner at Hotel Grande Milan, (most of them have a "*Grande*" attached to them; sometimes it means but little, and then again it means a grand fraud,) we walk out to Gallery Victor Emmanuel. This is a large public promenade, where two of the principal streets intersect each other, covered with glass and brilliantly illuminated at night. The centre is composed of one huge dome many feet high. At the base of the dome, and about fifty feet from the ground, is a row of gas jets. About midway is a second row, and at the top a third. The way of lighting them is decidedly novel. There is a little track arranged around nearly on a level with the lights. On this they place a little engine run by clock-work. The gas is turned on all at once, a little torch is attached to the engine on the side next the jets, it is wound up and started off, and *in one second* the four hundred lights

are all blazing! Only the bottom row is lighted ordinarily, the others being used only on special occasions.

Now we will take an evening ride. Milan is circumscribed by a canal, as well as an elegant boulevard—one of the handsomest in Europe. This latter furnishes a splendid drive, is almost perfectly level, very broad, brilliantly illuminated and bordered with stately trees. Some miles from the busy centre of the city we see the Arch of Peace, founded by Napoleon I., when he began to open the great Simplon road, the grandest undertaking of the kind the world has ever seen. Near by, you may see the military parade grounds, and the Arena, or equestrian circus, built by Napoleon for the pleasure and amusement of the people. It is a vast open amphitheatre that will accommodate thirty thousand spectators. They have their exhibitions and races here during the mild season, and being able to fill the bottom with water, they also have boat races. In the winter, they turn on the water and have an excellent place for skating.

The accommodations at the hotel are as good as one could wish. The waiters are as polite as a dandy and as attentive as a beau. As we near the mountains, we encounter more travellers and the hotels are better patronized. A good night's rest prepares us for the heat and rambles of the day, and we arise and go at it early. We have fallen in with a young man from Brooklyn, who, while he says he has not moral courage to drink water in Europe, is, nevertheless, upon the whole, quite companionable.

First of all we must visit the

#### DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL.

This is the third largest cathedral in Europe. Begun in 1386, it was gradually built from designs by Bramante, Leonardo da Vinci and Giulio Romano. It is of white marble and the most elaborately carved piece of workman-

ship I ever saw. Being four hundred and eighty-five feet long, one hundred and ninety-one broad, two hundred and eighty-seven at the transepts, one hundred and fifty-three



CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.

high, with a spire five hundred feet high ; combining Gothic and Roman architecture, and with two hundred and fifty turrets, each crowned with a marble statue, it presents a sight truly amazing and bewildering. I am not surprised

that it is called the "eighth wonder of the world." It is the largest marble structure now known. The enormous roof, with all its appendages, is supported by fifty-two pillars fifteen feet in diameter! But so large is the audience chamber that they don't look to be more than four feet. There is a strange looking line near the entrance which the sun crosses at noon. The roof is most beautifully frescoed, and so perfect is the representation, that it looks like actual open work, or carving. On one side they have suspended from the ceiling by long cords the tassels taken from the hats of the dead cardinals. To the left is the cross carried by St. Carlo (?) during the plague. Here, too, is the Baptistery, a font of porphyry, taken from the baths of the Emperor Maximian, or St. Dionysius! They immerse the candidates, *children and all!!!* In the north transept is a candelabrum presented to the Virgin by Trivulzio in 1562. To the right of the altar is a statue of St. Bartholomew flayed alive, by Marco Agrate, one of the most perfect pieces of sculpture extant. The muscles, arteries and bleeding flesh are so vividly depicted, that it is really painful to look at. In the choir, to the right, is the Sacristy, where they keep their sacred relics. Among these are the fingers of Peter and Paul, a bone of Judas Iscariot, (*black!*) a handkerchief with the impress of the Saviour's face, a part of the purple robe and crown of thorns worn by Christ!! Just above, in a little opening in the ceiling, several hundred feet from the floor, is one of the nails of the crucifixion, kept up there for fear of being stolen! At stated times the Pope visits Milan and holds high mass, when this nail is let down, suspended by a cord, that the worshipers may see and touch it! Let me again ask if such superstition is not enough to melt a heart of stone, and convert the bitterest enemy to Foreign Missions, and induce us all to use every endeavor to hold up the hands of the men of God who have gone as missionaries to this benighted people? In one of the other churches

they have the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness!!! This they also worship, I suppose.

Climbing up four hundred and ninety-four steps brings us as high as it is possible for us to go on the spire, and we stand about two hundred feet above the roof, "with its forest of white marble pinnacles, the most beautiful roof-scenery in the world." Each of the two hundred and fifty turrets is crowned with a statue five feet high. Besides these there are scores of smaller ones arranged on the sides from top to bottom,—in all four thousand and five hundred! The view defies description—wonderful, beautiful, grand, beyond conception.

" 'Tis only in the land of fairy dreams,  
Such marble temples rise, bright in the gleam  
Of golden sunshine. Truth here now repeats  
What fancy oft has pictured forth in sleep,  
And gives substantial form to airy flights.  
How bright! how beautiful! The turrets peep  
In snowy clouds, while statues crown their heights.  
Oft does the night these towers in moonshine steep,  
Stirring the soul to poetry's delights."

At your feet this magnificent city of two hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants lies spread out like a wilderness of palaces. Farther away, the fertile plains stretch themselves, waving with golden, mellow harvests; in the distance may be discerned the windings of the Po; the horizon from the southwest to the northeast is fringed with the frozen pinnacles of the snow-capped Alps, while the placid waters of the lovely lakes, (Como and Maggiore,) lave the feet of their craggy cliffs.

In 1848 the Austrians, who had captured this part of the city, brought their cannons up as high as the fourth story of the spire (about three hundred feet from the ground) to drive the Milanese from their fortifications. The effort was unavailing and they were soon dislodged. The spire is crowned with a gilt statue of the Virgin which is twenty-five feet high. It cost one million francs and was presented by Napoleon I. from his private funds. He had forty-eight

millions francs (nine million and six hundred thousand dollars) expended on the church to complete it. Here he, with Josephine, was crowned King of Italy.

Near the church of St. Maria delle Grazie is a small convent, a part of which was used for a kitchen for some time. In this apartment, frescoed on the wall, is the world-renowned "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, representing the twelve just at the moment when Jesus said, "Verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me." The expression on the faces of the apostles is so indicative of their surprise, grief and excitement, as to render it well worthy of the attention it has received. The decomposition of years and the daubers have very greatly defaced it. In another part of the city is an enormous theatre, not yet finished, whose stage is sufficiently large to introduce five hundred horses, *they say*! It has a seating capacity of four thousand.

We take the afternoon train for Arona and arrive just in time for dinner, 6:30 P. M. The hotel d' Italie is nicely situated, overlooking Lake Maggiore, and only a few steps from the water. While enjoying our repast, some delightful music is heard at the window. This is something new. How did these people find out so soon that we were here? And what an honor it is to be thus recognized and serenaded! But how shall we respond to the compliment? We cannot speak enough Italian. How I wish I had been born smart! Ah! the spell is broken! Looking out to see whence comes such melodious strains, we are accosted by a swarthy Italian with one arm, turning a crank attached to a *hand-piano*, who stops turning, snatches off his hat and looks up pleadingly at us, at the same time exhibiting his empty sleeve in such a way as to pull the strings of my purse loose in spite of me. Some body has said that one may walk from one end of Italy to the other on the palms of the hands of beggars, and I am strongly inclined to believe it.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE SIMPLON PASS.

Thursday, July 29th, we leave Arona at 4:15 A. M. for Brieg. The boat takes us up Lake Maggiore to Stresa, where we find the "*diligence*" in waiting. As we sail quietly up the placid lake, the king of day peeps in between the frozen peaks of the snow-capped mountains, with beams of dazzling light flashing from his fiery eyes, casting a beautiful golden light upon the undisturbed bosom of the waters below.

There is quite a party at Stresa ready for the departure of the stage. We pack in and start. The route lies over the famous Simplon Pass, rendered passable by the untiring energies of Napoleon Bonaparte. The road is one of the finest in Europe, almost as smooth as a floor, and very firm. Along the way we meet numbers of poor women carrying their burdens of fruit, wood, sticks, vegetables, etc., on their backs, while the men stalk along by their sides, or in front of them, apparently unconscious of their fatigue, and entirely regardless of their suffering. There is a line of telegraph along the way, and the posts are solid shafts of granite, twelve or fifteen feet long. Quite a number of quarries is near by, and there are scores of men hammering away on the stone. We cross the Ticino river occasionally, for our way is just along its banks. The bridges are all of granite. All along may be seen women washing their clothes in the stream and drying them on the sand near its banks.

The priests still make up a considerable part of the population, and we meet them at almost every turn.

From Stresa to Brieg there are dozens of the little refuges built by Napoleon for the safety and comfort of weary travelers. Some of these have gone to nought and are now

in a state of dilapidation. Others are still kept open and are of untold benefit to the poor pilgrims who frequent this way, especially during the frightful storms in winter.

The way now becomes much steeper. The stream is converted into a succession of surging, leaping, bounding cascades, which rush madly through the rocky gorges, and precipitate themselves into the foaming pools below. On one side of us are the granite walls and craggy peaks which lift themselves almost perpendicularly skyward, and robe their hoary heads in mantles of snow. On the other side, are frightful precipices and dark canons a hundred or a thousand feet deep, while just beyond, the everlasting hills rise in awful grandeur and bathe themselves in the sun's golden light. Soon we are accosted by a line of custom officers who inquire if we have any dutiable articles. A shake of the head is sufficient to satisfy them, the diligence passes on, and we are in

#### SWITZERLAND.

Up, up, up we go, the road so steep that the poor horses can go only in a slow walk. The forest trees which cover the lower slopes of the mountains are becoming scarce and giving way to scrubby, dwarfish bushes. In some places it is necessary to tunnel the rugged cliffs in order to make a place for the road. In others, it winds back and forth, back and forth, in a regular zigzag course, until a sufficient elevation is reached to pass over the top. Just here two streams meet. One of them comes dashing down a declivity several hundred feet and is beaten into a cloud of foam and spray. The other comes bounding through a deep gorge which roars like distant thunder, and then they both plunge madly, furiously, wildly over a precipice and are lost in the canon below. On the opposite side of the pass is an old fort, built, perhaps, hundreds of years ago, to defend this almost impassable gap. We become so tired of riding that we jump out for a walk. Not far away is a bed of snow

which has broken loose from the glaciers above and slidden down into one of the gorges—a small avalanche. I feel as if I must have some of it, and so I run across the precipitous ravine on an old rotten log, climb up to it and help myself. Just think of eating snow the 29th day of July.

A few rods further, we come to a bridge. The sun has passed the meridian, and the god of day is fast driving his fiery steeds adown the western sky. A few yards below is a cataract many feet high. The water rushes wildly over this and the clouds of spray float gracefully off in the valley below. The sunlight falls brightly upon them and there is spread out before my wondering gaze, just at my feet, a lovely rainbow. The verdant slopes, the rugged cliffs, the craggy heights, the snowy pinnacles; the cloud-capped peaks, the dancing cataract, the beautiful rainbow—everything conspires to make this one of the grandest, most magnificent, most sublime pictures it ever falls to the lot of man to witness.

We are now approaching the region of perpetual snow. There are no trees, but the whole face of nature, save the rocks, is covered with a carpet of green, dotted with clover blossoms, tiny blue bells, daisies and other wild flowers. Little streamlets make their way down from the beds of snow, like silver threads among the declivities; the lowing herds wind slowly through the glens; the bleating flocks dot the mountain sides, nipping the tender grass; the sporting kids skip gaily from crag to cliff, baffling the energies of their keepers, while the joyous, happy song of the merry haymakers, mingled with the melodious notes of the highland herdsmen and the chiming of a hundred bells, makes the welkin ring and all nature seem vocal with praise.

Here is the little village of Simplon, from which the pass takes its name, or *vice versa*. A dozen houses, or less, will cover the number of residences. At almost every crook of the road is to be seen a shrine, with a crucifix or an image of the Virgin in it.

We are now nearing the top. Rich beds of blooming moss, beautiful pinks and clusters of ferns environ the way.



SWISS GUIDES.

The crops of hay raised are wonderful—they grow nothing else here—and the grass and wild flowers reach up to the very

edge of the snow-beds. The diligence is some distance behind, and so we will amuse ourselves for a while in gathering ferns and watching the movements of the fleecy clouds above and the busy mass of animate nature below. Here is the first house we have seen for several miles. From it issue two priests and a woman, just starting out for a mountain excursion, with their "Alpen-stocks" in hand. These stocks are long staffs, from four to eight feet in length, with an iron or steel ferrule sharpened, at one end, and sometimes a hatchet or hook at the other, used to assist in climbing over the glaciers. These glaciers are enormous beds of snow and ice which accumulate in the elevated valleys and between the peaks, ten, twenty, a hundred feet deep! Almost every week during the whole year there is some fall of snow or hail in these high mountain regions. This, or a great deal of it, slides down into the valleys between the peaks, and forms such a frozen mass that it never all melts. Of course there is a slight melting going on all the summer, which causes the glaciers to move very slowly, even imperceptibly, downward. All the warm season there are thousands of little streams issuing from these snow banks, which keep the larger streams below constantly swollen. But the frequent fall of snow and hail keeps the supply from being exhausted. Some of these glaciers cover many acres, and, in some cases, even miles. As they slide slowly downward, the lower edges break off as they lose their support, and cause horrible avalanches, not unfrequently destroying whole villages, and blocking up the road for miles.

Here is the top! Just there is the head of the Po, a few steps away the source of the Rhone. A public house crowns the pass. Not a tree is anywhere to be seen—not even a shrub. But at our feet is the carpet of velvet green, on every side the snow-capped peaks, mingling with the fleecy clouds which float gracefully among them, while over head the clear blue sky spreads out, a lovely canopy. The coachman cracks his whip, the horses prick up their ears and

dash off at a frightful speed. Down ! down ! down we go ! into the valley of the Rhone, around sudden curves, nearing horrible precipices, almost brushing projecting cliffs, through tunnels, under and over bounding, raging cataracts which come rushing, foaming, dancing down the rugged heights above and plunge into the terrible abysses a thousand feet deep, only a few feet from the edge of the road. The driver whips and halloos, the horses prance and run almost at the top of their speed, the coach reels, rocks and totters, as if it would upset at every curve ! Frightened and almost gasping for breath, we cling to the sides of the diligence for safety. One feels like crying, "Hold ! hold ! !" but it is of no avail, for the more one cries the more the driver whips, the faster the horses run, and the more imminent the danger. For miles and miles we go at this rate, with nothing above but the frowning crags, and nothing below but the yawning chasms and the zigzag windings of the road, which can be seen, in some places, for miles ahead. The sun is down, night comes on, and still we go down, down, down !! We stop at only one place to change horses. At last, about nine o'clock, a faint, glimmering light is seen far below us. We wind round and round the rocky declivities, and finally reach Brieg, just in time to escape a heavy rain.

From Brieg we go by rail, on the banks of the Rhone, to Martigny. The stream is unusually swollen from the rain last night, and the water has a peculiar color, rather yellow, I suppose, from the melting of the snow on the neighboring mountains. The cars are different from any we have seen in Europe, and are the only ones we find which are so arranged that passengers may go from one to the other. The mountains and hill-sides are covered with vineyards most of the way, but they are so steep that it is necessary to put up rock walls every few feet, somewhat like terraces, so as to furnish sufficient level surface for cultivation. Thus the whole landscape looks like a vast field of large

shelves. Passing Visp, Leuk, and a few other small villages, we reach Martigny at eleven o'clock, A. M. Here it is necessary to leave the railroad again, in order to visit Chamouny, (French, Chamonix). Our tickets call for *mules*, as there is no road sufficiently broad to admit the passage of a diligence. There is a very narrow driving way, but it is exceedingly steep and dangerous. A few days before our arrival, a vehicle was upset on one of the narrow passes, and one or two persons hurled into eternity. The proprietor of the hotel tells us it is necessary to have a guide. The guide books contradict this, and we try to avoid it. But there is no go—we must have one. We find him to be of no service whatever, for he is behind us more than half the time, and once or twice he is out of sight for a considerable time.—But I am anticipating. We call upon the master of ceremonies for our mules. Pretty soon out they trot, but one of them is a horse! Eager to mingle a little romance with the trip, I insist upon my friend's taking the horse, as he is a little larger than I am, for I really want to have it to say that I rode a mule across the Alps.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THAT OLD MULE.

It is a ride of nine hours from Martigny to Chamouny—they calculate all distances in hours or minutes over here—twenty-five or thirty miles, and our way lies through the Tete Noire Pass. My friend's horse is a good sized animal, my "*critter*" is only medium, but I judge her to be a pretty fair traveler. We strap our valises up behind our saddles, mount our steeds and off we go, up front street! Now here is a picture for your imagination: Six feet two, my feet

are dangling down among the mule's legs, while her ears go flip, flop, flip, flop! My valise behind and my shawl-strap, umbrella and sticks in front, give me somewhat the appearance of a pedler. As we pass along, the people throng the windows and doors. I don't examine closely enough to see whether they are laughing, but they certainly know how to gaze at one. I can *feel* them looking at me. I try to keep pace with my companion, but my mule will walk nowhere else except directly behind the horse. (You know a mule has a head of its own.) The horse walks quite rapidly, and we have gone only a few steps before it is perfectly evident that I am going to be left, unless I use the lash. I have no spurs and it will not do to stop in the town to get a whip. So I begin to kick and cluck. The old thing's ears, it seems to me, are the longest I ever saw, and the only response which comes to my clucking and kicking is their continued flapping. By this time my friend is several paces ahead of me and everybody is looking at me. Again I cluck, kick and jerk, and finally induce her dignified majesty to strike a trot. This ends much sooner than it is begun, for she goes jig, jig, jig, jig, a few steps, stops and seems to move even more slowly than before. This is repeated again and again until, finally, we get out of town.

Combined with all the other disadvantages, her gait is the most unpleasant of any animal I ever backed. She walks like a measuring worm crawls, bowing up in the back, so as to slide me back and forth several inches every step. Soon we reach the ascent of the mountains. The way is so steep that the saddles have to be fastened on before and behind, in addition to the girth. The road is like a snake's trail, and when we have gone nearly two hours, we look back and see the town, stream and valleys spread out at our feet, and it really seems that it would almost be possible to throw a stone down among them. The day is bright and beautiful, but as we ascend higher and higher, fleecy

clouds begin to rise and float gracefully off from the mountain tops. There are little huts or stands along the way, for every few hundred yards, where they keep wine and beer for sale, and to refuse to patronize them is only to challenge a tawny maiden to walk along beside you almost to the next stand, trying to beg you into it. As we near the top, the clouds thicken and begin to assume a threatening appearance. The wind, too, comes surging over the frozen cliffs. This is not very pleasant to one clad in summer vesture.

Soon we hear the muttering of distant thunder, and just as we begin to descend into the Tete Noire Valley, the drops of rain begin to fall. We hurry on, and the gait of my mule becomes still more unbearable. The road lies at about an angle of sixty degrees, and we have to lie down backwards on the animals to keep from plunging headlong over their heads. To add to the unpleasantness of the position, there is a frightful precipice not more than six feet away! Just as we are passing one of the most dangerous-looking places, my mule stumbles and comes near sending me headforemost over the rocks and crags below. She has assumed a kind of weaving or rocking movement now, and my back feels as if it is about to break. The rain falls thicker and faster, the clouds boil up in the western sky, the rolling thunders approach, every thing is shrouded in darkness and gloom. A bright flash of lightning and sudden clap of thunder startle my old mule and she comes near jumping from under me. And still the rain comes in torrents. We hasten on a mile further and finally reach the Tete Noire Hotel. Oh, what a crowd! Wet and cold, we enter, order dinner and refresh ourselves. As we sit at the table, the clouds break away and float majestically off in the valley below. The sun comes out in all its glory and smiles benignantly upon the storm-drenched hills, and here we sit taking our repast "above the clouds."

After dinner I conclude to walk, and so hand my mule

over to the guide, and start off. Soon the clouds begin to gather again. By this time we have reached a small stream, a branch of the Rhone. This we ascend until we reach its source. The rain falls so that we take shelter for a while under an old shed near the road side. But the longer we stay the worse it becomes. I conclude to try my mule again. She gets behind every few steps, and I have to beat, jerk, kick and cluck to get her to trot up with the horse. As we go higher and higher up the stream, the trees disappear and the peaks become more and more barren and desolate looking. Finally we enter a broad vale which is swept by the raging winds and beating rain, that come meeting us full in the face.

The mountain tops all around us are white with snow, and the gale feels like a rough December blast. My friend leaves me. I jog along and catch up. Soon he is gone again, and I must repeat the same process, time and again, until patience is threadbare. I try to use my umbrella, but the wind blows so as to render it almost totally useless. But I cling to it the best I can. There stands one lone tree. My friend, ahead as usual, rides up to it and halts to get breath and a little shelter from the surging tempest. I jog along, and, at last, come up to where he is standing. Just as I am preparing to say "Woa!" my animal, as quick as thought, changes ends, turns her head from the wind, (both my hands being engaged in holding umbrella and shawl-strap,) and away goes my umbrella, wrong side out!! Soaking wet and shivering with cold, we trudge on. I can stand it no longer! So I put the guide up again and take it on foot.

We are now at the top. The wind still rages but the rain has somewhat abated. We descend into the valley of the Rhone. Just about sunset the clouds begin to break away, the glittering surface of Mer de Glace presents itself just beneath us, Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," lifts its towering head above the clouds, robed in its mantle of

snowy whiteness, and bathes itself in the golden rays of the setting sun, while the lovely "Vale of Chamouny" spreads out at our feet like an Eden of beauty. Wondering and fixed with astonishment, I pause to gaze with rapture upon



THAT OLD MULE!!

this scene so exquisitely beautiful. Passing one or two small villages we reach Chamouny just about dark.

We have had a good many hearty laughs over this exploit since, but it was far from funny at the time.

## CHAMOUNY.

After a splendid night's rest, we feel much refreshed. But, oh my back! Nearly every particle of sentiment was knocked out of me yesterday by that old mule. And yet there are such beautiful and grand scenes around that I cannot pass over them in silence.

On one side is Mont Blanc, down whose rugged sides rush five crystal streams, while the Arve and Arveiron have their sources at the foot of the grand old mountain. Further east you may see "Mer de Glace," and at your feet the sunny vale spreads out in smiling loveliness. Of Mont Blanc Coleridge beautifully sings:

"Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.  
 Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
 Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,  
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald; wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
 Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?  
 And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 Forever shatter'd and the same forever?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?  
 Ye Icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the Sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God! Sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice,  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds,  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!  
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

One of the principal excursions from Chamouny is the ascent of Mont Blanc. It is sixteen thousand feet high, the highest point in Europe. We prefer to make the ascent like Mark Twain—*by telescope!*—this is by far the quickest and easiest way. There is quite a number of persons who are silly enough to go up by the ordinary way, but we ask to be excused. It costs only about a hundred and twenty dollars to go and return. Besides, one runs a very great risk of losing his life, by slipping off the glaciers and beds of ice over which he must climb. The experience of one who tried it is as follows; "I was exhausted; the weakness of my legs had become excessive; my throat was nearly choking; my head was almost bursting with pain, my eyes smarting with inflammation, the reflection from the snow burning and blistering my face."

The Alpine dogs, of which I have read so much, are quite numerous, and they are huge, formidable looking fellows. The honey, too, forms one of the attractions in the way of edibles. It is excellent and plenteous beyond degree. The principal articles of merchandise are minerals, sold as souvenirs, Swiss wood-work carved, views, traveling articles, perfumery, and such things.

From Chamouny to Geneva the only means of travel is by the diligence, (stage), or privately. The way lies along the Arve, the head waters of the Rhone. There are three vehicles this morning, six horses each, three abreast, with twenty-five or thirty passengers each. There are several

others picked up as we go along. The road is very fine, and at first very steep. The driver cracks his whip and off we go. Being confined to the course of the stream, there are some extremely abrupt curves. Around these we go in a swift gallop, the wheels of the vehicles almost rising clear of the ground on the "off side." How we shudder, as we brush the very edges of the rugged cliffs on one side and yawning chasms on the other! It is only sport for the coachman, who laughs heartily at our uneasiness and discomfort, cracks his whip yet louder and louder and merrily halloos, while the champing steeds rush wildly over narrow bridges, through dreary gorges, between projecting cliffs, into dark tunnels and down precipitous declivities. Above, the towering pinnacles lift their hoary heads in awful grandeur, and veil their faces in a mantle of snow; around our pathway the verdant balsam and sombre firs struggle for existence among the rocks of the craggy, granite walls; beneath us the dancing cataracts and babbling brooklets mingle their crystal waters, and hasten onward to lose themselves in the bosom of old ocean, and beyond are stretched the smiling valleys, laden with the fruits of a rich, mellow harvest. We pass Ouches, St. Gervais, Sallanches, St. Martin and Bonneville, and about four o'clock P. M. reach Geneva.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### GENEVA.

This beautiful city is situated at the foot of Lake Geneva, "by the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone." The population is forty-eight thousand, of whom twenty-six thousand are protestants. What a perceptible change in almost everything! Begging is forbidden by law, and, I tell you,

it is a relief to be thus protected. We stop at Hotel Nationale, some distance from the noise of the busy part of the city, and find it very pleasant, not only for its quiet, but also for the beauty of its location. It is situated near the lake, with a lovely flower garden in front, extending almost to the edge of the water, upon whose placid bosom many white sailed vessels float.

The food is well prepared and is served by waiters who part their hair in the middle, wear swallow-tailed coats and white gloves,—just like our American fops. Wonder if the latter did not get their style of dress from some retired Swiss or French waiter, while on a pleasure trip to America? You know there are some who bow in humble adoration to, and would fain kiss the boots of, every foreign “Lord,” “Count,” “Admiral,” “Baronet,” or “Duke” who visits our shores, not knowing whether the title be real or assumed, aping all his *fashions*, and thus not unfrequently imitating the abominable customs of European liverymen, jockeys, donkey-drivers and boot-blacks! They call this “*aristocracy*”!!

As the sun is sinking behind the western hills, we hear beneath our window the harmonious strains of vocal and instrumental music, which come floating in on the balmy air. Looking out, to find the origin of such sweet melody, we see three swarthy Italians, violins in hand and eyes raised upward, making the welkin ring.

For a number of years John Calvin resided here, and was head of the church as well as of the State. “He imposed a discipline upon the people of the most extraordinary strictness. His will was iron and his word was law. Geneva became the headquarters of European Protestantism, and the asylum of the persecuted elsewhere. Here Beza and John Knox took refuge.” In 1798 Geneva was subjugated and annexed to France. While here, we visit the Cathedral in which Calvin preached. It has been very greatly enlarged and beautified.

Sunday morning, very early, Mr. Palmore awakes me to see the beauties and grandeur of the sunrise. Ours is a fifth story-room, and the window overlooks the lake. The faint rays of the early dawn are slowly creeping up the eastern sky; the stars, one by one, hide their faces in the curtain of light which is spreading out from the distant horizon; Mont Blanc, fifty-five miles away, lifts his icy head above the fleecy clouds, shakes his hoary locks in bold defiance at the raging storm beneath, and bathes his frozen face in the sea of glory that sparkles around his snow-white bosom. The golden sunbeams are reflected upon the hazy firmament, thus stretching out a canopy of burnished gold above the rippling surface of the placid lake, whose limpid waters are disturbed only by the gentle zephyrs of the quiet, still morn. There is no sound of hoof, nor busy tread of the restless throng. All is silent as death, and there is nothing to disturb the reverie into which we naturally fall. Methinks I can almost see, mirrored in the calm blue waters below, faint traces of the beauties of the celestial world, and the snowy peaks of the far off Alps, like angel fingers, point us to the glories that await us there.

Soon a burst of thunder sound greets our ears. Again and again it peals forth, and the echoes send back their answer from the neighboring hills in the same awful tones. What does it all mean? It is the signal for a boat race. Ere long the once quiet streets are alive with the moving mass of humanity which throngs them, and soon the shores are lined with thousands of spectators, eager for the exciting contest. All day (Sunday) the lake is spotted with excursion and row boats. About four o'clock in the afternoon, there is an unusually large gathering and a good deal of excitement manifested at one point in the lake. By means of my field glass, I perceive that a small sail-boat has been capsized.

We attend services at an American Episcopal church in

the forenoon, the first exercises we have seen conducted in English since leaving Paris, and what a treat.

From Geneva, our way lies just along the edge of the lake. The scenery is good, but not wild nor specially striking. The deep blue waters spread out beneath us on the one side, and numerous vineyards cover the gentle declivities on the other. The shores are thronged with numerous towns and villages, the largest of which is Lausanne. Farther on we come in sight of the Castle of Chillon, which has been rendered famous by the pen of the historian and poet. Here thousands of Jews were imprisoned and shot in the dungeons, and in 1348 twelve hundred of these unfortunates were burned to death, "charged with conspiracy to poison the public fountains of Europe." Here Prior Bonivard was chained, for hostility to the Ducal sway, for six years,

"Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if the cold pavement were sod!"

Near this point the lake narrows down to almost a stream, and the craggy mountains fence it in on every side. We turn off by Fribourg, a few miles from which stands the Lime-tree of Morat, now fourteen feet in circumference, planted from the branch borne by a lad who ran breathless from Morat with the glad tidings of the defeat of the enemy, and fell dead in pronouncing the word "Victory!" This we do not stop to see, but pass on to Berne, the capital of Switzerland. Berne means "bears" and the place was named from the founder having slain a bear here. We stop only an hour or two and do not even visit the celebrated Clock-tower nor the Bear-pit.

After lunch we start for Thun. The country near Berne is comparatively level, and splendid crops of small grain are raised here. They are just harvesting, (August 2d) using old-fashioned sickles. Behind the reapers goes a squad of women and children who act as gleaners. They lose but few grains. I am borne back in imagination to the days of

Ruth and Boaz. Soon the country becomes broken and we begin to approach the Bernese Alps.

At Thun, by mistake, we miss connection and have to lie over nearly four hours. We put in the time pretty well, however, and amuse ourselves in admiring the beauties of the surrounding mountains, the lovely lake, and devouring an enormous dinner at "Grande Hotel de Thune." Here, as everywhere else we have been, quite a number of the employees speak English. There was a time when a knowledge of the French language would carry one almost entirely around the globe—certainly throughout all the countries in Europe—now the man who knows English is independent, and can travel with comparative ease in nearly every civilized nation under heaven. To one knowing these facts, the recent prophecy of an eminent man, that, if the world is ever Christianized and turned from the thralldom of heathenism and ignorance, it will be done by the English-speaking people of earth, does not seem so improbable. The language is now understood by quite a large proportion of the inhabitants of both hemispheres, and is taught in most of the institutions of learning throughout Europe.

At seven o'clock we take the steamer and sail up lake Thun to Darligen, near its head, where we board the cars for

#### INTERLAKEN,

and arrive at ten. We are so much fatigued by the day's travel that we at once call for our rooms and retire for the night. It has been raining nearly all the afternoon. We hope it will be fair to-morrow. Alas, when we awake, we find the face of nature still veiled in lowering clouds, which ever and anon pour down copious showers upon our defenceless heads. The neighboring mountain-tops, too, are covered with fresh fallen snow which is occasionally disclosed through the breaks in the clouds. I am so forcibly reminded of Longfellow's "Rainy Day." Walking out in

front of the hotel, we find something to attract our attention for a while. The front yard is beautifully arranged and studded with flower-pots, vases, lovely grottoes and rich beds of dahlias, fuchsias, ferns, mignonette, geraniums, &c., drooping their fragrant heads in mournful attitude beneath the heavy rain-drops and making the passing breezes redolent with sweet perfume. We try to make arrangements to visit some of the principal resorts among the mountains, but the rain forbids. We amuse ourselves for a while in looking around at the curiosities in the stores, in the way of ivory and wood carving—very handsome—views, traveling articles and the like. As we stroll along it becomes a little lighter, the sun peeps out and for a moment smiles benignly upon the clear, white bosom of the "Jung-frau" (the young bride), an exquisitely handsome glacier, whose bridal veil consists of a curtain of snow. This is doubly beautified by the fleecy clouds that fringe its edges and float gracefully off into the valley below.

Every train brings and carries scores of tourists. It is estimated that thirty thousand travelers annually visit this beautiful town "between the lakes;" and should you judge from the number of omnibuses in waiting at the station, you would think yourself in some large city like New York or Philadelphia. There is no chance to see much here, on account of the bad weather, and so we will take the after-train for

#### GIESSBACH FALLS.

Going a few miles only, we reach the foot of Lake Brienz, where we take the steamer. As we glide smoothly on, the rain ceases to fall, the weather changes its aspect, and there is a prospect of better times coming. The lake is environed by the mountains in either direction, from whose sides the mist begins to rise and float off. At three o'clock P. M., the boat calls a halt at the foot of an inclined railway, which leads to the hotels (three or four in number) at Giessbach

Falls. The cars are operated by means of a hydraulic pressure, and are arranged one at either end of the track, which is several hundred yards long, and lies at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. They are connected together, and when one starts up the other starts down, on the same principle of two buckets in a well. They meet on half-way ground, where the track, for a few feet only, is double. They move very slowly and it takes several minutes to reach the top. Here, on a terrace or small table-land, about one thousand feet above the surface of the lake, are the hotels, which alone constitute the village, they being kept open only during the summer, for the accommodation of travelers. What a magnificent panorama opens upon our vision, as we turn our enraptured eyes from the placid lake beneath our feet, and the snow-mantled pinnacles beyond, to the rushing, bounding cataract, which leaps furiously from the craggy bosom of the grand old mountains, eight thousand feet above, and plunges headlong, wildly, over seven successive cliffs, beating itself into a foaming mass, burying itself in the rocky gorges, and finally losing itself in the quiet waters, which lave the feet of the everlasting hills below. Pen can but faintly depict the awful grandeur of the scene, as we climb as near the top as possible, and catch a glimpse of the last rays of the setting sun, which lingeringly hovers over the maddened stream.

The night is dark. About nine o'clock we are summoned to the terrace outside to witness one of the grandest sights, Vesuvius excepted, that our eyes have ever fallen upon. Two men have been stationed at each of the seven falls, one behind the water, the other in front, with a large reflector. Each is furnished with the necessary chemicals to produce three kinds of light—green, white and red. At a given signal, all at once, every light is struck, and there emerges from the impenetrable darkness a glory which I have not language to portray. On this surging cataract, and upon the rugged cliffs around, bursts a dazzling light which un-

folds a stream of emeralds, sparkling in the midnight gloom. Slowly the color changes, and there is presented a succession of cataracts of glittering diamonds, as the white light gleams brightly upon the dancing waters. Again there comes a change, and the whole scene is clothed in garments of red, while a stream of blood, mingled with liquid fire, courses down the dismal vale, in aspect not unlike the terrors of the infernal regions. As we stand and gaze and wonder and admire, the colors again change, and we have a combination of them all, some white, some green, some red, mingling and commingling in all their lovely tints and hues, reminding us of the splendors of "the beautiful beyond." One by one the lights disappear and finally the whole valley is dark as night and still as death, save the continuous roar of the raging stream. But there goes up from the scores of spectators a murmur of applause which speaks in louder accents than empty words their appreciation and delight. This alone is worth a trip to Europe! The balance of the evening is spent by most of the visitors in drinking and dancing. They have a good band of music, which they keep all the season, just for the purpose. The gentlemen and ladies (?) drink.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Leaving Giessbach on the early morning boat, we reach Brienz, at the head of the lake, in time to take the diligence for Alpnach. Some one has well said that a Swiss diligence is like Noah's Ark, "full of living creatures," with a dozen or more on top generally. This we find to be a strictly true picture. It falls to our lot to be thrown in the same compartment with an elderly lady and her son—the mother a native of Paris, who many years ago moved to New York,

where she has since lived. They both speak English and French fluently, and prove to be very agreeable companions. It is wonderful how soon one can strike up an acquaintance with perfect strangers. But there is a fraternal feeling that springs up in my breast at the mere sight of an American. The hours glide smoothly, pleasantly by as we begin the ascent of the Brünig Pass, through which our way lies. They call this the most highly educated and cultivated part of the globe, but I tell you, we are far ahead of them in some respects. Why, here the women have to do all the drudgery and most of the labor on the farms, while the men *join the army* or get positions as cooks and waiters at hotels.

Along the road, which is very solid and smooth, are numerous little cottages, built mostly of logs—what we call log cabins in America—and in some places considerable villages of the same, covered with boards or slabs, which are not nailed on, but fastened down with stones the size of your head and larger. Of course the roofs are considerably flatter than ours are, or the stones would roll off. Should think they had a lively time putting them back after storms and hurricanes, if they have such things in this country. The scenery is very fine, but not nearly so wild and picturesque as that of the Simplon and Tete Noire passes. The waterfalls are very numerous and some of them quite pretty. Near the top of the Pass, which is three thousand and six hundred feet high, is the Brünig hotel, where some of the party take refreshments. The wild flowers are beautiful and cover the cliffs and the vales in lovely and variegated carpets. As we descend we begin to meet the vehicles conveying tourists from Lucerne to Interlaken. There are scores of them, and judging from their appearance, they are from every nation and clime. Some one has given the following description of the

#### SWISS COSTUMES.

“Yost’s pencil as well as his pen pictures the hardy

mountaineer with belt and alpenstock, the shepherd with his huge horn, the haymaker, and farmer with scythe and pail, and the milkmaid with plaited petticoat and apron of



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blue linen, her hair—not falling straight down over her eyes, as is the idiotic style in some countries—but drawn back from her shining brow, tied in light tresses and crowned with a tasteful little velvet cap. Some peasant girls wear a scarlet bodice bordered with black, a jaunty waistcoat with-

out sleeves, a short striped dress, and flowers in their hair and hats. The out-door life and healthful exercise of the people promote longevity. Yost tells of a Swiss village on the Visp where there were several centenarians living at the same time, one of whom begun his second century with a third marriage and in due time had a son who was himself married twenty years after."

The females often have long steel, nickle or silver chains, which are kept very bright, fastened to their belts in front, extending to the tip of the shoulders, where they are held in a clasp of the same material, and thence passing to the middle of the belt behind. At a short distance they sparkle like jewels in the sunlight, and help to make up quite a gay costume.

We go down at the usual break-neck rate, and almost ere we are aware of it, we reach the shores of Lake Lugern. "The snow white Oberland Giants gaze down into its calm loveliness over the barrier of the Brünig." A few miles further and we are dashing along the edge of Lake Sarnen, which is four and a half miles long, and girt by mountains. Near by is the town of Sarnen, where we spend an hour. We amuse ourselves in visiting an old church which stands not far off and by watching the people who pass along the streets. We afford no less amusement to them, we presume, from the way they gaze at us. As we are waiting, a large company of school children come along bare headed and bare-foot, except those that wear wooden shoes—not wooden bottoms only, but *tops and all* made of wood!—which keep a noise on the stone pavements not very unlike the stamping of horses on the frozen ground. The women and girls go out in the burning sunlight without any covering for their faces or heads, and their complexion is very similar to a cake of bees-wax.

Six miles further, and we are at Alpnach, a little town at the southern extremity of Lake Lucerne. This lake is composed of four arms, which extend from three to twenty

miles in length, and form a cross. At Alpnach you get a view of the celebrated "Slide," eight miles long, which was used by Napoleon I. in running down the timber from Mount Pilatus for dock-yards. "Six minutes sufficed for the thundering descent." Here we take the boat. At a narrow place in the arm of the lake is the bridge of Archeregg, a draw bridge, and near by is an old tower, built in 1309. Here stands the old town of Stansstad, which resisted the French for some time in 1798, and in consequence was sacked when captured. The grandeur and beauty of the scene here stretching out before our enchanted vision are not easily told. The sun is hiding behind the barren summit of Pilate, and cast a last lingering look upon the rippling bosom of the placid lake; the neighboring hill tops still bask in the golden sunbeams; the craggy cliffs on either side frown down upon us, while the snowy Titlis raises his hoary head majestically in the back ground to the height of nearly eleven thousand feet, and reflects in burnished tints the effulgence of the glorious king of day. Mount Pilatus (Pilate) received its name from the Roman governor who delivered Christ up to be crucified. It is said that the thought of this so tormented him, that he wandered away from Gaul, his place of banishment, into the wilds of the Alps, and finally ascended this mountain near the top of which is a small lake, where he drowned himself. Some say he stabbed himself. Passing around on the north side, we enter the western arm of the lake, which brings us in full view of

## LUCERNE.

Here we meet Cooke's grand annual excursion party from America and Great Britain. There are more than fifty in this division, and there is another following, with about as many more. They have a business manager along who looks after the *luggage*, (they don't know what *baggage* means over here) rail road tickets, hotel bills, &c., and acts as inter-

prefer for them. We soon form several acquaintances and feel quite at home with so many English-speaking people. As soon as dinner is served we start out *to see*. My friend is nearly as fond of ladies' society as I am, and so it is not long ere we are both "*cornered*." You need not think I'm going to tell you what we talk about. This much I'll venture—my friend soon gets a long way behind, and I—*don't care!* Walking along through a lovely park we find Thorwaldsen's famous "Lion of Lucerne," cut in solid rock twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet high. This is one of the grandest specimens of sculpture of any age. It is intended to commemorate the valor of the Swiss Guard who died at their post in Paris, August 10, 1792, while defending Louis XVI. against a revolutionary mob. The lion is defending in death agony the French coat-of-arms. The colossal body extends across the shield, the broken spear lies close by, the dart of the enemy pierces his mammoth form, and the blood is streaming from the wound; one of the paws is stretched at full length, and the wonderful expression of almost human feeling in the face is "most pathetically significant." Some one has said that "it would be impressive even in a cathedral, but it is more so out of doors in a sequestered nook, cut from the solid rock, with trickling rills dripping from its mossy edges, and forming a dark, crystal pool, in which the lion is reflected; with seats arranged before it, indicative of leisurely silent and careful inspection."

Only a short distance from here is the "Glacier Garden," one of the most wonderful workshops of nature known. The foundation is a bed of solid granite in which are to be seen ten or a dozen glacier-mills, or huge holes worn in the rock by the whirling of stones driven round by the moving, melting ice. As these stones, some of them several feet in diameter, were carried round, they ground the holes in the rock, and were polished themselves. One of these mills is nine or ten feet deep, and as many in diameter. They some-

what resemble the little eddies in the bottom of gullies. This garden was all covered with the debris of the glaciers until 1872, when the excavations began. Besides these, there are large blocks of rock brought away from the Alps and dropped here by the glaciers, furrows and scratches in the rocks, which were made by the moving mass of ice. "These debris date from the earliest epoch of the existence of our globe, from the time when almost the whole of Switzerland, and a large part of the northern hemisphere were buried under immense bodies of ice, with here and there an oasis lying between, inhabited by animals extinct long ago."

We wander a few rods farther where we find a little observatory. This we ascend to get a view of the sunset. There is nothing to obstruct the vision, save a few fragments of fleecy clouds, which flit across the lovely sky, and these, with their silver linings and fringe of gold, tend to enhance rather than detract from the beauties of the surroundings. The quiet waters of the lake and the sea of houses lie spread out below; around us the verdant park, rendered merry by the sparkling fountains and laughing brooklets, stretches out its arms to encircle us; to the east we see the grass-covered slopes of Rigi; to the south old Pilate lifts his desolate looking head, wearing his cap of mist which betokens fair weather, while just beyond, the snow-mantled Alps, in grand panorama, lie clothed in the bright golden light which streams forth in unwonted effulgence upon their frozen cliffs. Soon the scene is changed. The dazzling light of day gives place to twilight, and one by one the little stars come out from their hiding places, and, "peeping, smiling at each other," promise the speedy return of another propitious day.

The "Covered Bridge," which crosses the Reuss at the foot of the lake, was built in 1303. It contains more than one hundred and fifty roof paintings, representing scenes in Swiss history. In the middle of the bridge is an old Roman Beacon-tower, (Lucerna), from which the city is said to have

derived its name. Our hotel (the Swan) is close by. When we retire at night, we are not a little perplexed at surroundings. As we are about to turn down the covering, we find on the top of everything else a huge feather bed! What negligent servants, to announce a room in readiness for occupation without putting any covering on the bed! I am just about to ring the call bell, when the thought strikes me that, as this is a strange country, perhaps they do things strangely here. Any way, I mean to see into it, if possible. Sure enough, on raising one corner of the *tick*, I find the sheets, blankets, &c., *on the bottom side!* How is this? Do people sleep "*bottom side up*" here, or what is the matter? Oh, yes; I get it now. They used to think that the earth was flat and that "the sun do move." Since there has been so much travel through these parts, they have heard that the earth revolves. To prepare for the emergency, they have reversed the order of things and put the bed on top, so as to make the fall as easy as possible, when the *turn* comes. This is satisfactory. But hold! As I get in, I am buried in another bed of feathers! This completely frustrates my theory. Ah, now I have it. They don't raise cotton over here, and so feathers are cheaper than bedquilts and comforts, and therefore they sleep on and under them. I tell you, they keep one warm enough.

As soon as we get breakfast, we make arrangements for the

#### ASCENT OF THE RIGI.

Taking the early boat, we sail several miles down the lake to a little village, called Vitznau, at the foot of the inclined railway, which takes travelers from this point to the K  lm (summit) several miles away. The little engine is placed behind the car and pushes it, on the same plan, I am told, as that used at Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire. The ascent is so steep that an engine can take only one car. There are several running back and forth all day. A good

part of the way the track is double, but if any part of the machinery should happen to break, a collision would be unavoidable, unless it happened to be the lowest car. In such a case there would be no such thing as escape. On one side is the perpendicular mountain side; on the other, the craggy precipice. Between the rails is a line of grooves in which the cogs of a small wheel under the engine work. We go about as fast as one could walk. Just before reaching the top, which is five thousand nine hundred feet high, there bursts suddenly upon our sight a scene whose beauties are surpassed only by those witnessed when the summit is reached. The lower slopes are covered with "the slender beech or knarled chestnut." Near the top the trees disappear, but the grass continues all the way, and the verdant carpeting, thus spread out by Nature's God, is doubly beautified by the blossoming clover, daisy and dandelion. "The fantastic shapes and movements of clouds and shadows, colored by the changing light, make a mosaic, as it were, of the bosom of the lake below."

Here I stand on the Klm. The view from this point defies description. Magnificent hotels dot the verdant slopes and flowery dells to the very summit. The merry jingle of the bells, which comes up in a hundred directions from the legion of cattle grazing here and there, makes everything seem joyous and full of life. The extent of vision embraces a circumference of three hundred miles. In the northeast lies the Black Forest in all of its gloom and sombre shades. Hence, stretching entirely across the southern horizon, you see the immense series of serried Alpine peaks, towering in awful grandeur above the blooming meadows and rugged chasms which spread themselves at their feet. In the southwest, old Pilate lifts his barren cliffs high up in the etherial regions and looks frowningly down upon the villages below. To the west and north, and near the base of the Rigi, on all sides, you witness a spectacle as diverse as it is possible to imagine. Rich plains, mellow harvest-fields laden with

ripe waving grain, crystal lakes, (sixteen in all), wild forests and woodlands, several cities, white chapels, hamlets and towns, are visible in every direction, presenting quite a contrast to the grand panorama of the frozen Alps towards the south. Just under us, (for Rigi is almost perpendicular on the north side,) lies Lake Zug, at the foot of which is a city of the same name. On the placid waters float several little boats, which look like straws at this distance. Only a short distance away are to be seen the ruins of Goldau, destroyed in 1806 by a fatal land-slide, which was caused by an unusually long rainy spell.

At twelve o'clock, we hear an appalling sound, that rolls past us and out through the valleys below, like muttering thunder, and is echoed back from the mountains beyond. Peal succeeds peal, until the whole earth seems to be filled with the echo and reverberation. We afterwards find this to be the firing of the signal guns in the neighboring cities, whose reports reach us at irregular intervals, varying in proportion to their distances.

The sight of Küsnacht, at the northern extremity of Lake Lucerne, calls to mind the story of

#### WILLIAM TELL.

In 1307, while the Swiss were fretting under the Austrian domination, Gessler, one of its "brief authorities," sought to feel the pulse of the people by ordering them to do homage to his hat. Tell refused. "Gessler seized his child, and, wishing to see a sample of the father's far-famed skill with the cross-bow, commuted his punishment into the carrying off of an apple from the head of the boy. To avoid worse consequences, the fatal shot was taken—and successfully; but the secretion of a second arrow being detected, Tell boldly confessed that *it* was for Gessler's own heart, had the other slain his child. Tell was then hurried in chains into a bark for Gessler's stronghold at Kussnacht.

A tempest arose; Tell was freed to take the helm ; he leaped ashore at Axenberg, on the lake, waylaid Gessler at Kussnacht, and gave him that final evidence of his skill and feeling, which, however wrong, can scarcely be regarded as uncharacteristic of such an era and such anxieties." Tell's Chapel stands at Altdorf, an old town further down on the shore of the lake, and marks the spot where the hero leaped ashore.

Quite a number of tourists go up and spend the night on the top of Rigi so as to witness the glories of the rising and setting sun. Some one has thus described his experience on a trip of this kind :

"Seven weary leagues up hill we sped,  
The setting sun to see;  
Sullen and grim he went to bed—  
Sullen and grim went we.

Nine sleepless hours of night we pass'd  
The rising sun to see;  
Sullen and grim he rose again—  
Sullen and grim rose we."

Fearing this might be the way with us, we refrain from the undertaking.

Leaving Lucerne on the 4 P. M. train, we pass along by Lake Zug, and reached Zürich about six o'clock. Here we stop for the night. From our hotel we get a splendid view of the lake (Zürich) and the Alps, which rise majestically at its head several miles away. Zürich is celebrated for its silk and iron manufactories. Goods of this kind can be bought here for about one-half what they cost in America. The only point of any special interest in the city is the church in which Zwingli, the Reformer, used to preach. He lived here for some time. Some of the English Reformers took refuge here in the reign of Mary.

Our way now lies through quite a fertile section. The ripe waving harvests greet us on every side, and the soil is so well tilled as to make a very interesting appearance. One hour's ride brings us to Winterthur, and within a few

minutes more we are at Romanshorn, on the Swiss side of Lake Constance. This is the largest lake in Switzerland, and there is a good deal of merchandise borne upon its bosom to the many towns which skirt its shores. We find a boat in waiting, which takes us across to Lindau, on the Bavarian side. It is only a few rods to the border land of Austria. We do not stop, but press onward to Munich. Just before the train starts, a party of three persons enters and takes the opposite side of our compartment. It consists of a gentleman and two ladies. The man looks to be at least eighty-five, is very much stooped, low, quite fleshy and has lost several of his fingers, and I think, all of his teeth. His wife is just the opposite, except in age; is tall, slender, straight, bony, wrinkled and with but about four teeth, and they at different corners of her mouth. Her nose is something like three inches long, and her chin turns up, as if in hourly expectation of a happy meeting. But with all this, there is a manifestation of affectionate regard which I have seldom seen exhibited, even among newly married persons. Scarcely any words are spoken, but now and then he puts his hand over and takes hers as lovingly as if they were just beginning their "honeymoon." My friend suggests that, perhaps, they have just been married, and are starting on their bridal tour. Perhaps so; but even granting this, it is the strongest comment on connubial bliss that my eyes have ever fallen upon. The second lady, I presume, is a maiden daughter, in middle life.

The yield in the crops of small grain along the way is simply enormous. They raise little except wheat and hay, but they make these pay them well. The country is flat, moist and unusually fertile. But the secret of success lies in the pains they take in the cultivation.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MUNICH.

We reach this city, the capital of Bavaria, just before dark. It has one of the largest and finest railroad stations in Europe. It is covered with glass, and extends over several acres of land. This is one peculiarity of European countries—they will have splendid depots. They invariably call them *stations*, and if you ask for the *depot*, they do not understand what you mean. They apply the term depot simply to store-houses or ware-houses. At the hotel they put us to sleep *under the bed* again, as they did also at Zürich.

Munich (they spell it München, and pronounce it Minch-n) is specially noted for its works of art. The mammoth equestrian statue of George Washington, which, I think, stands in Central Park, New York, was molded here, at the Royal Bronze Foundry. So was the celebrated Bavarian monument, which is sixty-five feet high, and stands on a granite base thirty feet high. It weighs two thousand and three hundred tons and is the largest woman I have met. She stands with an anchor in one hand, near which crouches a bronze lion, while in the other she holds a wreath of leaves. There is a door-way through which you must go to get up into the monument. The head is so large that eight or ten grown persons can conveniently get into it and sit on her jaw bones, and peep through her eyes as windows. This is the largest piece of work of the kind in the world. The wrists are more than six feet in circumference, and I find it impossible to span the little finger with both hands.

The fruit all through this part of Europe is very, very fine, especially the grapes. This we enjoy hugely. The beer-gardens are getting to be pretty numerous, too. They use this commodity here, pretty much as they do wine in France.

From Munich to Murnau is fifty miles. From this place to Ober-Ammergau it is fifteen miles further, and you have to go by private conveyance. We arise at 5:30 A. M. and make our way to the train without breakfast. It is raining pretty hard, and has been most of the night. But when we get in sight of the ticket office, there is to be seen a line of men, women and children, (which would extend a good part of a hundred yards, if straightened,) of all sorts and sizes, passing along in regular succession, purchasing their tickets. They take millers' customs in this country,—first come, first serve—and you must fall into line and take your turn, I care not in how great a hurry. Finally, we secure our tickets and make for the cars. They are packed full. We pass on and on, until, it seems to me, we have reached the fiftieth car. Here are a few vacant seats, and we jump in and take ours. For nearly half an hour the throng continues to pass, and I really believe there are as many full cars ahead of us as behind us. Here we go, at last! At every station there are numbers of persons in waiting. They crowd in, until we are like herrings in a barrel—except that we have no salt between us.

About eleven o'clock, we reach Murnau, the terminus of the road. No breakfast yet! There are hundreds of vehicles, of every description,—wagons, some of them covered with white cloth, carts, buggies, phaetons, ambulances, omnibuses, carriages, etc.,—hoping to secure passengers for Ober-Ammergau. Just across the way is a little restaurant where we go to see what kind of a breakfast can be had. There is such a rush that it is next to impossible to get inside. One glimpse and a smell of what is within suffices for me. My friend, however, avows that he is almost perished, and cannot go any further without something to eat. He pushes in and pretty soon returns with his hands full of bread and half-raw stewed beef, while the grease and dirty water drop down, as he "*goes for*" it. Meanwhile I have secured passage in an ambulance. I thought I knew what packing

meant before, but give it up that I was mistaken. Sitting five or six on each side, we are in such close contact (the vehicle being very narrow) that one cannot move without disturbing the whole party. There isn't one of the passengers who can speak a word of English.

After going an hour or two, we come to a halt. Everybody gets out, save my friend and myself. Upon inquiry, it is found that we have reached a hill so long and steep that the animals cannot pull their load up, and so all have to walk. The mud is from one to six inches deep. The rain is still falling. Men, women and children go paddling on through it all, with a disregard that is amazing. On, on, on we go, for more than a mile, and yet the top is not to be seen. When we finally reach it, the vehicle, oh, where is it? Mr. Palmore concludes to wait for it, but I am so wet and muddied already that I press on, in the midst of a mingled multitude of priests, peasants and vehicles, and reach

## OBER-AMMERGAU,

five miles away, before it overtakes me. A fortnight ago, we wrote to one of the managers of the renowned "Passion-Play" to procure us tickets and lodging. The next thing in order is to find Herr Sebastian Zwink, the aforesaid gentleman. This is only a small village, but the worst mixed up place I ever visited. The houses are numbered, not according to streets, but "*ad libitum*." There are really no streets. The road runs through the midst of it, and then little alleys branch off in every direction. So it is no easy matter to find Sir Sebastian. At last we run upon a little child who understands enough of my broken German to know what we want, and conducts us to the long-looked-for house. Out comes a long-haired, pug-nosed, red-faced man, who says he is the identical Zwink. But he knows less English than I do German, (and this isn't saying much for his knowledge,) and so it takes a good while to get him to

understand what I mean. I inform him that I wrote him two weeks ago for lodging and tickets, and ask him if he has provided them for us. Taking out a little note book and examining it closely, he shakes his head and answers, "Nein," (No.) With this he walks off and leaves us standing in the hall. We follow. About this time, to our great relief, some Englishmen, who understand German pretty well, come to our assistance. They reiterate what we have just told him, but his only reply is, "Nein!" and he again walks off. Still pursuing him, we try to put our case pretty strongly, tell him that we have depended upon him to get us a room and tickets, and now we are without either. Our pathetic appeal only draws from him the same response—"Nein!"—and off he goes. Meanwhile quite a number of persons have assembled around us, and they advise us to try for ourselves to secure lodging first, and then see if we can find any extra tickets to the Play. This we perceive to be the most sensible course, as the little town has but twelve hundred inhabitants, and there are six or eight thousand persons who will have to find lodging in and around the place to-night, in order to be in good time to-morrow.

The houses are small, two-story, wooden structures, built of old fashioned hewn timber or logs. The windows consist either of wooden shutters, or of very small sash, with four panes of glass each, and open on hinges. There are no fences, no yards, no side-walks. The houses open directly upon the streets, and in some cases you may ride your horse (if you have one) in at the front door.

By this time the caravan of passengers from the train and hundreds of peasants from the country have arrived. The whole town is alive with vehicles and animals of all sorts and sizes—including bipeds. The rain is coming down all the time, and you may imagine the condition of the thoroughfares. We have not yet had breakfast and it is about 4 o'clock, P. M.! However, we start out in search of a room. Beginning at the first house, we take them as we

come to them. At the first one we knock ; but there is no response. We knock again, and still there is no one to answer the call. Trying this again and again all in vain, we finally conclude that we have found some more strange people, who don't know what knocking means. So we just go right in and inquire, " Haben sie noch ein, zimmer frei?" (have you any spare room?) " Nein!" is the invariable reply, until we begin to fear that they are all "*nein*," and so we become willing to put up with a sofa or lounge. But they have "*nein*" sofa and "*nein*" lounge. Worn out by the travel, physically exhausted for want of food, wet and cold from the falling rain, we are about to give up in despair and seek shelter in some shed or barn, as hundreds will have to do. Just then, as we are walking forlornly away from a house, we detect a smiling face through a window on the opposite side of the street. " Madame," quoth I, " haben sie noch ein zimmer frei?" " nein, mein herr," (No sir,) says she; but gives us to understand that she can make some kind of arrangement for us. We enter. In one corner of the room is an old shriveled woman, bending over a churn of cream, splashing away with all her might. In another, is a huge iron box-looking thing, which I suppose is used for drying clothes, (for they have a great deal of damp weather here.) Around the sides are wide planks fitted into the walls about two feet from the floor, which are used for benches.

By means of what little of her language I understand, and with the aid of her incoherent gesticulations, I find that she proposes to make us bunks out of these rude benches, with the addition of boards, chairs, mattresses, etc. Anything for shelter and a place to rest! She soon has things straight for my friend's "*bed-place*," but when she takes my dimensions, she finds it necessary to put a sack of shucks at one end of my mattress to make it long enough. And even with this, I have to lie diagonally across the bed and draw up my feet to keep them from hanging over. But with all

this, I never enjoyed a night's rest more, to say nothing of the lunch taken before retiring.

All our efforts to get tickets to the Passion Play prove unavailing, for the seats are engaged several weeks beforehand, in most cases.

They have some wonderfully strange vehicles here. They are somewhat like our top-buggies or phaetons, having but one shaft or tongue, and yet they work only one horse to them. He is hitched to one side, as if his match was to be hitched with him. As he goes along, the tongue goes flapping back and forth every time the wheels run into a rough place, thus slapping against the animal and causing him to fret a good deal. They call them *eins-panners*. Quite a number of their wagons are worked in the same manner. In this way they make one horse pull six or eight persons.

#### THE PASSION PLAY.

After a few hour's rest, we are awaked by the report of guns, at 3 o'clock. A band of music marches through the streets, and those who are to take a part in the sacred drama are called forth to make the necessary preparations. At 4 o'clock the large cathedral is thrown open and the thousands of visitors are invited to church services. Mass after mass is said, until 6 o'clock, when high mass is celebrated for those who are to engage in the play. While all this is going on, quite a different scene is transpiring in another part of the village. About 5 o'clock, two care-worn pilgrims crawl out from their rustic resting places and partake of a simple repast, prepared by the smiling German *frau*, which consists of eggs, butter, rolls and coffee. My bill, for supper, lodging and breakfast, is two mark and three pfennigs—about fifty-five cents! This over, we start out in search of tickets for the Passion Play. The Berger-meister (mayor) positively refuses to let us have any, because we did not write to him instead of Mr. Zwink. We then begin to inquire of the

peasants we meet, hoping to find one who would be willing to dispose of his, for a little advance upon it. This is strictly forbidden by their regulations, and yet they frequently do such things, (we afterwards find out.) On every side are little fruit and confectionery stalls, whose keepers we try to induce to sell us tickets. They only reply "Nein," and leave us in the same state of disappointment which we enjoyed(?) to the full yesterday. My friend finally succeeds in finding an old woman, who, by means of signs, (for he does not know a word of German,) gets him to understand that she will sell him a two-mark ticket for three marks. This only makes me the more anxious. It would amuse you to see (to say nothing of *hearing*) me tell my plaintive story; that I am from America, and have come a long way to see their celebrated play. They tell me that, if I will wait until to-morrow, it will be repeated, as there are several hundreds, if not thousands, who cannot be accommodated to-day. I tell them that my arrangements are already made to leave this afternoon, and I cannot wait. My pathetic tale finally prevails, and one of these stall-keepers finds a man who will part with his ticket, and sends him to me. I offer him an extra mark for his kindness, but he positively refuses to accept it. So I thank him and depart.

There are thousands crowding around the gates, waiting for them to open and admit them to the best seats. Among them is an almost innumerable host of priests. When seven o'clock arrives, the doors are thrown open, and for a good part of an hour they are so eager to gain admittance, that persons are almost picked up and carried along by the throng.

As to the origin of the Passion-Play, it is based on superstition, as are most of the performances and ceremonies of the Catholic religion. Soon after Germany embraced the Catholic faith, the people acquired a dislike for the secular drama then in vogue among them. Consequently they took to the religious plays, as supplying the place of amuse-

ment and spiritual instruction. This state of things continued until the Reformation, when they all passed into disuse. However, in 1633, an alarming plague visited Ober-Ammergau, and eighty-four persons in this small village died of it in a month. At this the villagers, in their distress and anxiety, held a meeting, and, to appease the wrath of God, "vowed to perform the Passion tragedy once in ten years, if He would put a stop to the epidemic." The record states that not another person died, though there were several afflicted with the fell disease at the time of the vow. The play, then, has been performed for more than two centuries in this retired little mountain village. But it is thought that the government will not permit it much longer. As you are aware, an attempt has been made to bring it to New York, but public sentiment is so strong against it, that it will never, let us hope, be done, especially as it is merely a money-making scheme of some atheistic lucre seekers.

Here we sit, a good distance from the stage, which consists of a large uncovered platform in front, the stage proper, which is behind the curtain and under cover, a house on either side, one Pilate's, the other that of Annas, the high priest, while to the extreme right and left are two streets in Jerusalem. The enclosure is of rough planks, just such as might be expected in this retired place. The space for the spectators, large enough to accommodate six thousand persons, is arranged amphitheatrically, and only a third of it is under cover, so that at least two thirds of the spectators are exposed to the burning rays of the sun, or the less pleasant showers of rain, which are so frequent in this mountain region. When the curtain rises, it discloses the back-ground, which is the neighboring mountain side, "and to the eye which roams beyond the theatre, the country presents the most beautiful scenery. To the right, gentle hills which, with green slopes of velvet turf and dark woods, gracefully rise behind the frontispiece of the middle stage.

To the left, bright green, rolling meadows expand, with here and there a shed, and cows grazing in the distance, until this sheet of living green is hidden in deep and solemn shade, by the dark pine-forest of the hills behind. The hills themselves, towering up majestically on all sides, form the last object between the gaily painted theatre and the deep blue sky." The contrast between the deep repose of these Bavarian Alps and the artificial representation of the streets of Jerusalem is indeed striking.

Three cannon shots announce the beginning of the performance. "The orchestral band strikes up, and the low hum of the multitude gradually dies away." Soon the Chorus, grave and stately, appears. It consists of seventeen persons arrayed in the vesture of the days of Christ, with crowns upon their heads. They sing appropriate pieces between the scenes, so as to prepare the mind of the spectator for what is to follow, as well as to keep his thoughts engaged during the interval. Each scene is preceded by tableaux, representing incidents taken from the Old Testament, and supposed to refer to, or symbolize, some part of the history of the Saviour. The motionless attitude of those who take part in the tableaux is really wonderful. Some of them are very small children, and yet I see but one mistake during the whole performance.

First, we have the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, as a preparatory lesson, to show the need of the sufferings of Jesus. The picture is a very vivid one, and represents our first parents in their aprons of fig leaves, in the attitude of fleeing, pursued by the angel with a flaming sword. The tree of forbidden fruit is in the back ground, with the serpent twining around it. As the curtain falls, the Chorus assumes its position, and sings a hymn of thanksgiving to God for giving His Son to take away the curse of sin. The curtain again rises, the Chorus separates and there is presented a cross, before which a number of figures are bowing in humble adoration. The Chorus joins them

while singing. Then follows the first scene, the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Scores of children emerge from the streets of Jerusalem, bearing palm-branches, and crying, "Hosannah," etc. These are joined by men and women who take up the glad refrain and echo back in thrilling anthems, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," etc., meanwhile spreading their garments and branches of trees in the way, and bowing reverently before the Son of David, who, by this time, comes out from one of the side streets riding an ass, and accompanied by his disciples, poorly clad and carrying their long staves. The sensation which takes hold of me is indescribable, and, in spite of myself, my eyes are suffused with tears.

Then follow the most striking incidents in the life of Christ, each preceded by its corresponding *tableaux*, such as the conspiracy against Joseph, (*tableau*.) the negotiations of Judas with the Sanhedrim, young Tobias taking leave of his mother, Christ parting with his friends, the last supper, etc., etc, until it is twelve o'clock. Then there is an intermission of one hour, during which utmost confusion prevails—some going out to get lunch, others eating and drinking in the theatre, and others still climbing over the seats and creating disorder generally.

At one o'clock the exercises are resumed. Appropriate *tableaux* precede the following scenes: The agony in the garden, the betrayal, Christ before Annas, Caiaphas and Pilate, and the remorse of Judas. I have never seen anything so perfectly performed as this last scene. The traitor is rather an old man and wears long beard which has been dyed, but has since grown considerably, thus showing the gray, and this adds to his haggard appearance. With eyes flashing fire, and a countenance that would rival the appearance of the fiends of perdition, and features all distorted by grief, he seems to be haunted by the furies of the infernal regions, wanders about like a raving maniac, strikes upon his breast, casts the bag of

rattling coin down against the floor, pulls out his hair and beard, throws off his outer garment, snatches the girdle from about him, and chooses the fatal tree. For a little while he stares at it with a wild, confused look; then he quickly runs up to it, begins to break off the lower limbs and to climb, so as to execute the awful deed that is to plunge him into the unfathomable abyss of the burning lake. Just at this moment the curtain falls.

The agony in the garden is almost as vividly depicted, The care-worn Christ takes the three favored disciples, goes a short distance with them, leaves them to watch, and passing a few steps further, falls kneeling on the earth. Such plaintive tones! such anguish of soul! As he rises, the bloody sweat is issuing from the pores of his skin, and his face is spotted with the gore. He comes to his disciples, returns and prays a second and a third time, until he seems suffused with blood. It is an awful spectacle, and frequent sobs and floods of tears from eyes unused to weep betray the deep feeling in the vast assembly.

Being brought before the pompous, voluptuous Herod, he is mocked, and the frivolous king demands of him some display of his power, in the way of jugglery, interpretation of dreams and the working of miracles. Then follow the mockery of the populace, the crown of thorns, the scourging and the mock robe. These scenes are extremely distressing and fill the breast of the spectator with thrilling sensations. Next the choice between Christ and Barabbas is taken, in the midst of a tumultuous throng, and soon the innocent one is seen bearing his own cross to the "place of a skull." Ho! he faints! he falls exhausted beneath the heavy load, and Simon is forced to bear it to Golgotha.

The next scene discloses the bleeding Saviour nailed to the tree, which is raised and rudely thrust into the hole prepared for it. The malefactors are already suspended on either side, and the railing, mocking multitude joins them in deriding him. Soon the weeping Marys appear, and the

loving disciple, wringing his hands, with tears of anguish streaming down his cheeks. The thief repents, Mary is commended to the care of John, the prayer is uttered for the forgiveness of the enemies, he bows his head and "it is finished!" We spectators, almost forgetting that we are witnessing a mere performance, sit and stare as if petrified. "Profound silence reigns, interrupted only by the convulsive sobs and half suppressed sounds of weeping of many who cannot help giving vent to the excess of their emotion. But this awful stillness lasts only for a few moments. Presently the ear is terrified by the rolling of thunder, and the scene is veiled in darkness." The mockers skulk away, and the priests are doubly bewildered at the report that the veil of the temple is "rent in twain." The descent from the cross and the resurrection close the exercises of the day, and it is now 5 o'clock P. M.

The inducements which prompt these people in performing this Passion Play have been attributed to pecuniary motives. However this may be, I am told that the performers receive only a few marks each per week, the other going to the priests. Judging from their earnestness and seriousness, I should say that they do it purely as a matter of devotion and worship. The mass of visitors, however, are evidently governed by entirely different feelings; for in the midst of the most solemn and heart-rending scenes, at a little interval, you may see hundreds of bottles and jugs turned up in every direction, plainly showing that they feel as much reverence for king Alcohol as for the sacred Person the actors are trying to represent.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## FROM MUNICH TO THE RHINE.

Walking along the street yesterday, in search of tickets and lodging, we chanced to light upon a grocery, or restaurant, in whose windows there was a considerable display of cheese. Being very fond of the article, and having gone all day without breakfast, we were about to enter, for the purpose of making a purchase. Just before reaching the door, however, we got a *smell* of it. Umph! Did you ever smell any Limberger? If you have'nt, you know what a delightful odor guano has? Well, then, you understand it. We didn't get any—didn't even go in! I don't like cheese in Germany!

Walking is very popular in this section. Quite a number of persons walked from Murnau to Ober-Ammergau yesterday—fifteen or sixteen miles. Why, then, can't we walk back? I move we try it. "All right," says my friend, who measures full six-feet-two. Here we go like Colon and Semi-colon, one behind the other. Starting soon after the Play is over, we get ahead of the principal part of the foot travelers. For seven or eight miles the string of vehicles passes us in undiminished numbers. Some of those on foot, too, who left before the closing scene, are overtaken. Hundreds more are met going to O., anticipating a repetition of the Passion Play to-morrow. We have gone eight or ten miles when we become so much fatigued, that we conclude to get into the first vehicle passing which has a vacant seat. It is an *ein-spanner* covered with white canvas. It has *wooden springs* and seats of rough boards. There are four other persons aboard, three of them pretty stout Germans. We reach Murnau just in time to take the train for Munich. Packed full of all sorts, sizes, sex and qualities of people, eating, drinking, smoking, laughing, swearing, and some

sleeping, we have a time of it, until we reach our destination, at 11 o'clock P. M. We find our hotel filled, almost to overflowing, and for some time there is doubt about getting lodging.

From Munich we start out for the Rhine district. We pass Augsburg and Ulm, so celebrated as one of the battlefields of Napoleon Bonapart. The country is pretty fair for farming, but most noted for its yield of peat. Hundreds of square acres are used exclusively for this purpose, and the amount of fuel thus obtained is wonderful. It is cut out somewhat in the form of bricks, piled up in large open heaps to dry, and is almost as black as coal. This is about their only fuel. They burn it to a considerable extent in the engines. The country is almost as level as a floor, the soil very dark and fertile, and the parts not used for peat production are covered with tall grass or waving grain. At Ulm, we cross the Danube river. Having heard so much of the "beautiful blue Danube," we are not a little disappointed at the muddy, sluggish, unsightly appearance of the stream. But such is life. There is so much more in the poetry and fiction of the age than in the reality. The beautiful cathedral is visible from the railroad. Beyond is an old abbey which marks the place where Marshal Ney gained his decisive victory over the Austrians in 1805.

Further on, we pass through a most excellent farming country. Enormous yields of wheat are being harvested by the poor women, who do most of the drudgery in Germany. There is also quite a number of poppy fields along the way, from which they secure vast quantities of opium. The hop fields are getting to be most numerous now, and both sides of the road look like dense wildernesses of poles, around which the hop-vines entwine themselves. They grow to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. We are approaching Stuttgart, the capital of

## WURTEMBERG.

This city of ninety-two thousand inhabitants, is situated on the banks of the Neckar. The neighboring hills are covered with handsomely cultivated vineyards, from which is made the celebrated Neckar wine. This little province of Germany is said to have the best common school system and the most highly educated population of any part of the globe. Their brain culture tells, too; for of all parts of Europe I have yet visited, none show so much taste and perfection in the cultivation of their farms as I see in the vicinity of Stuttgart. Even the vineyards are terraced with brick and have excellent steps arranged between the walls, the country being pretty hilly. Farther along the way, the land becomes much more level, and the crops are exceedingly good. The principal products seem to be beets and hops. From the former they make sugar, I suppose. Large quantities of wheat and hay, a good many grapes, and quite an amount of tobacco, are raised here. The wheat is especially fine, and the tobacco pretty fair.

About 3 : 30 P. M., we reach

## HEIDELBERG,

which has a population of twenty thousand, and is beautifully situated near the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine, in the Province of Baden. Of course we go to the celebrated University. It was founded in 1386, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the first institutions of learning in Europe. You would certainly never get such an impression from the appearance of things. The buildings are huge, plain, dilapidated, barn-looking establishments, which remind me more of warehouses than anything else. I cannot believe that this is the University. But my friend calls to a passer-by, who assures us that this is the veritable place. "Umph!" think we. Can this be Heidelberg University? "Ja," (yes.) Upon entering, we find a still more unsightly

spectacle. The walls are all defaced, the staircases almost torn down, and the doors in a miserable state of repair. We enter one of the lecture-rooms, to get a better view of the inner workings. The only furniture is a set of rude benches and desks, which are whittled and scratched all over, and would better become an old country school-house. I have been wondering whether our free school committees would accept such furniture *as a gift* for their purposes. We notice on a board a poster which shows they have a course in theology, as well as law and the sciences.

But there is a sad thought that comes into my mind in connection with the fame of this celebrated institution. The moral character of a large majority of the students who attend the University is left in a much worse condition than the building which I have just described—worse than ruined. This is natural from the circumstances attending their course of instruction. The young men are separated into societies, or clans, which do not mingle with each other—in fact, scorn to recognize those of other clans, I am told—and are distinguished by the color of their caps, one society wearing white, another blue, and still another green, etc. The members totally ignore those of different orders, unless they can by some means insult them.

When a young man first enters the University, the others make it a point to insult him. If the ordinary means will not accomplish this end, they heap some very grave indignity upon him. This is done to provoke a challenge for a duel, and any one who will not resent the first attack is looked upon with supreme contempt, and dubbed a “coward.” The duels are usually fought with swords, the necks of the duelist being bandaged and their eyes covered with strong goggles, so as to prevent any serious harm, their laws forbidding them to aim a blow at an assailant below the shoulders. As soon as one strikes blood, the victory is won, the seconds interpose, the affair is at an end, and the deadly (?)

foes shake hands "*across the bloody chasm*" and congratulate each other upon the valor displayed.

They pride themselves upon their wounds, which are generally upon the face, and the one who has most scars, received in this butchery, stands highest on the roll of honor, and is chief among them. Some of them have been known, says my informant, when the cuts were healing, to tear them open again with their fingers, so as to present fresh, bleeding wounds to the approving gaze of the populace. A gentleman tells me of an occurrence which took place here several years ago. A young man from America having an unusual amount of moral courage entered Heidelberg. Being well informed as to their abominable customs, he determined not to take offence at anything they might say or do. They immediately began their attacks, but he manfully resisted all their endeavors to provoke him to a challenge. Finding that these failed, they taunted him with "coward!" He coolly informed them that he had had no occasion for displaying his valor. Chagrined at their failure, they went away in disgust. Finally, one of the leaders of the contemptible plot met him in company with a young lady. He deliberately walked up and insulted her. Whereupon the American challenged him. He gladly accepted, and, thinking him to be quite a coward and a poor marksman, selected pistols with which to fight.

The day arrived, the seconds were chosen, and they went out upon the accustomed lawn. The usual crowd of spectators thronged the scene. As they walked out, according to their custom, the young German stepped forward to shake hands before the engagement. The American stepped back, withholding his hand, and assuring him that that was not his business. He calmly repeated to him the previous attempts he had made to insult him, and when all these had been repelled he insulted the lady with whom he (the American) was walking. When this was done, the decisive step was taken. "Now," said he, "I have

no hand to shake with you. When you could not insult me, you assaulted my lady friend. I have come here to kill you, and I propose to do so before leaving this ground." The young man turned pale, trembled, and tried to laugh it off; but, no! They stepped off, and the first shot sent a ball through the heart of the German. This put an end to dueling for awhile, and, I think, the account states that the young American never received another insult while there. The authorities pretend to forbid such things, but their laws are never enforced—in fact, they all go out to see them. But, as you see, their dueling is like many other things of which they are guilty—a mere sham.

Some may think this account overdrawn, but it is not. I see the students driving about the streets, with their faces all gashed, scarred and disfigured, paying far more attention to their *marks of honor* and their cigars than to their text-books. This may be looked upon as an impertinent attack upon this world-renowned institution, but I do not mean it as such, and am simply stating facts, as given me by a native German. Nor would I cast any unjust reflection upon the distinguished men who have gone out from Heidelberg. They are such as just *would be* men, in spite of surroundings. I attribute all this folly to the detestable idea which prevails all over Europe—especially on the continent—that *every man must be a soldier*.

There are some of our countrymen who think that their sons must go to school a year or more in Germany, before their education is complete. And when they return, with their minds all full of bigotry and infidelity, we call it *science*, and fall down and lick their boots. I say, away with such notions and such education from the face of the earth! And this is said with due deference to some of our learned men who have been educated here, and have made men of themselves despite all adverse surroundings.

The most interesting spot in or around Heidelberg, outside of the University, is

## THE CASTLE.

This impregnable fortress occupies a position three hundred feet above the city, and is such a fine ruin that it has been well termed the "Alhambra of Germany." Its moss-covered walls have suffered severely from the "tooth of time," and the clambering ivy but adds to the desolate appearance of the towering monarch of the Neckar. We make our way through subterranean passes as "dark as Erebus," which the continual drippings from the roofs keep damp and slimy. The Gaza-like gates and the huge doors swing on the giant hinges which have supported them for centuries past. The princely rooms once occupied by Elizabeth Stuart, wife of Elector-Palatine Frederick V., are crumbling beneath the weight of revolving years, and scarcely any part of the mammoth structure is preserved from the ravages of old Tempus, save the Museum, which contains a few local relics. Passing out upon the "Altan balcony," we obtain a charming view of the city, the winding course of the Neckar and the neighboring hills, vales and waving harvest fields.

The most wonderful of the relics is

## THE TUN.

This is an enormous vessel in the shape of a hogshead. It was made in 1751 and is larger than some houses. It holds eight hundred hogsheads, fifty thousand gallons, or three hundred thousand bottles. It is said to have been filled with wine three times. What was the thing made for? Now I cannot answer this; but maybe, it was intended for the wine of the Royal family, or to preserve life in case of a siege. I did not think to ask those who built it—in fact, I think they have removed to another country.

But there is one thing that I shall not soon forget. Looking around at the walls of the apartment, I see what seems

to be a very old clock. A little wire projects from the bottom of it. Seeing me scrutinizing it pretty closely, the keeper informs me that this is a very old piece of "*chronology*," and that, if I will pull the wire, it will strike. (Mother Eve never had any more curiosity, not even when she bit that apple.) So up I walk, give the wire a little jerk and—out jumps a long-tailed monkey, right into my face! Would you think the impudent—er—er—what shall I call him?—had the audacity to coolly say, "It is simply one of the jester's tricks"? I don't mean to pull any more wires while I remain in Germany!

We take dinner at "Hotel del' Europe," where we meet several persons who came over on the same vessel with us. What a pleasure just to meet any one whom we have seen before, in this far-off country! The grounds surrounding the hotel are handsomely arranged. There are several fruit trees of the choicest kind set out in different places, while the space between is richly ornamented with rare flowers and verdant slopes, among which sporting fountains play.

Crossing the Rhine at Mannheim, we make our way to

#### WORMS.

The place is very greatly reduced in size. There are now but twelve thousand inhabitants, where there used to be seventy thousand. Here Luther boldly defended his doctrines at the Diet held in 1521, when almost every one thought he would be martyred for his Reformatory sentiments. Why here is the very church in which the Diet assembled, and as I walk among its aisles, the bold words of Luther, spoken in answer to the remonstrances of his friends who feared his death, come echoing down through more than three and a half centuries: "I would go to Worms, if there were as many devils there as tiles on the roofs of the houses." What a thrill they awaken in my bosom, as I

think of the grand old hero, who bravely stared death in the face for the sake of truth and right.

How things have changed! Close by this church now stands one of the handsomest monuments ever erected in honor of any Christian hero. Surrounded by a group of eleven life-size figures—among them three females and two sovereigns—the colossal statue of the great Reformer stands high above them all, with Bible in hand, and the following inscription marks the lofty pedestal:

“Hier stehe Ich,  
Ich kann nicht anders,  
Gott helfe mir! Amen!”

“Here I stand,  
I can do no more,  
God help me! Amen!”

Tradition informs us that Wm. Tyndale, the martyr, completed the first translation of the whole Bible into English in 1526, at Worms. The churches and most of the houses are of red sand stone, quite a popular building material in this section. The Castle at Heidelberg is of the same. Getting a good night's rest at Hotel de l'Europe, we are prepared for the travels and sight-seeing of another day.

Irish potatoes seem to be a universal growth. Wherever we go, we see vast quantities of them. The principal products are grapes and beets, and are very fine. About eight o'clock we reach Mayence. The fortifications are well worth the attention of the visitor, but we are in too much of a hurry to give them much notice. Going on down to the boat, my eye is attracted by two mills, which are situated in the middle of the river. They are anchored and float on the surface of the water. The wheels are *undershot* and are turned by the current, which is very swift. People have to go to mill in boats.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE STORIED RHINE.

At nine o'clock, we board the steamer, "Kaiser und König Wilhelm," and prepare ourselves for the scenery along the banks of the storied Rhine. I say "*storied*," because it is more *storied* than, perhaps, any other part of my trip. The painter's brush and poet's pen have given such pictures of fancy, as to make us think it like the bowers of Eden which "showered down roses upon the sleeping lovers."

They tell us of

"The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth and Gothic walls between,  
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,  
In mockery of man's art; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er its banks, tho' empires near them fall."

Many other, and as fanciful and farcical, portraitures are given. But the reality of a visit very greatly modifies these highly colored narratives. I should be very greatly disappointed at the scenery, but for the meeting of some one a few days ago who had just taken the trip. This prepared me for it. I would advise one who wishes to enjoy the Rhine to make this trip before visiting Switzerland and the Alps. Oh, everything looks so tame! True, there are beautiful slopes, rugged cliffs, rocky crags, mouldering castles, now converted into picturesque residences for the *aristocracy* of Germany, and richly cultivated vineyards, whose fruit is converted into wine for the palate of princes and crowned heads; but leaving out the ruins, the castles and the splendid cultivation of the naturally attractive declivities, the scenery along the Hudson River is just as handsome; nay more so. I see nothing to surpass

the grandeur and beauty of the Palisades, the Adirondack Heights, the lovely slopes and magnificent residences along the Hudson. So, if you wish to make a cheap trip up the Rhine, just take a day boat up the Hudson to Albany. But I am anticipating.

There is nothing of very special interest until we reach

#### BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

Indeed, there isn't much here. It is a little town of six thousand inhabitants, occupying a lovely site near the stream. How my imagination had pictured "fair Bingen on the Rhine!" But alas! Here is the little island on which the "Mouse Tower" stands, where Bishop Hatto, the hoarder of corn in time of famine, is said to have been devoured by the vermin his own granaries engendered. Imagine the scene! But even the romance of all this is now destroyed. Let me give you what Dr. Thwing says of Bingen:—

"At the railway station I soberly asked a young man, who seemed to be a resident, if he had ever heard of a soldier of the Legion who once 'lay dying at Algiers,' and who made frequent mention of 'loved Bingen,' 'calm Bingen,' 'dear Bingen on the Rhine.' Strange to say, he could not recall any circumstance of the kind, at least among the young men of his acquaintance in the town, nor had he ever heard of Mrs. Norton, or her grandfather, the brilliant Sheridan. Foiled in this, I repressed my curiosity as to Archbishop Hatto, formerly a retired clergyman in that neighborhood, who once made a corner in grain and got cornered himself in a small tower which I had just passed, indeed was eaten up by mice, if Southey tells the truth."

Going down, we pass the "Seven Rocks, which represent the seven beautiful, cruel Flirts, whose heart-breaking coquetries the siren Lurley recompensed by converting them into congenial stones." Young ladies, *beware!!* I must

also mention the Liebenstein and Sternberg castles, built in honor of two brothers who fell in love with the same lady. "She accepted the younger. He left for the Crusades and returned with a Greek bride. The elder, whose noble nature had respected the rights of the absent, challenged him for his perfidy. The fair betrayed reconciled the combatants, and took the veil at Bornhofen Convent," further down the stream.

At Coblenz, situated near the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, is St. Castor's church, where the grandchildren of Charlemagne met in 843 to divide the empire. At Ehrenbreitstein, the "Gibraltar of the Rhine," are the famous and impregnable fortifications, which will contain provisions for ten thousand men for ten years. Here is the village of Weissenthurm, where the Romans are said to have crossed the Rhine in the first century, and the French, in 1797. Railroads run along both banks of the stream, and it is quite an interesting sight to watch the trains plunging into, and emerging from, the numerous tunnels which lie beside the river.

We now draw a halt at Bonn, the site of another of Germany's universities. We do not stop to visit this, nor to look into the birth-place of Beethoven. In fact, we don't even take the time to see Kreutzberg church, about a mile away, which is said to contain the stairs of Pilate's Judgment Hall! We have witnessed wonders enough of this kind.

#### COLOGNE.

This city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, is located immediately upon the banks of the Rhine, and is the point at which most travelers take the boat for the best view of the scenery along this celebrated stream. From this point down, the country is quite level and monotonous, and there is nothing of special interest to tourists.

Cologne, like Milan, is celebrated for its splendid new

cathedral, which is said to be the finest in the world. It is not nearly so large as the one at Milan, but is indeed a handsome piece of architecture. This is the first objective point, and we wend our way thitherward, as soon as we can divest ourselves of our luggage. We have gone only a short distance, before we are fully convinced that this place has the wrong name—Cologne. On every side, the filthy water from the wash-tubs, the dye-pots, the bath-rooms, (if they have such things,) the horse-stables and the manufacturing establishments, almost thick with the offal and refuse from the hotels, restaurants, beer saloons and vegetable and fruit stalls, streams along the streets, and in some places we nearly have to wade, in order to cross. You may imagine the stench created by such a state of things. And yet they call this *Cologne*! Did the place derive its name from the perfumery manufactured here, or *vice versa*? "*Vice versa*," I suppose, as we call it "*Eau de Cologne*." Of one thing I am pretty well convinced—they cannot get much more from this section; for they have extracted all the *sweetness* from the whole surrounding country now, and sent it off in the form of perfumes, and there seems to be nothing left but dregs. Their cologne is getting to be pretty weak, too. Everybody has to buy some, of course. To *be in the fashion*, I purchase a large bottle, but when I leave and try it, behold!—I get mine, too, where they say they have the "original and only genuine" recipe for making it—the pure "*Johann Maria Farina*." Am glad I didn't get any of the lower grades—especially glad I didn't put any of it on my handkerchief.

But we started out to the cathedral. It is not very difficult to find, for the double spires tower far above every surrounding object, to the fabulous height of six hundred feet. It was begun in 1283, and *they say* that it will be completed next Saturday, after an interval of five hundred and ninety-seven years, when all the scaffolding will be removed, and its five thousand statues and statuettes—all on the outside

—will be presented to the wondering gaze of the astonished thousands, who will be present to witness the wonderful spectacle. Every little niche, corner and turret is crowned with at least one piece of statuary, and they all together present a bewildering picture. The paintings on the inside are very handsome, and the stained-glass windows are beautiful.

We next go around to St. Ursula's church, with a hope of seeing the eleven thousand and one skulls which empanel its interior. These were taken from the heads of virgin Missionaries, who were driven up the Rhine by a storm in company with the Saint. The Huns wished to marry them, failing in which they martyred them! But we are so late that the doors are closed.

When we sit down to dinner, we find surroundings not much more decent looking, comparatively speaking, than what we have witnessed on the streets. But when one travels all day and looks with both eyes, he feels as if he can eat almost anything. The odors which greet our *nasal* organs, as we make our way up to the topmost story at the hotel, are anything else than pleasant. But, by holding our noses, we manage to reach our room in safety.

We retire pretty early, but are soon aroused by the sound of sweet music, which steals softly through the lattice of the windows. As we look out upon the rolling waters of the swelling stream which passes along nearly under our window, a lovely scene greets our vision. The opposite bank is brilliantly illuminated with variegated gas lights, which are partially reflected from the restless waters below, and rivaled only by the beauties of the starlit firmament above. These are the outskirts of the grounds surrounding a large beer-garden, I understand—so much like the spider's web, beautiful and attractive without, but entangling the unsuspecting victims who unfortunately come within its bewitching portals and leading them into the jaws of utter destruction. Alas! alas!! How long shall we be cursed

with these dens of perdition which issue forth streams of palatable beverage that are converted into liquid fire, eat up the vital parts of man's existence, gnaw at the heart-strings of every benevolent sensation and engulf his immortality in the lake "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched"?

In the morning as we are passing down one of the principal streets, we hear an unusual noise, as if some one were in great distress. At the same time, there comes the sound of wheels rattling over the stone pavement, and the barking of a dog. We scarcely have time to look around and jump



out of the way, (for the streets are very narrow, and nearly every body walks in the middle of them, except when thronged with vehicles,) when we witness a novel spectacle. We find that the noise proceeds from a woman, who comes dashing down the street at the top of her speed, hitched between the shafts of a cart, with a dog that is harnessed to the axle! She is a fruit and vegetable vender, the cart is well-nigh full, and she is crying aloud to attract purchasers. This, we find, is only one among many, for this is their principal mode of selling such things. Just to think of the women of a country being reduced to such a state of degradation! But this is not the worst of it.

Yesterday we met a native German, who has been living in the United States for fifteen years, and who is now over here with his wife, on a visit to his relatives. Being thoroughly acquainted with their language and speaking English as well, he is prepared to gain information which others could not possibly obtain. He told me that it was the custom all over this country for the women to do nearly or quite all the hard work. The men must all join the army for a certain number of years. The soldiers of this part of Europe are even more numerous than the priests of Italy. The little State of Belgium, about one-half as large as South Carolina, keeps a standing army of forty-five thousand men in time of peace, nearly twice as large as that of the United States; and, in time of war, it furnishes over one hundred thousand men! The soldiers are the only ones, outside of the *aristocracy*, that are looked upon with much respect, and it would amuse you to see how self-important a corporal, or a third lieutenant, feels. The President of the United States is "*small potatoes*" compared with him, judging from his appearance. These bloody men of Mars strut about the streets in high boots, cocked-hats and white gloves, with their swords and sabres dangling by their sides, scarcely deigning to turn a glance of recognition upon the plodding sister or careworn mother, who may chance to fall into his pathway, bearing the heavy burdens of life and laboring hard to secure food for the "*soldier boy*." And let a strange lady come in his way, and if she does not take good care of her-self and get out as quickly as possible, he pushes her out, or runs against her—simply because she is a *woman*!

They use these *beasts of burden* (women) to unload their railroad cars, and vessels as well. And during the season of fertilization of the vineyards, you may see scores of women trudging up the rugged slopes of the hills, with baskets of dry, or buckets of liquid, manure on their heads! I am told that, farther interior, the men hitch their wives to carts with donkeys and make them pull enormous loads. I saw

an American a few days ago, who told me that he witnessed this appalling spectacle in Vienna. The women are abject slaves to the men, and the men to the government. A man does not dare find fault with the Emperor William, or any department of the government. If he does, and "this come to the Governor's ears," there is no persuading him, but the poor victim is cast into prison. Furthermore, one cannot even express his views of the "powers that be" through the press, unless they comport with the wishes of His Royal Highness. And if one of lower rank in society happens to meet one of superior standing, he must tip his hat, or he is deemed guilty of a grave misdemeanor.

The German, of whom I spoke just now, told me of a controversy he had with a portier at one of the hotels. He was poking fun at the portier for taking off his hat and bowing with such reverence to the aristocrats and men in authority, who happened to be passing. The latter would not believe the assertions of the former, that every man stood on the same footing, to a certain extent, in the United States, and that he would not think of bowing so humbly, even to the President. About this time a carriage drove up. The portier informed him that it contained the American Ambassador to Constantinople, who was making his way through Europe on business. The gentleman from the new world walked up to the Ambassador, introduced himself, told him where he was from, conversed for some time, exchanged cards, the officer apologized for being in a hurry to meet a certain train, cordially shook hands and drove off, both politely raising their hats. The portier stood by in utter amazement, and when the Ambassador was gone, didn't want to believe that he was an officer in the employment of the United States government.

Before the days of Napoleon Bonaparte, the middle and lower classes of people in many parts of Europe were in a most degraded and degrading state of slavery. The colored people of the South never suffered such bondage. But the

principles of popular liberty, instilled into the minds of the masses by this great benefactor of humanity, tended considerably to elevate these abject slaves. There has never been a temporal deliverer who has done so much for the amelioration of the condition of the people of Europe, as Napoleon Bonaparte. The benevolent institutions founded and planned by his wonderful genius dot the plains of the Old World, from the burning sands of Africa to the frozen climes of the North; and I am not surprised that the people of the present generation, notwithstanding the anathemas and reproaches hurled at the fallen hero by proud England and the crowned heads of the Continent, rise up and call him blessed.

Nor has all the servitude of the people passed away. My German friend tells me of a man he met, while in the neighborhood of his native home, who, with his wife and six good-sized children, worked as tenants on the land of a certain lord, for the paltry sum of one and a half marks per day—about thirty-seven cents!—two grown persons and six children large enough to labor on a farm, and earn thirty-seven cents a day!

The same gentleman tells me of an exploit he took in London. To convince himself that Germany was not the only place of suffering, he employed a cabman and directed him to drive to the poorest part of the city. The driver hesitated for a while, but when he insisted, he drove off. After passing through narrow streets, dirty alleys and among a mass of filthy humanity for sometime, he finally paused in what seemed to be the very midst of a pit of degradation and misery. He was so powerfully wrought upon by the sight of suffering and want, that he ordered the cabman to drive away as rapidly as possible.

With all this degradation lying around their own hearthstones, these European aristocrats have the audacity to stigmatize an American, whenever and wherever they find an

opportunity, heaping upon us such epithets as "ignorant," "vulgar," "rude," and such like.

The following is a synopsis of a conversation between two Englishmen, which was overheard in the dining-room at a hotel in Geneva. The two *noblemen* (?) were sitting at a table on the opposite side of the room from a party of ladies. Said one of the lords of creation, "Is that the Hon. Mrs. A. just over there?" "Why, no!" retorted the other, with an air of disgust and contempt, and a curl of the upper lip; "they are nobody but Americans; and you know *they never get into society!*" I simply mention this to show in what esteem we poor *brutes* are held by the haughty *nobles* whom we so delight to honor when they favor us with a visit.

But this is long enough for me to keep you in Cologne. So now we will strike across a fine farming country to

#### BRUSSELS,

the capital of Belgium, a city of two hundred and sixty-two thousand inhabitants. The place was formerly noted for the manufacture of the famous Brussels carpets, but now they give more attention to the art of lace-making. We go into one of these manufactories, expecting to find quite a display of the mechanic arts. But lo! up on one side of a small room, sit about a half dozen haggard looking women, having on their laps large cushions stuck full of pins, around and among which they are tossing long spools of thread, shaped somewhat like an old fashioned spinning-stick. The pins are so arranged in the cushions as to form the figures desired in the lace, and the threads are thrown over each other in such a way as to plait, tie or braid them. It takes them days, and sometimes weeks, to finish one design. No wonder Brussels lace is costly.

We next go around to "Hotel de Ville" or City Hall, in one room of which the Duchess of Richmond's ball was held in 1815, from which the "opening cannon's roar" called

the Iron Duke to Waterloo. The battle-field of Waterloo is only twelve miles distant, but the weather is rather unfavorable, and we decide not to go out. We cannot see everything this time.

We now go into the House of Parliament which is in session. They use quills instead of steel or gold pens, and wafers, in the place of mucilage, for sealing purposes. We must pay to see the Royal Palace, the Museum, in fact everything that we look at. Expect to be called on for a few francs for walking through the park.

We will also take a ride around the boulevards. The only means of travel is on the street cars. The cabmen have entered into an agreement not to carry any one after a certain hour in the afternoon. The city authorities have put their tariffs down pretty low, and this is the way they take revenge. Brussels is very modern in appearance, and makes one think he is in Paris. Most of the cities of Europe seem to try to imitate the Parisian styles of architecture, as well as the fashions and customs of the gay metropolis.

Going some miles in a circular course, we come to a place where two of these great thoroughfares cross. Here we see illuminations and side shows, without number. Among them is an anatomical establishment of wax-works. My friend ventures in, but soon comes bolting out, almost as pale as a corpse—sick at the pictures of suffering he has witnessed. It is now getting late, and we wend our weary way back to Hotel de Grande Mirror, where we get a refreshing night's rest.

Very early in the morning we board the cars for another port. We are nearing the coast again, and the wind-mills are becoming quite numerous.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## ANTWERP.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Antwerp understand English. The national language is French. Until the Spanish Inquisition, this was one of the principal commercial cities of Europe, and had a population of two hundred thousand. This bloody outrage drove many of its most prosperous citizens away, and blockaded the waters of the Scheldt. Succeeding revolutions operated against its commerce, until the number was greatly reduced, and it has only one hundred and thirty thousand at the present time.

Antwerp was the home of the celebrated Rubens, and there is a very large and handsome collection of his paintings in the Museum. We have the pleasure of a visit to his home. Several specimens of his work are to be found here, but his most elaborate and world renowned pieces are in the Cathedral, viz: "Descent from the Cross," his best work, "Elevation of the Cross," "The Resurrection" and "The Assumption." These are all admirable specimens of art, and the first two are very vivid portrayals of the sufferings of the Saviour.

There are some of the finest pieces of wood carving in several of the churches to be found anywhere. The most wonderful of these is the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," a pulpit, representing the disciples (life-size, or nearly so,) pulling at the net whose open meshes show the multitude of the finny tribe taken. Even the twists in the cord are plainly visible, and you can clearly see the scales, and almost imagine you observe their fluttering, so perfect is the work.

Not far from the Cathedral is an old well which everybody visits, because of the romance connected with it. The curb is all of wrought iron, and is the work of Quentin

Massys, a blacksmith, who became enamored of the daughter of a painter, but the father refused to give his consent to the marriage, because of his avocation. He exchanged the anvil for the palette, soon distinguished himself as an artist, in fact excelled the father of his lady-love, and won the prize. He is said to have done much toward raising the school of painting in Antwerp.

The Museum is a lovely place. The painter's brush and palette have lavishly strewn bright jewels here, for there was a time when Antwerp was a cradle of art and second only to Florence. Here lived not only Rubens and Massys, but also Van Dyck, Teniers, Jordaens, De Craeyer, Zegers, Snyders and numerous others less distinguished. Their richest productions adorn the walls of this ancient structure and call forth the admiration of the thousands of tourists who annually visit its celebrated halls. But one becomes satiated even with beauty. After seeing the thousands of magnificent paintings in Paris, Versailles, Rome, Florence, Naples and London, we feel that we have seen a sufficiency of such things. And yet there is one small painting which, above all others, impresses me. It is one of Massys' works, called the "Head of Christ." It represents the head of Jesus crowned with thorns, just after the scourging and buffeting. The whole face is covered with blood, the crown of thorns still piercing his brow, and a look of utter exhaustion plays over his features. And yet the whole is a perfect picture of meekness and resignation.

But the most interesting spectacle I witness in Antwerp is the operation of an artist who has no hands. He was born armless. As I walk around admiring the beautiful works of art exhibited in the Museum, I am attracted by the movements of a gentleman of strange form and stranger dress, who comes in, takes a seat in front of a half-finished portrait, kicks off his slippers and begins his manoeuvres. He wears a kind of mitten on his feet, so that his toes are free to act their part. It is quite warm, and he first takes

off his hat (a beaver), gets his handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes the perspiration off his face as gracefully as if he had two hands. Now he takes a very small key from his vest pocket, I think, unlocks a small box containing his palette, colors and brushes, opens it, raises a little bag by one corner, shakes out the brushes, which fall upon the floor and from which he makes his selections, and adjusts his rest, which consists of a rod in three parts, connected together by metallic thimbles. Now he takes up the palette with his left foot, sticks his great toe through the hole, wipes his brush on a cloth held on the palette under his toe, mixes his paints and goes to work, with a grace and ease that are amazing. He sits on a small round stool about eighteen inches high, has both feet up at the same time, using them just like hands, and yet having no support for his body. And for all this, his "*pedipulations*" are as graceful as can be imagined,—indeed if I did not know they were feet, I should say he had hands.

He is copying Rembrandt's "Saskia Uilenburg," the portrait of his first wife. He is just finishing the delicate colorings of the neck, and the whole is well executed. He tells us that he was born in Antwerp, began to study the art of painting at twenty-eight years of age, and is now fifty. He has a pleasant face and converses well in French and English. He gives us both his card and a photograph of himself. His name is James Fêlu.

Friday, August 13th, about 4 o'clock P. M., we bid farewell to the Continent and board the "Claud Hamilton" for Harwich, England. Pretty soon the whistle blows, off we go, and shortly the house-tops and then the steeples begin to fade from sight. For fifty miles or more we glide smoothly along the placid waters of the Scheldt, whose quiet bosom reflects the golden rays of the setting sun and duplicates the fleecy clouds which float serenely through the azure sky.

The waters begin to expand, the verdant banks and

grassy slopes recede on either side, the "lowing herds" and sporting flocks graze lazily in the distance and the far off villages peep out from their green veils in the remote horizon, while innumerable cottages sweetly repose on the soft carpets of green spread by the hand of Omnipotence. Oh, the thought of being sea-sick again! Who can keep back the vivid pictures that will intrude themselves, like some unwelcome visitant, as one contemplates recrossing the Channel? What a pity that one must think of such things in the midst of such beauties. As I came over the Atlantic, I tried every antidote prescribed to vanquish the dread monster, but they all proved unavailing. I propose now to try a stratagem of my own. So before we get out into rough water, I find my berth, and am soon folded in the arms of old Morpheus. The next thing I know I am in sight of Harwich, without a vestige of sickness. How I wish one could sleep all the way across the Atlantic! Wouldn't it save him a great deal of *uneasiness*?

Now comes another trouble. When the boat draws up to the dock, there is a string of custom officers awaiting our arrival, ready to plunge headlong into our trunks, valises, &c. No sooner are we on shore than we are marched in, single file, across a little bridge-looking gang-way, into the custom house. There is no escape. Every valise, box, trunk, and package must be opened. It matters not what pretty tale you tell them, nor how nicely you have your baggage arranged, they *will see the bottom piece*. It is a strong temptation to want to strike such head-strong specimens of humanity, but we desist, seeing so many of them, and fearing that the others might feel slighted unless they were treated in the same way. Besides, we do not wish to get them into trouble. Just see how they strew things! Here go my pants, coat, vest, and—but I will not enter into details. They take out everything—even my bottle—of cologne.

This done, we make our way to the cars which are in

waiting. Soon they are in motion, and we are moving toward London, at the rate of about forty miles an hour. The engines over here are queer looking machines. They are rather small and are without ploughs or "cow-catchers," reminding one very much of sand-crabs, as they can run as well backward as forward. There is no need of the "cow-catchers," since a man is indicted if his cattle are found on the railroad. Quite the opposite with us. But they do a good many things backwards in Europe—I mean we do.

Now we are passing through one of the most interesting parts of England. Rich fields of mellow, ripening grain wave luxuriantly above the soil where once the Romans, the Goths, the Vandals, the Saxons and the Britons pitched their bloody battles. The farmers frequently plough up some of the remains of their crude implements of destruction, as well as fragments of the vessels used for cooking purposes, in their semi-barbarous state, that have lain buried here for many centuries.

Here is Colchester, still surrounded by a wall built by the Romans hundreds of years ago. This looks like bringing Italy to England. How I wish we had the time to spend a week here and examine the old castle, which is nearly twice as large as the Tower of London.

We are now entering the suburbs of the great metropolis again. The sea of houses spreads along our way for miles, and finally we stop at the Great Eastern Railroad station. It is about ten miles to our boarding house, and so we take the under-ground railway train and are soon landed at "Charing Cross" station, two minutes' walk from our hotel. What a relief to be again where one can speak in his native tongue and be understood by everybody. Why, just to think, the little boys along the streets understand us; the policemen understand us; the cabmen understand us; the restaurant keepers understand us, and even the servants can understand us perfectly well. And we can converse

with anybody, "just as easy!" Why, I feel as if I am in fairy land, so delightful is the change.

And this is not the only pleasant part of it. I find some letters awaiting me—the first news from home since I left the shores of America. There is no chance to learn anything about our great country from the papers of Europe. Why, the people know more about Australia than they do of the great American Republic, judging from the space given each in the columns of the newspapers. But for the "thrashing" that George Washington gave Lord Cornwallis, and the fact that Canada is tacked on to one edge of our grand country, I suppose they would completely ignore us. This reminds me. Let me give you a picture of the aristocracy of this country, as I have already spoken of the laboring classes:

We will suppose ourselves on Oxford or Queen street. Here comes a phæton, dashing by us, drawn by a span of splendid bays. In front are the driver and livery-man, both dressed alike, and somewhat as follows: high beaver hat, generally white, with broad black band; light colored gloves, extending nearly to the elbows; long, yellow boots, with pants stuck in the legs; buff or black pants, and coat to correspond, the breast of which is almost covered with bright, dazzling brass buttons. The livery man sits with his arms folded across his breast, and they both seem to have swallowed a poker with the crook turned back, neither of them deigning to even glance one way or the other. On the seats just behind them sit the elite of London—two or more gentlemen or ladies, (generally the latter, sometimes both,) with from one to a half dozen lap dogs. These have fancy collars or brilliant bands of ribbon around their necks, and sit with their heads perched over the edge of the vehicle, a part of them looking out on each side, and occasionally kissing their owners. They drive up to a fashionable dressing establishment and stop, the livery-man dismounts, tips his hat, opens the door and steps back, bowing until he forms

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a semi-circle of himself. The ladies step out, (they generally have to wait upon themselves, even though there be gentlemen (?) in the same carriage,) gather up their "trails" in one arm and their dogs in the other, and "put for" the door. I don't wish to follow them any further. If you want to see any more, you must go alone.

That is one turn-out; here is another. A gentleman or lady desires to take a ride alone. This time he or she sits in front—only one seat—driving two horses, one hitched directly before the other, and, I think, between the same traces, or an extension of the same. In this case there is a little box seat behind for the liveryman, and he sits there with the same air of self-importance which he manifested in the other case; in fact, he looks as if he owns one-half of England. Now, to tell the truth, I am at a loss to decide which is the lord and which the servant, until I make some inquiries upon the subject; being rather inclined to think that the latter is the gentleman, judging from his restful and dignified attitude.

These are the ways they ride. Sometimes they walk, though not often. We common people ride in cabs or omnibuses, because it is cheaper, preferring a seat on top of the "buss," so that we can see as we pass along. The aristocrats never ride in this way, except when forced to it by a shower of rain, or something of the kind. One day we are caught out in a shower. One of these favorites of fortune is in the same condition. He has his dog with him—most of them have. The omnibus being full, he has to climb up on the top. He gathers up his pet, gets up and takes a seat with us. It is really a treat to get so near one of the strange creatures, they are such curiosities. But when he starts down, he picks up his dog, and is kissed and licked by it, *right in the face*, several times before he reaches the pavement.

There goes a lady. She has her dog, too. Coming to a street-crossing, she stoops down and picks him up, and

strides across. It will never do to leave "Pug" on the ground. He might get run over, and oh, what a misfortune! Now, don't think that they have lap-dogs in England only; this would be a mistake. They have them all over Europe, and the further you go the more *dogs* you meet. They think more of their dogs than they do of their wives and children. They allow their children to play on the streets and in the public gardens with other children, and their wives to go out alone, even at night, to the beer gardens and places of amusement, but their dogs—*never!* I am so glad that I was not born an aristocrat in Europe, to be licked by the dogs, neglected and ruined by my parents and forsaken by God.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### BACK IN ENGLAND.

For one thing at least, I shall be glad when I get back to America. Somehow, I have always been fond of eating, and the better the food, the better it pleases me. But I have gotten into such a habit of it, that it is impossible for me to refrain from eating. If this had not been so, life would have been extinct ere this, for I think they can get up some of the oddest excuses for food over here that it is possible to conceive of. In some places they eat mushrooms, snails, frogs, terrapins, mussels, and, I expect, cats, rats, horses and donkeys. Maybe they have fed us on some of these *dainty* dishes—can't tell; for they have a way of covering everything with a kind of dough and converting it into a pie, so that we don't know which is kitten and which is frog. One thing I know; if I have to eat this bread much longer, my teeth will be worn out. Almost as lief be chewing a piece of India-rubber, except for the taste. They eat but little

bread over here, and I am not surprised, since I've tried it. What they have looks somewhat as if it had been made shortly after the French Revolution. The loaves are round, about three inches in diameter, and from one to three feet long.

Let me tell you of a lunch we had fixed up one day, as we were going over the mountains. The bundle was of pretty good size, and so we did not examine it before starting. Two other Americans were going the same way, and when we took down our package, we invited them to partake with us. When we opened it—behold! there was about as much bread in it as could be made into a common sized biscuit, and about a dozen slices of tough ham, (expect it was donkey), and half-cooked beef, with the blood running out of it. This is the way they eat their meat. You remember I said they didn't eat much bread. Well, actually, I don't think I have seen a piece of fresh, warm bread since I left North Carolina. Wish I had a biscuit. Am tempted to adopt Mark Twain's course, and make out a bill of fare and send it home to be ready, warm and smoking when I arrive.

There is one other thing of which I must speak—the cabs. They are about the strangest vehicles in creation. Most of them have only two wheels, are pulled by one horse, are covered with stiff wooden frames that are never put down, and have little folding doors in front, to be closed in case of rain or cold weather, which extend from the foot nearly as high as the chin. The driver's seat is up behind and nearly on a level with the top of the cab, while the reins pass over the covering and above the heads of the persons inside. Each driver has a long whip, and he knows how to use it.

Sunday morning we go around to Mr. Spurgeon's Sunday school. I have spoken of their work in a previous chapter, and will not repeat here. Later we enter the prayer-meeting, that mighty fulcrum on which Mr. Spurgeon's lever of

power operates with such telling results. Mr. Spurgeon has just returned from a two weeks' vacation and seems very much rested.

At night—or rather in the afternoon, for they have preaching at 6:30 o'clock, when the sun is up and shining—I attend services at Dr. Newman Hall's church. Dr. Hall is the celebrated Congregationalist, and is very popular in London. In fact, his fame has spread until it has reached the shores of distant lands. Nor is it undeserved, for he is indeed a fine preacher. He reads the account of Elisha and the Shunemite, as an opening exercise, and preaches from Mark ix: 24, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." And it is a most excellent effort. Have heard but very few sermons that surpassed it, both as a literary production and a soul-inspiring discourse. But there are one or two things lacking to make Dr. Hall's church a perfect success. Notwithstanding the silent prayer which the minister called upon the congregation to engage in just before the sermon, and which is very unusual in the churches generally, yet there is a stiffness and a formality in everything that freezes one and dries up the fountain of one's feelings. They use the ritualistic ceremonies of the church of England, and keep us rising, kneeling, sitting, bowing most of the time. But the worst feature of it all is the conduct of the assistant pastor, who reads the prayers and leads in the exercises. While the people are kneeling and mumbling their responses, he is kneeling on an elevation in the choir. And as the listless multitude throng the doors, in the midst of his pretended prayers, he is watching them, looking first at one door and then at the other. Perhaps you say, if I were praying as I should be, I would not see all this. Yes, that is true; but how can one pray in such confusion, and when the minister himself is simply repeating, in a sing-song way, what some priest or bishop wrote centuries ago, and the choir, joined by the people, are chanting their monotonous "Amens"? They even sing their prayers.

I cannot refrain from drawing a comparison between the exercises as conducted here and those at Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. The church here is not nearly so large, although it cost sixty thousand pounds sterling, three hundred thousand dollars. And yet it is not more than two-thirds filled. On the contrary, the tabernacle is crowded to overflowing at every service, while hundreds go away unable to find even standing room.

There is one thing which I have noticed over here, some in England, but more on the Continent, especially in Germany and France. A well-bred German or Frenchman never thinks of entering a railroad car or taking a seat at a table without first speaking to every one who notices his presence. And when he arises to leave, the polite bow invariably follows.

#### A VISIT TO THE PRISON.

Mr. Palmore, my friend, is chaplain of the State prison at Jefferson City, Missouri, and is anxious to visit some of the prisons in London. He consequently obtains permission—he must have a written permit from the general superintendent, or he cannot gain admittance—and we go around. Would like to tell you how we are carried from room to room, from place to place, how many persons we have to see and report to, and in how many books we have to register our names, before we are shown around. This abominable red tape!

It is a very large brick structure, well guarded and with every precaution for safety taken. The building is all in one, and the wings radiate from a grand centre and connect with other wings forming a kind of polyhedron. There are eight hundred inmates, six hundred males and two hundred females. Among them I see one negro. The prisoners are separated and kept so. Those old in crime and hardened in the ways of vice are not allowed to associate with those of

more tender years. I am told that the result of this separation is most happy. Nearly all of them do their work locked up in their respective cells.

They have two chapels where they assemble for worship. A Catholic priest, as well as a regular chaplain, is employed by the State to conduct services. Besides this, they have three teachers, who spend two hours a day one day in the week, and whose duty it is to give the ignorant ones a plain English education. The guard informs me that the results are quite satisfactory, many of the prisoners learning to read and write by this means.

There is also a library from which books are distributed to those who can read. They used to have a system of punishments for those who were fractious, more especially among the military convicts. They were required to turn huge, heavy cranks, which had registers to indicate the number of revolutions, and they were required to turn them twelve or fourteen thousand times a day. If this muscular force had been properly applied, it might have been made to accomplish much good. Here are some of the cranks now, and they are so heavy that I can with difficulty turn them.

It takes all kinds of people, and a good many of them, to constitute a world. As I am going down the Strand about dusk, I am accosted by a young man who walks beside me for some distance before I pay him much attention. After trying in various ways to attract me, and failing in all, he finally speaks to me. I merely reply and pass on. He follows and tries to enlist my interest in a conversation. He says that he is from America, lives a few miles west of Chicago, and is in London in the interest of some large grain establishment. He tells me how lonely he feels, and how delighted he is to meet a fellow-countryman. He next asks me about a certain theatre in the neighborhood, of which he has heard. I tell him that I know nothing of it, as I never go to such places. He makes a few more such thrusts,

and I tell him that I believe I will walk back toward toward my hotel, as I am pretty tired. So we part.

As I walk around a block and come back upon the Strand, I am met by another man who serves me quite like the first. I thought before that he was a "sharper," and now I am fully convinced of it. So I immediately turn back and bid him good evening. The next day I am telling a friend of my experience, and partially describe the appearance of one of these parties, speaking of my apprehensions. He informs me that I am quite right, for a man answering to the description led him into a drinking and gambling saloon only a few days before, under the pretence of taking a glass of beer. As soon as he found out the trap, he arose and left, and thus escaped a fleecing, if not death. What a fortunate boy I am, in suspecting the villains so soon and thus getting rid of being robbed. Many an unsuspecting youth is by this means led off, and, in some cases, never heard of again.

On Wednesday, we make a short visit to

#### DORE'S GALLERY.

Mr. Dore was born in Paris, and resided there quite a number of years. But his handsome collection of paintings has, within the last few years, been transferred to London, where they are kept on exhibition. It does not consist of a large number—perhaps fifty would cover them all—but they are among the most superbly fine specimens of art of modern times. They haven't the coarse appearance of Ruben's works, nor the high coloring of Massy's and Michael Angelo's, but represent a class peculiar to the artist, and are very vivid and life-like, some of the figures seeming almost to be moving. And they are so large. "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" is on canvass twenty by thirty feet, and exhibits about two hundred faces and forms. The Saviour is, of course, the central figure, and is excellently portrayed, as

he glides through the streets of the Holy City, on the foal of an ass, while the Roman women and the Sandedrim stand close by and look spitefully on.

"The Ascension" is another admirable one, not so large, but as artistically conceived. Another side of the large hall is covered by still a larger one, representing Jesus leaving the Prætorium (judgment hall), wearing the crown of thorns and the mock robe, while the rugged cross awaits him at the foot of the steps. This latter was three years in painting, and lay unfinished and folded in the city of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. "The massacre of the Innocents," and the "Christian Martyrs," too, are especially fine. The latter is unusually graphic. It represents the Roman amphitheatre at night, after one of the bloody contests of the followers of the lowly Nazarene with the wild beasts. The pale moon hangs high in the heavens, and casts a white light upon the faces of the slain, while the ferocious animals prowl lazily over the bodies, satisfying their hunger with human gore. The scene is awful!

But by far the most striking painting of its size, is the "Dream of Pilate's Wife." The Bible, you know, has left us without any knowledge as to the nature of the dream—it simply states that she had "suffered many things concerning this man." The artist, however, has drawn a truly wonderful picture. He represents Claudia Procula, as she awakes from her slumbers, standing near her couch, with one hand on her head and the other distended, as if in great alarm, and an angel from behind whispering in her ear. The yellow light of a burning lamp in the chamber adds solemnity and gloom to the appearance of everything. Just outside the door is Mr. Dore's conception of the dream. Christ stands in the midst of an innumerable throng of martyrs, prophets, priests and kings, "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," while at his feet lies the rugged cross of persecution. These myriads of saved ones, out of every nation under heaven,

are standing around, gazing with rapture upon the Lord of their salvation, and "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of the heavenly hosts fill the air with their presence and songs of praise. In the distance, as if at the foot of the throne of Jehovah, is a white cross whose dazzling light streams downward upon the heads of the countless millions, giving them a heavenly look, and finally resting upon the immaculate Son of God.

There are several others of which I should like to speak. Suffice it to say that a visit to Dore's Gallery is well worth the trouble and expense. There is a stillness and death-like silence in the hall, which add to the solemnity of the already sacred appearance of things. No one speaks above a whisper. This is very befitting the nature of the paintings.

We make a little excursion out to

#### HAMPTON COURT,

the former residence of the crowned heads of England. The pleasure of the trip is greatly enhanced by the company of three intelligent young ladies from America. Leaving out the lovely grounds, which are studded with beautiful beds and borders of rare flowers, with an occasional orange tree bearing ripe fruit, and the carpets of green, rendered sombre by the deep shade from the stately trees, the most interesting features at Hampton are the tapestry and paintings which have decorated this royal mansion for hundreds of years. Some of the tapestry is so old that it is beginning to fall to shreds and is fast losing its original colors.

At night, we go around to Covent Garden, to attend a promenade concert. Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Annie Marriott and Mr. Maybrick, a celebrated tenor, are to sing. Between the solos, there is magnificent instrumental music, a full orchestra, by the band of the Goldstream Guards. Madame Sterling is denominated "London's Pet" as a vocalist; but I am by her somewhat as Mark Twain

was at Mannheim opera, if she were behind a screen, or in any place where I could not see her, I should think her in great distress, or that some one was trying to kill her. Such shrieks, such squawls, such faces, such twisting of her mouth—umph! And yet they tell me that it is want of cultivation in me that causes me not to like such *bellowing*. Well, yes; I suppose it is. But pray tell me the use of a man sitting down and frowning, and groaning, and enduring such unearthly noises, until he can learn to *appreciate* them? If it were like learning to eat oysters, I could undergo the trouble. But it is rather too much like learning to smoke or to chew tobacco, or to admire the shrieks of cats on the top of a house—when he has acquired a taste for it, it is not such a great accomplishment after all! If they would sing “Sweet Home,” “Windham,” “Old Hundred,” or even “Dixie,” or the “Bonnie Blue Flag,” I think I could remain to hear the last of the concert. Instead they sing “Balero,” and such things; and I know as much before they begin as I do after they have finished. And I never could bear to see anybody suffer as they seem to do in their efforts. So “I move we adjourn.” Would rather be asleep.

#### BUNHILL FIELDS.

One day I conclude to walk over to this ancient burying ground, several miles away from my boarding house. It is one of the most interesting spots in London. Its quaint looking tombs vividly remind one that he is wandering among the things of long ago. Some of the wisest and best men the world ever knew are buried here.

The grounds are divided into two parts, with a walk between, each part being surrounded by an iron fence. An old man, the keeper, stands at the front gate to direct visitors, thousands of whom come to this hallowed place annually. First of all, I inquire for the grave of John Bunyan, the holy dreamer. His is a neat, plain tomb, and was

restored by public subscription under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, May, 1862. It is somewhat in the form of a vault. On one side is a representation of the Pilgrim bending beneath his burden; on the other a cross. On the top is this simple inscription:

"JOHN BUNYAN,  
AUTHOR OF THE  
'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'  
OBT. 31st. Augt. 1688.  
AE. 60."

As I gaze upon this tribute of respect, paid to the memory of the great hero of faith, I weep, and my heart lifts itself in praise to God for the life of such a man.

And there are many other names which attract me. Here is the last resting place of John Owen, D. D.; not far away lies "Lieutenant General Chas. Fleetwood, buried 1692," Daniel Williams, D. D., founder of the Library in Red Cross Street, Isaac Watts, D. D., Daniel De Foe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Rev. Joseph Hughes, for thirty-seven years pastor of the Baptist church at Battersea. He was one of the founders of the Religious Tract Society, the originator of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and for more than thirty years, until his death, one of the Secretaries of each of these societies. Other familiar names I see—Hunter, Dodson, Savage, Dickson, Smith, Jones, and many others.

Here lie the remains of John and Charles Wesley, and their mother Susannah Wesley. But their monuments are just opposite the front gate across the street, in the grounds of City Roads Chapel, where John Wesley used to preach, and where they have collected quite a number of relics, in memory of the great and good man.

Saturday afternoon, I take a little trip out to Welling-

borough, to visit the family of \*Mr. S. J. Fall, our Agent of Emigration. Soon after I enter the cars, a nicely dressed man comes and deposits his hand luggage in the same compartment, and just opposite my seat. So doing, he steps off to a restaurant and is gone some minutes. In the meantime, the compartment is pretty well filled, but a respectable looking lady comes in, and, finding no other vacant seat, takes that on which the satchel lies. Pretty soon the "lord of creation" returns, looks in and sternly inquires of the lady if she did not find his luggage on that seat. She quietly informs him that she did; whereupon the *brutal wag* rudely reminds her that it is his seat, and that he is going to return presently and *take it*.

Ere long we move off, bidding farewell to London, perhaps forever. My way lies past Bedford, where John Bunyan was incarcerated, and where he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." Instead of the prison, there now stands a magnificent building fronting the Railroad, and in the lawn, in large letters, the passer-by reads,

"BEDFORD COUNTY SCHOOL."

What changes the hand of time hath wrought! But greater ones yet await the will of the Great Infinite.

I find Mrs. Fall as genial and agreeable as she used to be in Raleigh. Mr. Fall shows me a number of photographs of familiar faces which he brought with him from the "Old North State." It makes me feel so much at home to see them. Among the number is one of Dr. J. D. Hufham, which Mr. Fall's little boy says resembles Dr. Tanner, since his long fast. Am certain Bro. Hufham will not feel complimented, and I don't blame him.

(Wellingborough) is a considerable little town and has one thing that pleases me very much. I find not only here, but in other parts of the country what they call

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\*Mr. Fall has since died.

## PUBLIC COFFEE HOUSES.

These are designed to take the places of the beer gardens and drinking saloons, which are so numerous everywhere. I am told that they are proving very efficacious and are receiving the hearty approval of all, and the patronage of many, who formerly spent their time and money in drinking and gambling dens. They keep lemonade and that class of drinks, but nothing stronger than coffee. Thousands of the working classes go to these houses to get their meals, and everything is so cheap that all may eat bountifully. For from seven to nine cents, you may get a good meal, including coffee, bacon, bread and eggs, (butter thrown in.) You may eat it here, or take it with you. The rooms are tastily and attractively arranged, and really look quite home-like. Around the walls are little mottoes, one of which attracts me very much: "*We conquer step by step.*" Ah! that is the secret after all! "*Step by step!*" Many a drunkard has been reclaimed and many a desolate home made glad by the institution of these coffee houses. Why shall we not try them in America and thus save from ruin many of the rising generation?

Another pleasant feature of my visit is brought about in rather an amusing way. The other day, on parting with a friend from North Carolina, whom I chanced to meet in London, and who is to sail a week or two before I do, he asked me what message he must carry home for me. I asked him to tell my friends that I wanted a biscuit, because I was so tired of eating the tough bread which I have found wherever I have been. I relate the incident to Mr. Fall in Mrs. Fall's presence, and when we go down to supper, what do I find but a plate of good old North Carolina biscuits, fresh from the oven, baked over here in England! Mrs. Fall learned the art while living in Raleigh, and has not forgotten it. This is the most delightful part of the

programme, although they have a considerable laugh at my expense. I mustn't tell how many biscuits I eat.

Hearing a considerable noise out on the street, we look, and there comes a squadron of the "Salvation Army," marching, singing, hallooing, and creating a general confusion. They pass along the streets in this way, until they have gathered a pretty large crowd, and then they stop at some prominent place, and preach and pray in the open air. This system may do some good, but it evidently does much harm, causing many to ridicule what looks like fanaticism, and driving many others farther from receiving the gospel.

From Wellingborough I go through the limestone mountains, in Derbyshire, to Liverpool, where I am to meet my friend, whom I left in London, and who is making a little excursion out to Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, the home and last resting-place of Shakspeare.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### SCOTLAND.

Tuesday morning we leave for Scotland. The beautiful hillsides and fertile valleys are almost covered with huge shocks of wheat, which are still standing in the fields, and around which the crows have accumulated in such numbers, that they almost darken the sky, as they rise. There seem to be millions of them, and the law prohibits their being killed. The farmers have to drive them off, as they would chickens. As we approach the border-land between England and Scotland, the country becomes more picturesque, the beauty of the scenery brightens, the number of grain-fields becomes less, and the people seem to devote more of their time to raising hay and cattle. We go

through a lovely section for several miles, without seeing a single foot of land under cultivation, except a few square yards around the doors of the little cottages, which are used as vegetable gardens. There are no trees. The whole landscape is covered with luxuriant grass, which supplies the thousands of sheep and cattle with an abundance of food, and leaves a surplus for sale. For this and the wool, butter, cheese, etc., furnished by the sheep, goats and cows, the people obtain food and clothing.

We first stop to visit

#### MELROSE ABBEY,

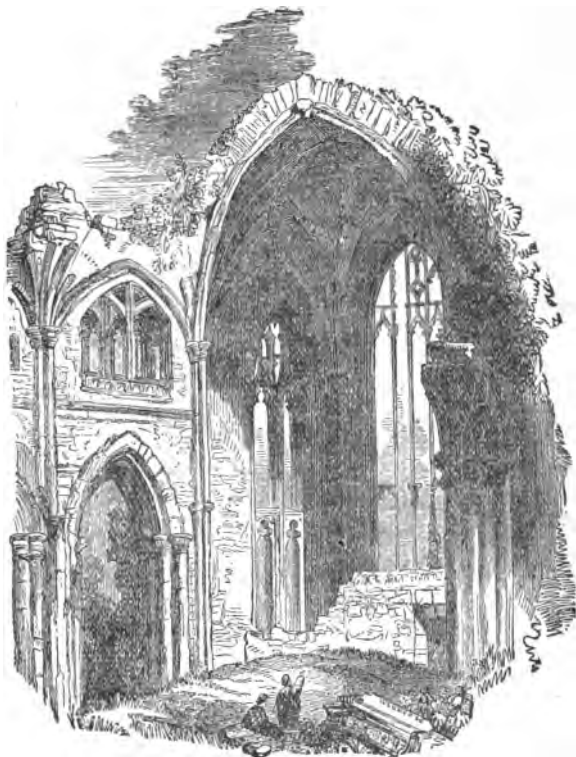
in a small town, whose slumbering sweetness and silent restfulness are disturbed only by the snorting locomotive, as it puffs along its iron way, and the murmuring of the waters of the beautiful Tweed. When first my feet touch Scotland's soil—the land of my forefathers—a thrilling sensation fills my bosom, and I feel that it is meet to do as did Moses of old, at the sight of the burning bush, for surely the ground whereon I stand “is holy ground.” Another has so beautifully drawn the picture and so fully expressed the feelings that well up in my bosom, that I will give you his language. I quote from a letter written by Rev. W. B. Palmore, my traveling companion, to the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*:

“How is it, or why is it, that ‘Caledonia, stern and wild, should occupy so large a place in the thought of the world? It is said to be not her territorial extent, nor the picturesque of her scenery; not her political importance or material wealth; but because Scotland has been the battleground of truth, the arena of moral conflicts, the birth-place of noble ideas.

“From the bonnie highland heather of her lofty summits, to the modest lilly of the vale, not a flower but has blushed with patriot blood. From the foaming crest of

Solway, to the calm, polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river or lake but has swelled with the life-tide of freemen.

"Our entry into this land was from the South, and our first halt in the valley of the Tweed, at the town of Melrose. This town owes its fame to the old Abbey in the vicinity, around



MELROSE ABBEY.

whose ruins art, poetry and romance have clustered such enduring associations. Washington Irving once wrote that, 'I had longed to tread in the footsteps of antiquity, to loiter about the ruined castle, to meditate on the falling tower, to escape from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.' So, from early boyhood, we had longed to look upon the dreamy

ruins, and walk amid the silence and solitude of Melrose Abbey. It was nigh unto midnight when we entered alone to sit and watch through the rifted clouds for the moon to reveal its charms and its glories. When all the village was hushed into the silence as if of death, there seemed to be some magic hand moving in sympathy with our wishes to draw aside the curtain of cloud. A flood of soft, silvery light was thus thrown upon a scene so strangely fascinating, as to make us wonder is it real, or am I 'walking in my sleep'? The elaborate tracery of arch and window, with interlacing of ivy, was duplicated in softened shadows upon the sepulchral pavement within. One old window in the east, fifty-seven feet high and twenty-eight wide, is divided by four mullions of such delicacy as to resemble wicker-work.

'Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand  
In many a freaky knot had twined;  
Then framed a spell when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.'

As we walked over the graves of Alexander, Bruce, James and Douglas, we felt as if the cloistered spirits of seven centuries ago were heeding our footfalls and watching our movements."

As we go down the street towards the Abbey Hotel, our eyes are attracted by this sign: "John Knox, Baker." At the hotel we find some soap in our room. This is the first time we have found any since we left New York. Now, I would not have you think that we have gone without soap all these two and a half months. We brought some with us. But to find soap in a hotel is such a novel occurrence, that I am constrained to mention it.

The whole top of the Abbey is gone, nothing remains but the walls. Just over there is the window which the servant of the artist made out of the fragments of glass which his master had thrown away. (See Illustration.) And here is the spot where they buried the heart of Robert Bruce, the

Scottish hero. Many other things are worthy of note, but I must pass them all over, save the old wooden clock which hangs upon the richly carved wall, where it hung centuries ago. It now looks down upon the graves of the departed ones who used to be directed by the hands on its rude dial.

Farther down the Tweed is

#### DRYBURGH ABBEY,

where rest the mortal remains of Sir Walter Scott, as well as those of his wife, son and son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, who was his biographer and special friend.

It is about three miles from Melrose, and one and a half from the railroad. As we approach the slowly winding stream whose limpid waters ripple over the white pebbles and beneath the sombre shade of the birch, the maple and the elm, a feeling of awe steals over us, and we feel as if we are in the presence of death. A little suspension bridge takes us across the river, and a foot-path leads us along through a forest and finally into a lovely arch-way, where the hand of art, aided by nature, has done lavishly. A winding avenue, hedged in on either side by a row of stately beeches, along whose sides are many rustic grottoes and shady bowers, points the traveler to the place—of all others in Scotland, perhaps,—the most interesting to the student of history and lover of fiction.

The Abbey was built in A. D. 1150 and was one hundred and ninety by seventy-five feet. Nothing now remains of its former glory, save the mouldering walls, the relics of elegant carving and the old dungeon and cloisters used by the monks. The entrance is by an arch-way of large box bushes. Here is the old dining hall. Just there is the Monastery gate, while over head is St. Catherine's window, almost exactly like the circular window in the steeple of the first Baptist church in Raleigh, except that it is much larger. The walls are all covered with ivy and the lovely

grottoes and beautiful bowers which line them are nearly hid from sight by the hanging vines. Just without the walls stands the old yew tree which is seven hundred years old.

We are brought rapidly from the sublime to the ridiculous, as we return, by the sight of three men with their pants rolled up as high as possible, wading the Tweed rather than pay three pence to cross on the bridge.

On reaching the railroad, we take the cars for Galashiels, whence we go to

#### ABBOTSFORD,

the home of Sir Walter Scott, which is only four miles above Melrose, and also on the banks of the Tweed. On reaching the station, we find ourselves on the opposite side of the stream from the residence of the distinguished man. Looking around, we see the passengers who alight from the cars, making their way to a little row-boat which lies at the edge of the water. Soon a bonny Scottish lassie in slippers comes gliding from the door of a neighboring cottage, takes her position in the boat, and rows the first load (six persons) across. My friend is very sentimental, (as most old bachelors are,) and is about to go into ecstasies over the romance of such a ride. He offers to aid the bonny lass, thinking her too beautiful and her form too slender to be inured to such hardships. But she blushing declines, and soon we are transported to the other bank.

As we float gracefully across the crystal waters of this historic river propelled by the strokes of oars pulled by the hands of a delicate maiden, we cast our eyes down the rippling stream and over the verdant landscapes which environ its edges, and we are held speechless by the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity of the surroundings. When we reach the opposite shore, Mr. Palmore pauses to ask the maiden something of her history. She says her name is

Isabella Dunn. She is fifteen years old, and her father is a gardner. It is her business to row passengers across the river, and there are scores of them almost every day.

We now walk up to Abbotsford, which is situated on a lofty eminence overlooking the Tweed, and surrounded by lovely grassy slopes, which skirt the very edge of the waters and afford a splendid view of the whole surrounding country. And no one can fully appreciate the beauties of the valley of the Tweed, save those who have witnessed them.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the great-grand-daughter of Sir Walter, is the present owner of the premises. There are seventy-five or a hundred visitors every day, who pay their respects and their money, too, to the memory of the great writer. These pay one shilling each to see the relics collected by this wonderful man—the largest private collection ever gotten together by any one man. This amounts to twenty or twenty-five dollars per day.

Would like to mention the interesting relics here to be seen, but the list would be too long. Will only give the most striking. In the Study are the chair and desk used by Mr. Scott, and made from the wood of a Spanish armada, as well as his pipes and canes. In the Library are the chairs given him by the Pope of Rome, the portfolio of Napoleon Bonaparte, taken at Waterloo and presented by the Duke of Wellington, Flora McDonald's pocket book, the clasps taken from the mantle of Napoleon, and the ebony chairs and desk, a present from George IV. In the Drawing room are portraits of the whole family, as well as of one of his favorite dogs. The Armony contains the silver sword and sheath from the Celtic Society, the sword of Montrose and Prince Charlie, Bruce's candlestick, specimens of thumbscrews used in Scott's day, the cross carried by Mary, Queen of Scots, when beheaded, as well as "Rob Roy's" gun and sword. In the Entrance Hall may be seen an instrument which, *they say*, was used to punish "*scolding wives*." It is made of iron, fits over the head and under the lower jaw, with a projec-

tion that goes into the mouth and works under the tongue, so as to keep the mouth open, and the tongue raised. A chain is attached to a little ring just under the mouth so as to conduct the unruly partner through the streets. What a pity that this slander, as well as all other such thrusts at the fairer sex by the boasting "lords of creation," cannot be visited by a *similar punishment*. Then would "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

Here are also the clock of Maria Antoinette, Scott's last suit of clothes, (hat, shoes and all,) a mosaic table from Rome, the keys of the old Tolbooth (jail) at Edinburgh, and a sword found on Bosworth-field six feet and five inches long.

## EDINBURGH.

This city, with its elegant stone buildings, is one of the handsomest in Europe. Spacious parks and lovely flower-gardens beautify many portions of its undulating surface.

We stop at "Old Waverly Hotel," nearly opposite the magnificent marble monument of Sir Walter Scott. On either side, the lofty houses tower far above our heads, and almost mingle with the fleecy clouds which float gracefully through the cerulean sky. Many of them are seven and eight stories high. One strange thing I notice. The people plant a good many of their fruit-trees very near the walls, (of the houses or the fences,) and then fasten the limbs tightly to the walls, making them grow flat against them. This has a tendency to ripen the fruit earlier, as the walls attract a good deal of heat, and besides, they are quite ornamental.

To see Edinburgh, one must do some right tall climbing, and a good deal of it. We begin pretty soon, and make our first trip out to

## ARTHUR'S SEAT,

a little mountain just outside the suburbs, to see the sun rise. And what a magnificent view it gives us! Two miles

to the east spread the expansive waters of the Firth of Forth, which, in the morning sunlight, look like a sea of burnished gold, and to the north lies the metropolis of Scotland, still quiet, as if wrapt in the slumbers of night. Edinburgh has well been termed "The Modern Athens," from its resemblance to the ancient capital of Greece. Far off in the north is the Castle, almost as impregnable as the fortifications at Quebec. To the northeast stands the Calton Hill, upon whose summit the magnificent monument of Lord Nelson rises three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Not far away is the National Monument, "built to commemorate the heroes who fell at Waterloo. The design is a reproduction of the Parthenon, but unfortunately the ambition of the projectors was in advance of their funds, and it remains unfinished." Further down the slope, and somewhat between these two, stands the Burns Monument, a grand marble structure. Beyond is another splendid shaft erected to the memory of Wellington.

Turning our eyes westward, we glance over the tops of the elegant houses which form a magnificent panorama, and rest our vision upon the fertile plains below us. The busy locomotive is making its way through many a field teeming with life and rendered joyous by the songs of the merry birds. Beneath our feet lie several placid lakes, reflecting the beauties of the sky above and the grassy slopes around.

"The Queen's Drive" is a beautiful road which winds its way around the mountain on every side, beginning and terminating at Holyrood Palace. Just above Holyrood is Saint Anthony's Chapel, "which forms so picturesque an object on the shoulder of the hill." Near by is a large rock above a little spring, which marks the spot where Jeanie Deans met the ruffian Robertson.

South of Arthur's Seat lies the little village of Duddington, and the loch by the same name. In the vicinity is the Duddington House. Following the "Queen's Drive," we find, overhanging the road, a "range of porphyritic green-

stone columns of a pentagonal or hexagonal form, from fifty to sixty feet in length, and five in diameter, called Samson's Ribs." Still further north, and around the mountain, is the place where Jeanie Deans' cottage may still be seen.

Now we will go to breakfast. Board is more costly in Scotland than in the other countries visited by us. But the eatables are much nicer and better prepared, and everything is so neat and tidy. Who can avoid drawing a comparison between the advantages offered by a Protestant and a Roman Catholic state? Here education, refinement, enlightenment, civilization and civility prevail; there ignorance, superstition, vice and crime hold sway. Thank God for a free America!

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### IN EDINBURGH.

Come with us around to the Antiquarian Museum for a short time, and take a glimpse at its interesting curiosities. It is not a very large building, but is full of such things as will please the fancy of one on a trip abroad.

Among many other things "too numerous to mention" we see a number of stone implements, Celts' axes, arrows, clay and stone urns, crania found in early graves, personal ornaments of gold and silver, used centuries ago, and even Rob Roy's purse with his concealed pistols. Here are some brooches, worn hundreds of years ago, and bearing some such inscriptions as these: "Ihesus. Nazarenus. Rex. Iude." (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.) Here is one with "Ihesus. Nazarenus. Rex. Iudeorum," on one side, and "Ave. Maria. Gracie. Plena. Ora.," on the other. Some of these were found in a church at Middlebie, in Dumfriesshire in 1849.

But look! Here is something in which we Americans are more interested. It is a stand of wooden work, revolving on an upright staff, with folding leaves which contain some literary relics. Among these is a copy of the resolutions passed by Congress at Philadelphia, February, 1776. Also samples of the paper money issued by that Congress, one-third of a dollar, one-sixth of a dollar, etc. On one of the bills I read the following:

“Mind your business. Fugio.

“According to a RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS, passed at *Philadelphia*, Feb. 17, 1776. Sam Sellers.”

Here are some eggs, fruit and grain, brought from the tombs at Thebes. There is a sample of Chinese war dress. Just here let me relate a little story which my friend tells me. He says that a personal friend of his, the son of a missionary to China, gave him the following information with reference to the Chinese mode of fighting. They shoot away until twelve or one o'clock, about their time for dinner, when some one blows a horn, both armies throw down their implements of destruction, and hasten off to eat their lunch. This done, they return, and, at a given signal, resume their deadly work.

Here is something else worthy of note. It is a cast of the “Rosetta Stone,” brought from Alexandria, in Egypt, 1802. It contains an inscription in hieroglyphics, Enchorial and Greek, relative to Ptolemy Epiphanes, about 194 years B. C. It was put here by the Senatus of Edinburgh University, in 1865.

#### THE CASTLE

is built on a precipitous rock three hundred and eighty-three feet above the sea level, and was the original nucleus around which the city grew. “Before the invention of gun powder, it was considered almost impregnable; but now its strength is more apparent than real. The buildings are

principally modern, and consist of barracks for two thousand soldiers and an armory of thirty thousand stand of arms." As we pass along the esplanade, there is a company of raw recruits drilling.

Nearer the summit is a huge gun believed to have been forged at Mons, in Belgium A. D., 1476. It was used at the siege of Norham Castle in 1497, sent to the Tower of London in 1754 and restored to Scotland by George IV. in 1829. Near its mouth is a pile of large stone balls, such as they used to shoot from it. They are nearly two feet in diameter. I amuse myself a good deal at the uniform of the Highlanders who are among the soldiery. We go all among the guns and the squadrons of soldiers, expecting every moment to arrive at the place where we will have to pay an admittance fee. But we finally reach the top, without being called upon for a cent! This is the first free institution we have found in all Europe!

#### QUEEN MARGARET'S CHAPEL,

the oldest house in Edinburgh, occupies the loftiest part of the hill on which the Castle stands. It is a small stone structure consisting of only two rooms. In one of these is an altar, and this inscription on the wall:

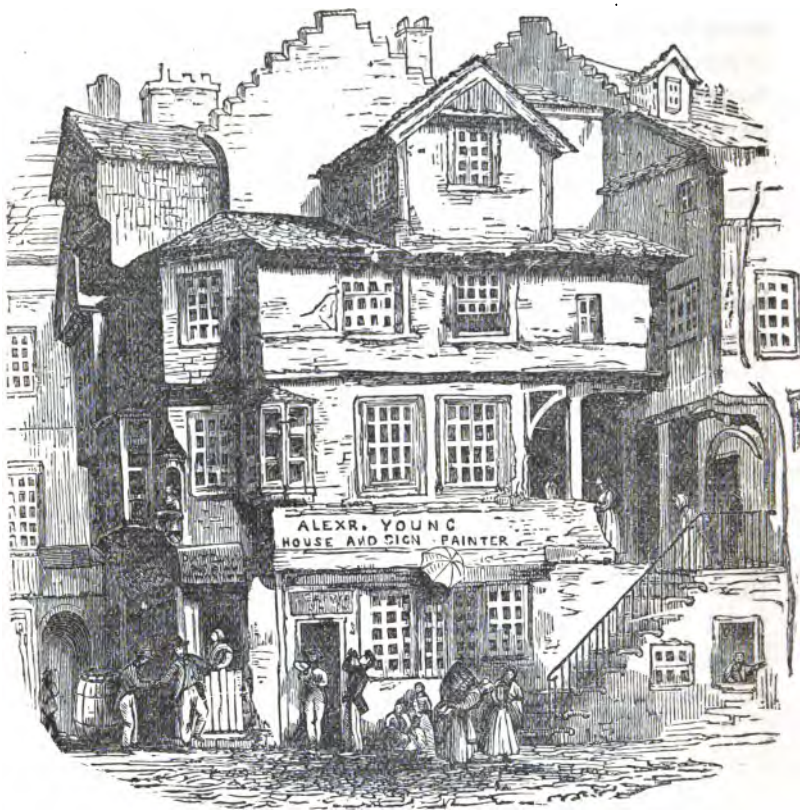
"S. Margareta, Scotorum Regina,  
Obit. X. IVNE. M. XC. III."  
(*"Saint Margaret, queen of the Scotch,  
Died June 10th, 1093."*)

This was Margaret, queen of Malcolm Canmore. The building was long used as a powder-magazine, "and its antiquity and interest were unheeded, until attention was drawn to it as a relic of Norman architecture." In the front or main entrance room stands the old sexton with views of Scotland for sale.

#### QUEEN MARY'S ROOM

is very near, but we do not go into it. "Here Queen Mary

gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united."



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

From the Castle we make our way down High Street. Soon we stand in front of

THE ASSEMBLY HALL,

the place of meeting for the General Assembly of the church of Scotland. St. Giles' church is a little further down. At the northwest corner formerly stood the "Old Talbooth gaol," often called "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," rendered

famous by Scott's writings. There is now the form of a heart wrought in the pavement, which marks the site. The old cemetery of St. Giles has been converted into the Parliament Square. Many notable men were buried here, among them John Knox, the location of whose grave is indicated by a small square piece of white marble inserted in the pavement, near the statue of Charles II., upon which you may read this simple inscription; "I. K., 1572;" that being the year of his death.

The Parliament House has been used as the place of meeting for the Supreme Courts, since the Union. A little further down the street is

#### JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE,

where he resided from 1560 to the time of his death in 1572. The upper part of it is now used as a snuff factory, the lower story by a sign painter. The three original rooms are still to be seen, though they have been somewhat changed in the interior.

Turning up South Bridge Street, we soon find ourselves at the University. But it is closed, and we make our way back in the same direction, and shortly afterwards find ourselves standing in front of

#### HOLYROOD PALACE.

Around this venerable seat of Scottish royalty cluster many interesting and instructive associations. But I am not writing a history of Scotland. And besides, all these things are familiar to the minds of the reader. So I shall only refer to some of them in passing. Here is the picture-gallery whose walls are covered with "fanciful portraits" of Scottish kings, queens and nobles. Here, too, are Lord Darnley's rooms, from which he had access, by a private staircase, to those of the Queen above. The Tapestry room

is also very interesting, and contains, also, a portrait of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, as well as other paintings.

"Queen Mary's apartments are the most ancient in the palace, and remain an interesting relic of the unhappy Princess by whom they were occupied. Passing through the Audience Chamber, we enter the Queen's Bedroom, with some antique furniture. The roof of this, as of the previous



HOLYROOD PALACE.

room, is divided into panels, on which are painted various initials and coats-of-arms. The interest of this room hangs on its connection with the tragical murder of the favorite, Rizzio, the story of which forms so romantic an episode in Scottish history."

Why here is the very door through which Darnley and the conspirators entered, taking the Queen and her party by surprise. Here is the closet, too, in which Rizzio tried to

take refuge. And here, near the door of the Audience Chamber, where the body lay, after its slaughter, the blood-stain is still to be seen upon the floor. The unfortunate victim was buried in the passage leading to the Abbey, just outside the Palace. The Abbey contains a good many graves of distinguished men.

#### THE AQUARIUM

is very nicely arranged and presents some of the finest specimens of fish to be anywhere seen. Close by is the vegetable market, a large building covered with glass, with floor of asphalt. Here, in the afternoon, we witness a bicycle race, engaged in by four young men. The floor is of such material as to produce no noise at all, as the bicycles glide over it, and the riders seem to be skimming around by magic.

At 6:20 A. M., after a good night's rest, we board the train again and are off for other parts. A large, fleshy Scotchman comes into our compartment, before the train starts, and soon shows himself quite companionable by his free, easy manners. We have gone but a short distance, when he draws a box out of his pocket and says, "Will you take some snuff?" Now you must excuse me for laughing, but that sounds so much like some parts of North Carolina, that I am transported, in an instant, to her far off shores and—well, I shall not give you the picture that comes up before me. Returning thanks, I inform him that I don't use tobacco in any form. My friend, however, "takes a snuff," and, following the example of the Scotchman, stuffs it up his nose. This is the way they use it altogether over here. The great burly Scotchman takes pinch after pinch, until his large, red, pug-nose looks as if he has been rooting in a bank of dust and his proboscis is "*about to bloom*." He says that he is trying to get up a sneeze; but no sneeze. To my left is a very different picture. Hearing something a little less violent than a clap of thunder—"Scatch-up! scatch-up!!

scatch-up!!!”—I turn to find my friend in a fit of sneezing, with his eyes as red as a terrapin’s, and the water streaming from them. “Pretty strong!” he concludes, after awhile, but refuses the next time the box is passed around.

The gentleman tells us that he is a snuff manufacturer and gets his tobacco from “Old Virginny.” The English government refuses to allow its subjects to raise tobacco, except in very small quantities—ninety-nine hills. This is to give the government the benefit of the revenue derived from the duty on its importation. The people will use it, and so they tax it as a luxury and they must pay for it in proportion.

At Stirling the train makes such a long stay, that we get out to see what is the matter. A policeman informs us that Her Majesty is coming on a special train, bound for the north of Scotland. When this is the case, every other train, for three-quarters of an hour before, must be switched off the main track to give way for the Queen. After a long time, we see an engine approaching. Everything is excitement. But it darts past us almost like an arrow and is gone. This is the pilot which goes fifteen minutes in advance, to see that the tract is clear and everything all right.

The platform is thronged with people, and all along the fences on either side of the railroad, as far as we can see, almost every foot is occupied—all eager to get a glimpse of the Queen. Finally the train comes in sight, darts by and is gone again, in the midst of a hearty round of applause. They are always anxious to see her. But we can merely see her form as she passed.

At Callander, we leave the railroad and start across the country on a diligence, or stage. Now we are in the very midst of the region rendered so famous by Scott’s “Lady of the Lake.” Only a short distance above Callander is Kilmahog toll, where we cross the river Leny. A few rods to the south of the place of its confluence with the Teith, whose flooded current

"Twice \* \* \* \* from shore to shore,  
The gallant gray swam stoutly o'er."

Now we are passing around one of the spurs of Benledi, upon whose heath-covered summit lies "Samson's Putting-stone," a large bolder, ready, apparently, to roll down at the slightest touch. On the neighboring height of Dunmore are the remains of an old British fort.

Just to our left, towards the south, as the coach proceeds, is the rippling stream through which the waters of the lakes above are sent onward to the sea. Here, near the ruins of an old mill, is "Coilantogle Ford," where Roderick Dhu challenged Fitz James to single combat:

"See here, all vantageless I stand,  
Armed like thyself with single brand;  
For this is Coilantogle Ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

Here is Loch Venachar, a pretty sheet of water, five miles long and more than a mile wide. Near its head is the wild spot which was the gathering ground of Clan-Alpine, and where they lay in ambuscade until aroused by the whistle of Roderick, when—

"Instant through copse and heath arose  
Bonnets and spears and beaded brows;  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;  
From shingles gray their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow-wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

We next reach the Highland huts of Duncraggan and the opening to the deer-forest of Glenfinlas. Then we cross the old bridge rendered so renowned from the single couplet—

"And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone."

Now we are nearing the margin of Loch Achray. The scenery is still gentle but lovely; and-

"The rocks—the bosky thickets sleep  
So stilly in thy bosom deep."

Here the road makes a sudden turn to the left, and we are soon meandering in the cool shade and sombre gloom of

#### THE TROSSACHS.

These are nothing more than a succession of crags and cliffs and dismal gorges which extend from Loch Achray to Loch Katrine. Near the entrance to the gorge is the spot where Fitz-James lost his "gallant gray." There is a large hotel near for the accommodation of visitors, numbers of whom spend much of their summer here.

About a mile further, and we are at the foot of Loch Katrine, the loveliest sheet of water on which my eyes have ever rested. High in the south rises Benvenue, whose crags and knolls and rocky cliffs are duplicated in the placid waters below. On the north Ben-an, "through middle air heaves high his forehead bare." Between these two huge mountains the wild forests of the Trossachs lie in awful grandeur, while just beyond you see the opening of the "dread Goblin's Cave" in which Ellen and her father took refuge.

The little steamer, "Rob Roy," waits to take us up the lake. Soon we are gliding sweetly, noiselessly along on the bosom of the crystal flood, and

"Islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light,"

seem but the productions of fairy dreams. Chiefest and loveliest of these is Ellen's Isle, whose enchanted shores are doubly beautified by the waving copse-wood, the "weeping birch and willow." Around this romantic spot we slowly move, and soon, beyond, there opens a view whose charms

the pen of the poet could poorly portray. Far in the distance the Highland peaks lift their huge heads heavenward and veil their craggy faces in the fleecy clouds that float in the azure sky. Adown their rocky gorges unpretending brooklets wind their rugged ways. Their slopes, "more beautiful than the poet's dream," are covered with the heather whose purple blossoms are full blown and give a lovely tint to the whole landscape. Near the water's edge you see an occasional cottage, around whose walls waving fields of golden grain appear and about whose doors little children sport in their joyous glee. Just on the shore we see the "silver strand," stretching along the beautiful lake, and herds of cattle stand upon its snowy borders, drink from the pure waters which lave its pearly mass and rest lazily beneath the shade of the neighboring trees. The surface of the lake is perfectly smooth—not a ripple plays upon its quiet bosom—and deep down in its crystal depths you see the whole landscape duplicated—the mountains, the cliffs, the heath-flowers, throwing a purplish tint on all, the hills, the fields, the verdant slopes, the cottages and the living, moving objects. Even the flight of a bird may be traced in the waters at our feet. Casting our eyes farther behind us, where the boat has broken the smooth surface, we behold all the scenery just described thrown into a mass of moving, waving, rolling beauty.

Loch Katrine is now used as the reservoir from which the five hundred thousand inhabitants of the city of Glasgow are supplied with pure fresh water. The huge aqueduct extends thirty-five miles and makes its way through the base of hills and mountains until it reaches its destination.

At the west end of the lake we disembark and again take the stage for Loch Lomond, "the finest of Scottish lakes," a distance of five miles. This body of water is twenty-three miles long and, in some places, five miles wide. It is from twenty to one hundred fathoms deep. At Inversnaid we

board the steamer, "Prince Consort," and sail southward, threading our way among

"Those emerald isles, which calmly sleep  
On the blue bosom of the deep."

Loch Lomond, you know, is the scene of "Rob Roy," whose *prison* and *cave* are to be seen among the crags near the shore. Ben Lomond, the highest mountain in Scotland, stands just east of the lake.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### AYR AND THE BONNY DOON.

On reaching Glasgow, we decide to run down and spend the night at

AYR,

"Wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

It is now 7:40 P. M., and the old Burns Cottage is three or four miles out in the country. Wishing to add a little more romance to our trip, we decide to walk out and pay a visit to this interesting place. The night is far from being what it was when Tam O'Shanter went abroad. It is clear, cool and pleasant. And yet the miles seem very long before we reach the desired place.

"The cottage in which the Ayrshire songster was born, two and a half miles from Ayr, has a thatched roof and is very humble, but not more so than the one in which Shakespeare was born. Captain Thomas Morley, of the British Army, now resides in this cottage. He was one of the "Noble Six Hundred," and also figured in our late war in America. Of the thrilling incidents of his eventful life we

may write at some future time. A little boy of his was quietly sleeping on the bed where Burns was born. These old Scotch beds are decidedly unique. You are sometimes taken into a room to sleep where no sign of a bed is visible, and while you are wondering as to whether you will sleep on a table or the floor, your conductor opens a door and makes the startling development of a bed in the wall! just exactly where you would never expect to find anything of the kind. One room is now used as a drinking saloon.

It is quite dark when we reach old Alloway Kirk. We venture into the large graveyard which surrounds it and peep through the very window through which Tam saw the "warlocks and witches in a dance." There is the identical window where "sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast," making music for the rest. But we see no coffins standing round "like open presses," showing the "dead in their last dresses." But here is the same old bell, hanging above the ivy covered gable.

Near the Kirk (church) is a public house where we spend the night. Early in the morning we are up and out. We first go down to the

"BONNY DOON"

and make our way across the auld Brig (bridge) where Meg

"Brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail."

The most of the travel is now across the new brig, which is a few rods above.

We will now go around to the Monument, which is between the Auld Brig and the Kirk. It is indeed a handsome memorial and contains quite a number of interesting relics, among which you may see the Bibles presented to Highland Mary at their last meeting. On the fly-leaves you read Matthew v: 33 and Leviticus xix: 12. Here is also Bonny Jean's wedding ring. One of the Bibles con-

tains a lock of Highland Mary's hair. Here is a snuff-box, too, made from some of the wood of the old Kirk.

When we return to Ayr, we go around to see the house where Tam and Souter Johnny met. This, like the cottage, has a thatched roof. The only other things of special interest are the Wallace Monument and the "Twa Brigs."

On our return to Glasgow, I take leave of my friend, who will remain several days longer in Scotland.

On my return to Liverpool, I stop again a few hours in Edinburgh, and visit the celebrated Donaldson Hospital, built in 1850 by the munificence of Sir James Donaldson, who endowed it with two hundred and ten thousand pounds sterling, one million and fifty thousand dollars. It was erected as a place for educating orphan children and deaf-mutes, about two hundred of whom have been well educated here within the past thirty years. It is vacation now, and I do not go into the buildings, but take a pleasant walk around the grounds. My information is received from an attendant, who has been connected with the hospital ever since its foundation.

There are now in attendance upon the institution, during the session, about two hundred and sixty children, one-half of whom are deaf-mutes. They have introduced articulation as the method of instruction, but with comparatively poor success. The gentleman's version of the matter is, that they teach them to "*globber*." I find the same result upon my visit to an institution for deaf-mutes in Liverpool. All the old pupils, who do well and conduct themselves properly, are annually invited to attend a large dining and dance. This stimulates them to act in such a way as to merit the privilege of attending these pleasant re-unions.

Reaching Liverpool about ten o'clock at night, I make my way at once to a comfortable hotel, where I find a nice-looking girl keeping the bar. There, now!! I have told you that I went into the "bar!" But it is the only room in which I see any one, and the place where the "*clerk*" stays.

There are hundreds of temperance hotels in Scotland, and some in England, but I happen not to strike one this time.

Sunday morning, I go out in search of a Baptist church. After going a considerable distance and inquiring of a number of policemen, I find a small house, by whose door I read in large letters—

“PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL.”

This means that the members are close-communion Baptists, and distinguished from the many other churches whose members are open-communionists. The other denominations generally derisively call them “Strict and Particular Baptists.”

As I return to my hotel, I am not a little struck with a sign I see over a door, which reads thus:

|                                                                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MARY ALLISON QUIRK,<br>LICENSED TO RETAIL BEER, SPIRITS AND FOREIGN WINES,<br>TO BE CONSUMED ON THE PREMISES;<br>AND DEALER IN CIGARS. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Think she has the right name, for I should certainly call such a woman quite a *Quirk*.

Walking on a little farther, I notice, hanging out on the street, some ferreotype pictures. As I pass, a man walks up to me and insists that I go in and have “*my picture struck*.” I politely inform him that I don’t attend to such duties on Sunday; whereupon he skulks away. Here, too, are some colored men, very handsomely dressed, with beaver hats and kid gloves on, and a white boy standing by with his blacking-box and brush in hand, trying to induce them to let him give them “*a shine*.”

At night I attend services at Islington Street Presbyterian church, which is more convenient to my hotel. Here, as at the Baptist church, the people have a custom of kneeling in silent prayer, as they enter their pews. And they all have their Bibles and hymn-books, and all sing and read.

I like this plan very much. Wish it could be introduced in our American churches.

Having a day still before sailing, I spend it in visiting the Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery, the gift of the Earl of Derby. In the Museum I find quite a number of interesting relics, such as the gloves and boots of Henry VI., worn after the battle of Hexham; the cap and shoes worn by Lord Byron, during the struggle for the independence of Greece; Oliver Cromwell's gourd cup, and a snuff-box made of the wood taken from the "Betsy Cain," the ship which brought William III. to England.

A good part of the afternoon is spent in visiting the docks and watching the manipulations of the sailors loading and unloading vessels. It is really fascinating. Here is a tremendous cargo of ice unloading; it is from Theresa, Norway, and contains six hundred tons. The blocks are simply enormous. Here is a warehouse full of wheat imported from America. (Wish I had a biscuit made from its flour.) There is a pile of corn brought from Odessa, Russia, on the Black Sea. The grains are much smaller than our corn, but it is said to be much stronger and better suited for feeding purposes. It is yellow. But just look at these horses! They are huge! And what loads they put on them! Here is one poor brute which is pulling so much, that, in going down hill, he actually has to *slide* to hold it back. To-day is Tuesday, August 31st. At 4 o'clock this afternoon we sail for home, sweet home. As I go strolling down to the dock, about two o'clock, what a concourse of people I meet! They are off a steamer which has just arrived from America. It reminds me of my landing, a little more than two months ago.

Now we are all on board. The huge whistle blows and we are passing out of the harbor. Numbers of large and small vessels are passed, the land recedes from sight, and soon we can sing—

"Out on the ocean all boundless we ride,  
We are homeward bound, homeward bound!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Wednesday afternoon we stop several hours in the harbor at Queenstown, Ireland, to receive the fast mail from London, which is brought through on the "Wild Irishman," the limited express. Some of us go on shore and spend the time in sight-seeing. I wander some distance out into the suburbs and gather some shamrock. Also pay a visit to the new cathedral which is in process of erection. But the condition of these poor people is deplorable in the extreme. Along the alleys and lanes are little huts and hovels which look as if they were intended for the abode of hogs. The women and the children stand, sit or lie about the dirt floors, a mixed up mass of filth, degradation and woe, looking as if they have never seen a basin of clean water.

The wharves and docks are lined with men and women begging, and they follow one almost as far as he goes, being joined, at every street corner by an almost innumerable throng of the same description. How I pity them! But there is no hope for them, until they can be liberated from the thralldom of king Alcohol and the yoke of Roman Catholic supremacy. There are scores of emigrants who board the vessel to make their way over to free America. And who can blame them? I had hoped to make an extensive tour through the "auld country," but want of time and the fightings and turmoils under the Land League prevent me. Here is one darkie on the dock, assisting in manipulating the vessel.

The rain is falling and has been all day, nor does it stop at night; the next day is still worse, and there is quite a gale at night—the sailors call it a "gale"—I say it is a *storm*! Not the most pleasant sensations begin to fill my *bosom*. Notwithstanding the roughness, we make three hundred and twenty-two miles.

Saturday, September 4th, is clear and bright and what a delightful change! The surging billows and snow-crested waves run high and toss the old ship, "City of Brussels," hither and thither like a toy. The breakers, too, play wildly, and, in the distance, look like sporting flecks, merry in their gambols.

I venture out upon deck and am soon feeling much better. On Sunday morning the fog is right dense, and there is nothing that a sailor dreads much worse than a fog. Ere long the sun begins to peep out and there is formed a lovely rainbow, with all its beautiful tints, almost at our feet.

Monday afternoon, in the distance we spy a small sail boat. On nearer approach we find eight small row boats out in the neighborhood fishing. We are now off the coast of Newfoundland, where whales are very numerous. Look there! There is a regular squadron of them spouting up the water. But they are rather small, and at considerable distance from the ship. It is really interesting to watch the boatmen in their efforts to catch them. Two or three miles away is a tremendous one. Only a part of his body is visible above the water, of course, but he looks to be at least seventy-five or a hundred feet long. Look at his mammoth back, as he floats lazily along, occasionally flapping his gigantic tail in the water. He looks like a huge log out there; wish we were near enough to get a better view of him.

The sun is now fast sinking in the western sky. Just before it hides itself in its watery bed, it peeps out from behind a cloud which stretches along the horizon, leaving a bright border above the water. This is changed into a belt of crimson, and from it go out, in lovely tints, all the colors of the rainbow, varying in proportion to their distance from the sun. The restless waves move hither and thither, reflecting these beautiful hues and mingling them in one grand medley. All hail, thou king of day, for surely thou wast ne'er before robed in such brilliant array, nor decked with such gorgeous apparel! Surely thy fiery steeds ne'er

before trod such gaudy pathways, nor thy coursers sped their way amid such unearthly glories!

The scene is changed. The proud monarch of the starry hosts has sunk behind the restless waters of the mighty deep. The cloud above has assumed the form of a mammoth wing, which stretches entirely across from west to north. The brilliant, dazzling colors before presented are softened into lovely tints of silver and gold, while a belt of scarlet still encircles the horizon. The whole crew is attracted by the grandeur, the sublimity of the surroundings, and men, women and children stand and wonder, and gaze and admire what seems almost a foretaste of the beauties of the celestial world. "Oh, how beautiful!" bursts from many lips; and then, realizing how utterly incompetent the English language is to express a half of what the enraptured vision is taking in, the astonished beholders gaze mutely on, feeling that it is almost sacrilege to intrude another word.

But see the varying hues, as they slowly fade and gently give place to others more soft, until the huge wing has assumed the tints of peal, and the delicate down of the ostrich plume is common compared to the dainty appearance of the fleecy mass above our heads. Indeed it reminds one of the shading on the inside of a rare sea-shell. In the midst of our rapture, we look around and find the water alive with porpoises, jumping, plunging, surging among the foam-crested billows. There are thousands of them in every direction, as far as the vision can reach, sporting among the beautiful waves and enlivening everything with their mirth.

Many of us drink in the glories of this wonderful sunset until they have faded from sight. Indeed, the little stars seem loth to come out from the pearly sky, lest they attract the attention of the earnest beholder by their intrusion.

During the day, I notice a little bird which has been flying about the ship for several days. It must have come on board before the vessel left Liverpool and taken up quarters among the rigging, until molested by the sailors. It flies

back and forth, and occasionally takes a short excursion out over the water, but soon returns.

Wednesday, "the day is cold and dark, and dreary." The rain falls most of the time. The wind, too, is pretty high. There is a man on board who is very conspicuous. He has once been a sailor, and knows more of old Neptune's realm than any one else on board. He keeps himself full of whiskey and wine all the time, and that, of course, keeps his steam pretty high. As the sailors are manipulating the ropes, he frequently intrudes himself, and gives his services without being asked. To-day, the floor is very slippery, and as he is showing his "*agility*," his feet fly up and his head down, striking his face flat on the deck. He has a pipe in his mouth; which, fortunately, falls out, but his red nose gets the full benefit of the blow. He is picked up, bleeding as if stuck with a knife, the surgeon is called, and he conveyed to more private quarters.

#### A STORM AT SEA.

Wednesday, the sailors spend a good deal of their time in arranging the vessel for landing. They climb the masts to the very top, and are as "busy as bees," scraping them with large knives, so as to cleanse them of the effects of the smoke and soot which have accumulated on them since we left port, and to give them a neat, tidy appearance. The ropes are all tied up and the sails adjusted with the best taste possible. In fact, the rigging is full of sailors, and it reminds one of a tropical tree, where there are plenty of monkeys. They are as careful of the appearance of their ship as an hostler is of his team.

Here comes the man whose nose received such a shock yesterday. From its present shape, you would never imagine that it had been mashed *flat* as recently as yesterday. He is not at all "set back"—surely he has not looked in his glass this morning—but again gives his services to the

toiling sailors, with the boast that he is not kept back by *small things*. Wonder if he means his nose? If so, it is far from *small*; and as to color, it closely resembles the morning-glory.

At twelve or one o'clock at night, we are aroused from our slumbers with the startling intelligence that the ship is in a violent cyclone. The port-holes are all closed and the doors and windows shut as closely as possible. The waters rise higher and higher, and the howling of the wind is awful. It whistles through the rigging in a manner to me before incredible, and its sound is terrible beyond description. The sailors have to lash themselves to the vessel and cling to the ropes to prevent being washed overboard. The ship now begins to pitch and plunge, and still the ever-increasing storm rolls on. It attacks us fore and then aft, to the right and then to the left; and she must be turned so as to breast the surging tide, or all is lost.

Now the huge waves are rolling from seventy-five to one hundred feet high, and the vessel is tossed about like a leaf on a lake. First the prow is lifted sky-ward, as if it would leave the waters; and then it is turned downward, as if it sought to penetrate the secret recesses of old Neptune's abode. Next it is down in the trough of the waves, and seems doomed to be capsized, first from one side and then from the other. Now she is picked up on a conical wave and borne upward nearly a hundred feet, seemingly, is poised for an instant in mid air, and then makes a *plunge* down, down, down, as if going to the very bottom! In the meantime, the receding wave is swept from under her by the violence of the tempest, and the screw, (the propelling force,) is left clear of the water and flies around at lightning speed, causing the most horrible sensation. Why, it makes the ship quiver and tremble from stem to stern, as if it would shake into a thousand pieces! Meanwhile the next succeeding wave rolls on and proudly rides over the vessel, and for a moment we seem to be entirely submerged! This

state of affairs goes on for five or six long, weary hours, during which there is but little hope of being saved.

The inside of the ship presents a spectacle not much less deplorable than the outside. Anticipating the storm, most of the trunks are put down through the hatchway into a lower room. A few, however, are left in the passages between the state-rooms. These are all lashed to the hand-railing. But amidst the wild raging of the waters, they roll about, as far as the ropes will allow them. And as the old ship plunges from side to side and from end to end, you may see numbers of valises come tumbling out of state-rooms and making their way across the passages. Boots and shoes, too, come walking out without any feet in them, and wander about at pleasure. My birth is very near the dining room, and I can hear the piles of plates and dishes falling over and crushing to pieces.

There is not much less confusion among the people. You know all etiquette is laid aside during a storm. Men and women, old and young, rush frantically out of their rooms, in some cases just as they retired, regardless as to whom they meet. The wild raging of the storm outside is only answered by the shrieks and moans of the ladies inside.

In the dining saloon quite a number of persons assembles, ready to rush up on deck in case of an emergency. Sometimes, when the vessel makes these awful plunges, they lose their balance, and you see nothing more of them, except their feet flying up into the air, until they have time to re-establish themselves.

In the steerage department, the scene beggars all description. My information is from an eye-witness. There are seven hundred and sixty persons in this large room. Coming from almost every nation, the mixed-up medley is, within itself, sufficient to appall any sensitive nature. But now the spectacle is horrifying in the extreme. In one corner you may see scores, or even hundreds, piled together praying; in another, as many more shrieking and crying

aloud for deliverance; in another, still, a vast number, too much frightened to give utterance to their feelings; while some curse and swear and bid defiance to the God of the storm. All these are here together, men, women and children, with all the loathsome consequences of the sea-sickness among them. It is awful! In fact, it is *all awful*! Some one has beautifully sung, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and "Life on the ocean wave;" but whoever he was, he must have been "*tipsy*" or crazy; or, he was like the man who we are told wrote "Home, sweet home," and had no home of his own—he has never tried such "rocking."

But the wind has partially subsided. We have gone sixty or more miles out of our course and have lost several hours, but that is nothing compared to our safety. Daylight is dawning, and we will go out where we can see the sublimity of the ocean in a storm. Ah, it is grand—magnificently grand! The surging waves roll madly on, and, in their wild confusion, beat and lash each other, until a more tremendous wave sweeps on and swallows them up. All is tumult, all disorder. The lowering clouds sweep heavily over us, and the raging sea beneath us still lies gaping, as if to swallow us up.

At last the clouds float off and the sun peeps out from the curtain of mist and smiles benignly upon us, driving old Æolus back into his mountain cavern. The snowy billows roll grandly on, but our gallant bark floats majestically onward towards the harbor of safety.

At nine o'clock we meet another storm-drenched vessel, a smaller one, having only two masts. The usual signals are passed, and we are gone. The chief engineer tells me that we don't have such a cyclone once in twenty years. Late in the evening, the pilot comes on board, and by this we know we are approaching the port.

As night approaches, the wind becomes more boisterous, until another storm seems imminent. We do not retire

quite so early, lest we suffer as we did last night. However, the time passes away, and there are no worse indications.

But let me tell you another *interesting* circumstance. Do you think that we, in the cabin department, escape seasickness during the ragings of the cyclone? If you do, you are simply mistaken. In the very midst of the grandeur and sublimity surrounding us, and while we are expecting every moment to be lost, father Neptune calls on us for tribute, and we are "*casting up accounts*," a score at a time. This is a *busy season* with most of the passengers, and the fish are well fed for a considerable period. I can hear it going on in the adjoining rooms. One of my room mates is an Irishman, who has crossed the Atlantic several times. He comes into the state-room occasionally and deposits his *tribute*, stating each time that he is not sea sick—indeed, he never has been—but something he ate last night did not agree with him. And yet, every few moments you may hear him—ah-h-h-h! Now just tell me why it is that a man never likes to confess that he is sea-sick? I cannot see into it. Finally, the old gentleman finds that he cannot pretend to cloak the matter any longer, and simply confesses his weakness.

As day-light dawns, the gladsome sound of "Land! land!" greets our ears. We are off Sandy Hook. The raging of the water has somewhat abated, and as we cast anchor, waiting for light, I feel like singing—

"Drop the anchor! furl the sail!  
I am safe within the vail!"

Now they begin to bring up the bags of mail. What piles there are! There is enough of it to fill a common-sized room. This gives some conception of the trade carried on between the United States and Europe. Going up into the harbor, the health officer comes on board, and requires all the seven hundred and sixty steerage passengers to pass in file before him, so as to detect any disease that might be

among them. Every cabin passenger is also examined. Next comes the United States mail sloop. Then the custom officers, with their arms full of papers, come on and examine us all.

Finally, at eleven o'clock A. M., we are landed ; and I feel as I set my feet upon "*terra firma*," I shall never want to wander again from dear old America. There is no country on the face of this green earth so desirable as these United States ; and no place in this country better than old North Carolina.

THE END.



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